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# HOME SONGS

A COLLECTION OF  
FAVORITE SONGS  
HYMNS AND ROUNDS  
FOR THE FIRESIDE

ARRANGED FOR  
MIXED VOICES

---

BOSTON  
OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

NEW YORK  
C. H. DITSON & CO.

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LYON & HEALY

PHILADELPHIA  
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I WANT to hear the old songs,  
The songs I used to hear,  
When every day brought happiness,  
And Fancy flouted fear ;  
When sunset's glory ever new,  
Foretold a morn more bright —  
I want to hear the old songs,  
Oh, sing me one to-night.

I want to hear the old songs,  
No trilling, no roulade,  
Where music dons her lace and gems  
And trips in masquerade.  
But give to me the simple strain  
That seeks the heart outright,  
And nests within its deepest part —  
Ah, sing me one to-night.

I want to hear the old songs,  
 Their names I need not tell;  
 The quaint old names mean naught to you,  
 But I can feel their spell.  
 Each one, a key, can ope to me  
 The garden of delight  
 That blossomed in my vanished youth :  
 Oh, sing me one to-night.

I want to hear the old songs —  
 I never hear them now —  
 The tunes that cheer the tired heart  
 And smooth the care-worn brow.  
 Heard in the twilight's dreamy hour,  
 Best suited to their flight,  
 Each cadence like a blessing falls —  
 Ah, sing me one to-night.

I want to hear the old songs,  
The gentle lullabies  
That reft me of my weariness,  
And closed my childish eyes ;  
The fabled music of the spheres  
Beside those strains would blight.  
The dear old songs my mother sang—  
Oh, sing me one to-night.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

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M10554





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# HOME SONGS

## ALICE, WHERE ART THOU

W. GURNSEY

J. ASCHER  
Arranged by A. La Meda

*p Andante con espress*

1. The birds sleep - ing gen - tly, Sweet Lu - na gleam-eth bright; Her rays tinge the  
2. The sil - ver rain fall - ing, Just as it fall - eth now; And all things sleep

*p*

for - est, And all seems glad to - night. The wind sigh - ing by me —  
gen - tly! Ah! Al - ice, where art thou? I've sought thee by lake - let, I've

*cres.*

*cres.*

*f dim.*

Cool - ing my fe - ver'd brow; The stream flows as ev - er, Yet, Al - ice, where art  
sought thee on the hill, And in the pleas - ant wild - wood, When winds blew cold and

*f dim.*

*mf poco animato.*

thou? One year back this e - ven, And thou wert by my side; One  
chill; I've sought thee in for - est, I'm look - ing heav'n-ward now; I've

*TENOR SOLO. mf*

One year back this e - ven, Vow - ing there,  
I've sought thee in for - est; Oh! there,

*ritard. p Tempo lmo.*

*mf*

*ALTO SOLO.*

year back this e - ven, And thou wert by my side; Vow - ing to love me,  
sought thee in for - est, I'm look - ing heav'nward now; Oh! there mid star - shine

*p*

Ah! . . . . . Ah! . . . . . Vow - ing there. . .  
Oh! . . . . . Oh! . . . . . there. . .

## ALICE, WHERE ART THOU

*mf* *cres.*

Vow - ing to love me, One year past this e - ven, And thou wert by my  
Oh! there mid star - shine, I've sought thee in for - est, I'm look - ing heav'n-ward

*mf* *cres.*

*f rit.* *p*

side, . . . Vow - ing to love me, Al - ice, what . e'er might . be - tide.  
now; . . . Oh! . . . there a - mid the star - shine, Al - ice, I know . art thou.

*f rit.* *p*

## ANNIE LAURIE

Verses and music by Lady JOHN SCOTT

Arranged by A. LA MEDA

1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And 'twas  
2. Her brow is like the snaw - drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her .  
3. Like dew on th' gow - an ly - ing, Is th' fa' o' her fai - ry feet, And like

there that An - nie Lau - rie Gi'ed me her prom - ise true; Gi'ed me her prom - ise true, Which  
face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on, And  
winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, And she's

*rit. ed im.* *pp*

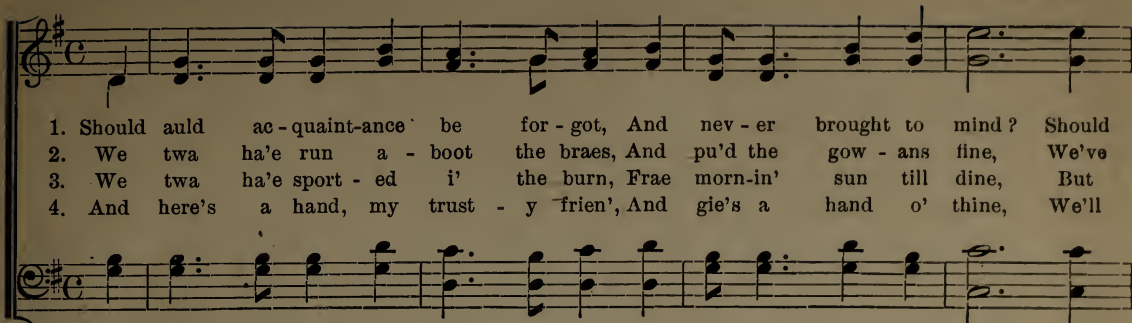
ne'er for - got will be, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down an' dee.  
dark blue is her e'e, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down an' dee.  
a' the world to me, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down an' dee.



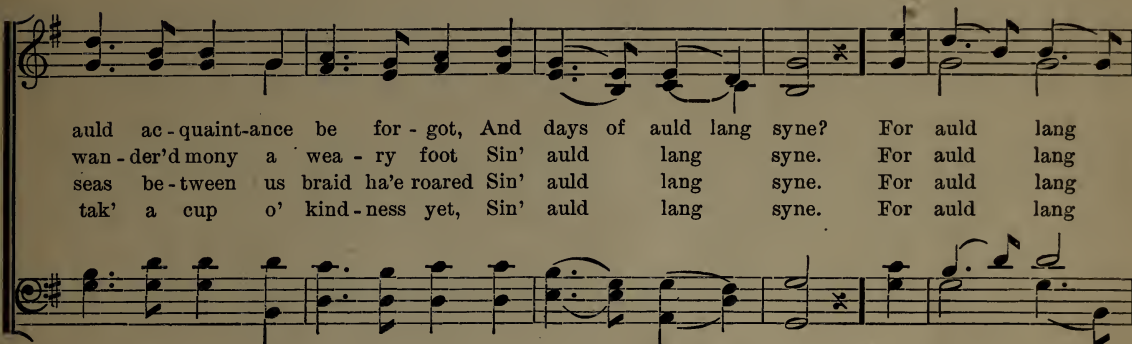
# AULD LANG SYNE

ROBERT BURNS

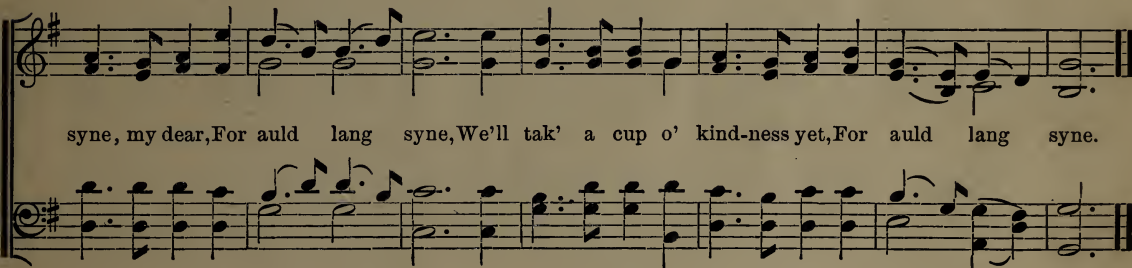
Scotch Air



1. Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should  
 2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow - ans fine, We've  
 3. We twa ha'e sport - ed i' the burn, Frae morn-in' sun till dine, But  
 4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine, We'll



auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne? For auld lang  
 wan-der'd mony a wea - ry foot Sin' auld lang syne. For auld lang  
 seas be-tween us braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne. For auld lang  
 tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, Sin' auld lang syne. For auld lang



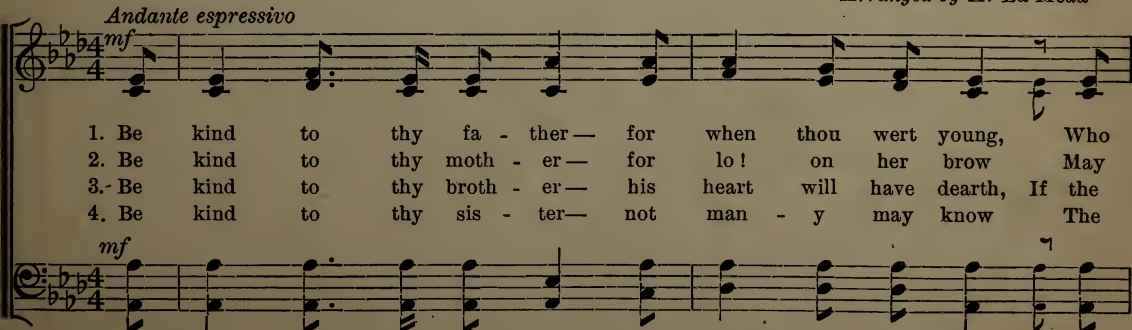
syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

## BE KIND TO THE LOVED ONES AT HOME

ISAAC B. WOODBURY

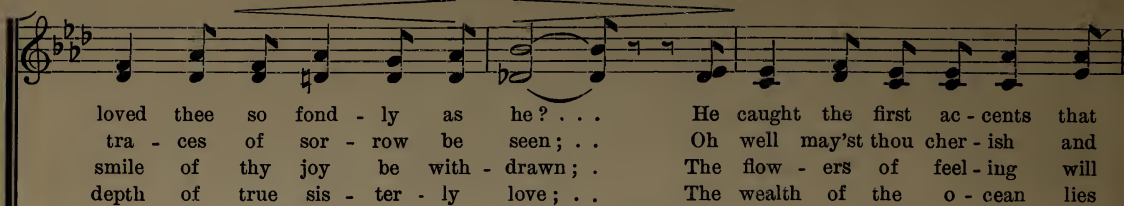
Arranged by A. La Meda

*Andante espressivo*

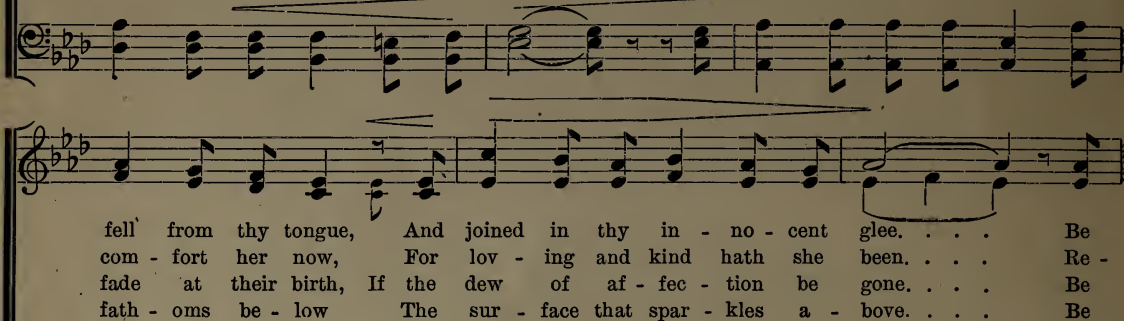


1. Be kind to thy fa - ther— for when thou wert young, Who  
 2. Be kind to thy moth - er— for lo! on her brow May  
 3. Be kind to thy broth - er— his heart will have dearth, If the  
 4. Be kind to thy sis - ter— not man - y may know The

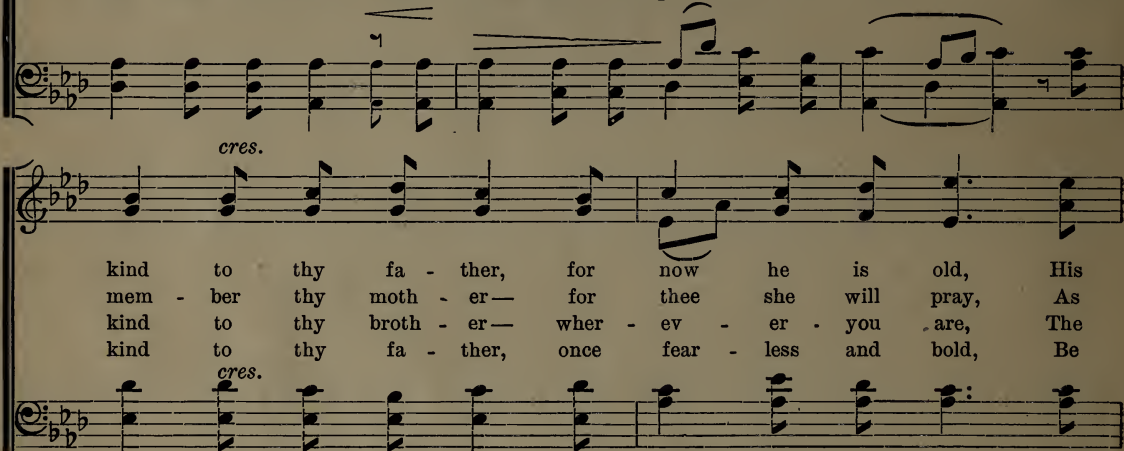
*mf*



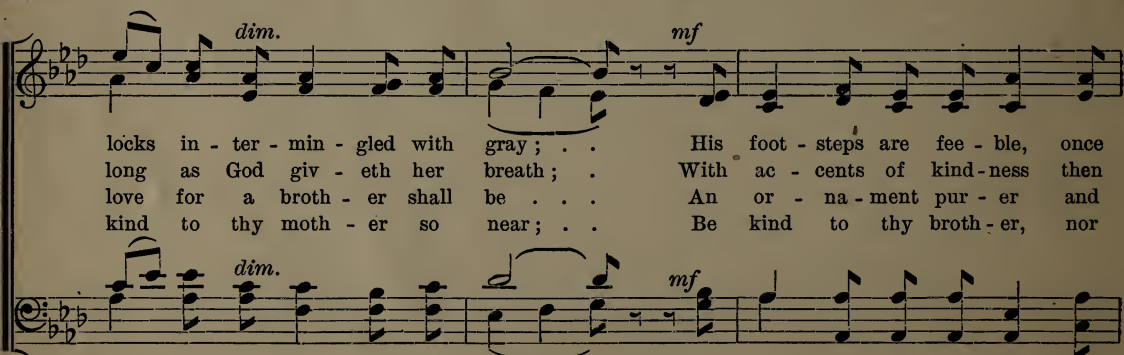
loved thee so fond - ly as he? . . . He caught the first ac - cents that  
tra - ces of sor - row be seen; . . . Oh well may'st thou cher - ish and  
smile of thy joy be with - drawn; . . . The flow - ers of feel - ing will  
depth of true sis - ter - ly love; . . . The wealth of the o - cean lies



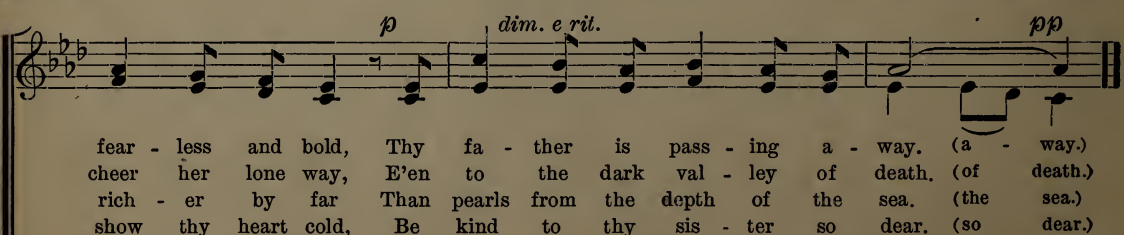
fell from thy tongue, And joined in thy in - no - cent glee. . . . Be  
com - fort her now, For lov - ing and kind hath she been. . . . Re -  
fade at their birth, If the dew of af - fec - tion be gone. . . . Be  
fath - oms be - low The sur - face that spar - kles a - bove. . . . Be



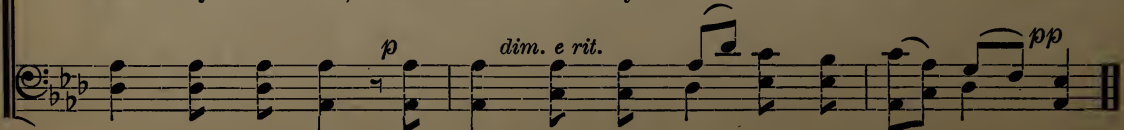
kind to thy fa - ther, for now he is old, His  
mem - ber thy moth - er — for thee she will pray, As  
kind to thy broth - er — wher - ev - er you are, The  
kind to thy fa - ther, once fear - less and bold, Be



locks in - ter - min - gled with gray; . . . His foot - steps are fee - ble, once  
long as God giv - eth her breath; . . . With ac - cents of kind - ness then  
love for a broth - er shall be . . . An or - na - ment pur - er and  
kind to thy moth - er so near; . . . Be kind to thy broth - er, nor



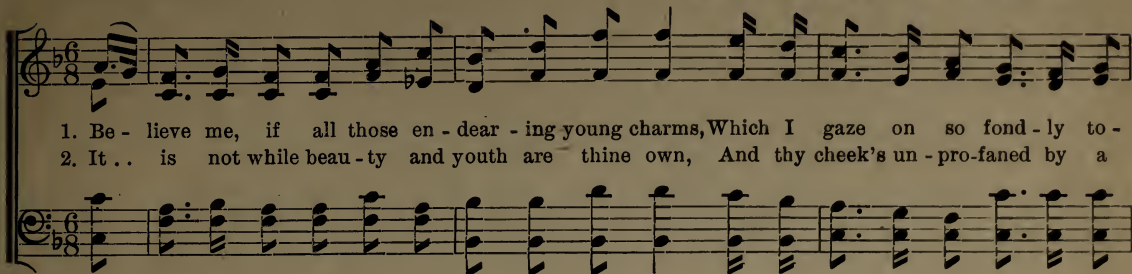
fear - less and bold, Thy fa - ther is pass - ing a - way. (a - way.)  
cheer her lone way, E'en to the dark val - ley of death. (of death.)  
rich - er by far Than pearls from the depth of the sea. (the sea.)  
show thy heart cold, Be kind to thy sis - ter so dear. (so dear.)



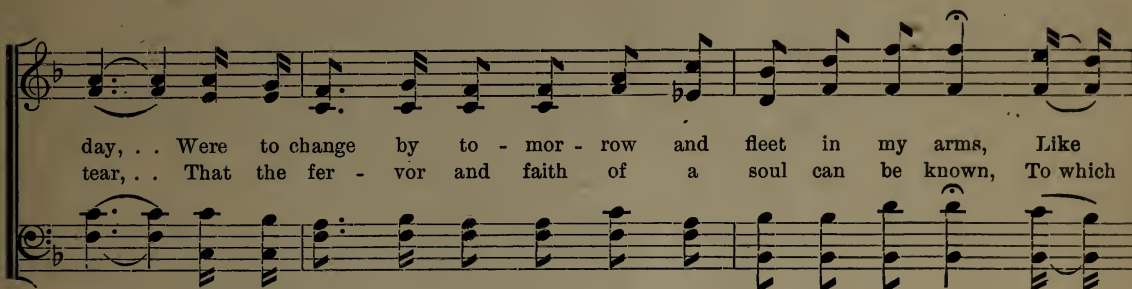
# BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

THOMAS MOORE

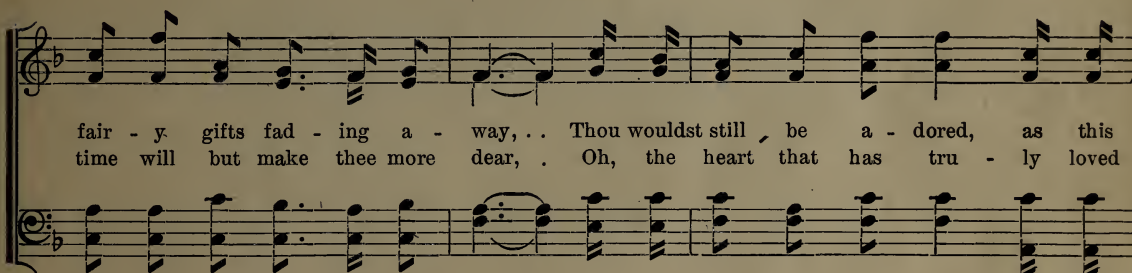
AIR, "My lodging is on the cold ground"



1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to -  
2. It . . is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy cheek's un - pro-faned by a



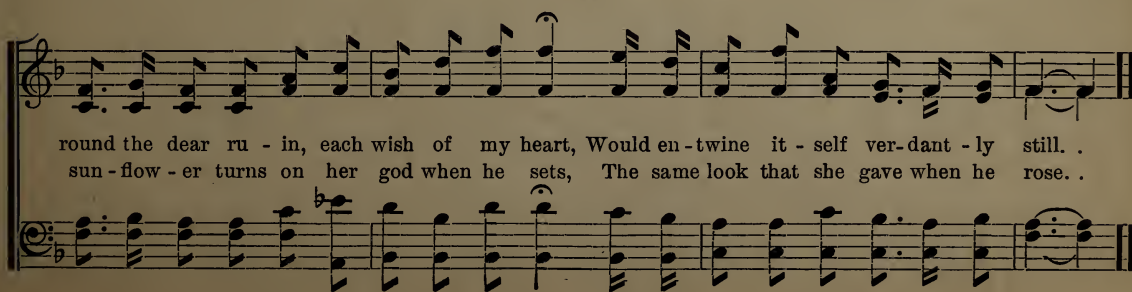
day, . . Were to change by to - mor - row and fleet in my arms, Like  
tear, . . That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which



fair - y gifts fad - ing a - way, . . Thou wouldst still be a - dored, as this  
time will but make thee more dear, . Oh, the heart that has tru - ly loved



mo - ment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will, . . And a -  
nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close; . As the



round the dear ru - in, each wish of my heart, Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still .  
sun - flow - er turns on her god when he sets, The same look that she gave when he rose .



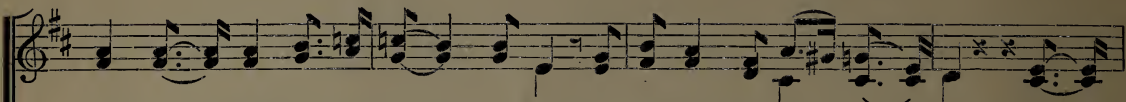
## BEN BOLT

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH  
*Semplice*

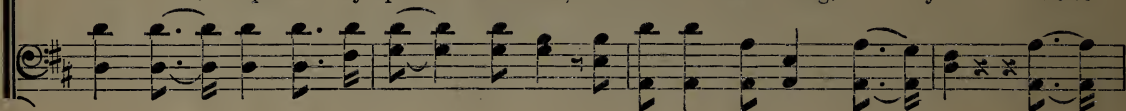
NELSON KNEASS



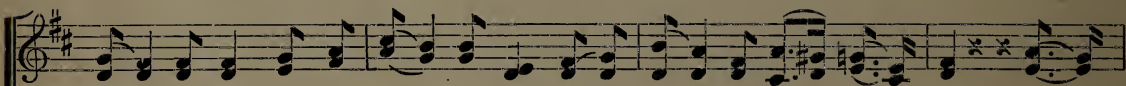
1. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al-ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Al-ice whose hair was so brown, Who
2. — Un-der the hick-o-ry tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the hill, To -
3. And don't you re-mem-ber the school, Ben Bolt, With the mas-ter so kind and so true, And the
4. There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt, They have changed from the old to the new; But I



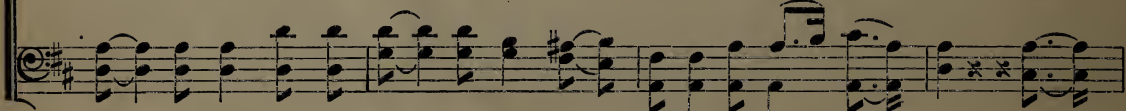
wept with de-light when you gave her a smile, And trembled with fear at your frown? In the  
geth - er we've lain in the noon - day shade, And list-ened to Ap - ple - ton's mill. The mill -  
sha - ded nook by the run - ning brook, Where the fair-est wild flow'rs grew? Grass  
feel in the depths of my spir - it the truth, There nev - er was change in . . you. Twelve



old church-yard, in the val-ley, Ben Bolt, In a cor - ner ob - scure and a - lone, They have  
wheel has fall - en to pie - ces, Ben Bolt, The raft - ers have tun - bled in, And a  
grows on the mas - ter's grave, Ben Bolt, The spring of the brook is . . dry, And of  
months twen - ty have past, Ben Bolt, Since first we were friends—yet I hail Thy



fit - ted a slab of the granite so gray, And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone, They have  
qui - et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has fol - lowed the old - en din, And a  
all the boys who were schoolmates then, There are on - ly you and I, And of  
pres-ence a bless - ing, thy friend-ship a truth, Ben Bolt of the salt - sea gale, Thy



fit - ted a slab of the gran - ite so gray, And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone.  
qui - et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has fol - lowed the old - en din.  
all the boys who were school - mates then, There are on - ly you and I.  
pres-ence a bless - ing, thy friend-ship a truth, Ben Bolt, of the salt - sea gale!





# BID ME GOOD-BYE

F. E. WEATHERLY

F. PAOLO TOSTI

Arranged by A. La Meda

*a tempo.**Valse lente. Con espress*

*pp*

1. If in your heart a cor - ner lies that has no place for me, . . . .  
 2. Man's love is like the rest - less waves, ev - er at rise and fall, . . . The

*2nd verse rit. a tempo.*

for me, and fall, *p*

You do not love me as I deem that love should ev - er be; . . . Is there a  
 on - ly love a wo - man craves, it must be all in all. . . . Ask me no

*cres.*

sin - gle joy or pain, that I may nev - er know? . Take back your love, it  
 more if I re - gret; you need not care to know; . A wo - man's heart does

*rit. p a tempo.*

is in vain, bid me good - bye and go. . . . You do not love me, no! . .  
 not for - get, bid me good - bye and go. . . . You do not love me, no! . .

*cres.*

bid me good - bye and go, . Good - bye, good - bye, 'tis bet - ter so, Bid me good -

*rit. cres. a tempo e animato cres.*

bye and go, . . You do not love me, no! . . Bid me good - bye and

# BID ME GOOD-BYE

*f* *ritenuto*

go, . . . Good - bye, good - bye, 'tis bet - ter so, Bid me good - bye . . and go, . . .

*2* *p* *f* *molto rit. e dim.* *p*

go, . . . Bid me good-bye and go, . . . Bid me good - bye . . and go, . . .

## THE BLUE JUNIATA

Mrs. M. D. SULLIVAN

*Moderato*

1. Wild roved an In - dian girl, — Bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Where sweep the  
 2. Gay was the moun-tain song Of bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Where sweep the  
 3. "Bold is my war - rior good, The love of Al - fa - ra - ta, Proud waves his  
 4. So sang the In - dian girl, — Bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Where sweep the

wa - ters of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta. Swift as an an - te - lope,  
 wa - ters of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta. Strong and true my ar - rows are,  
 snow - y plume a - long the Ju - ni - a - ta. Soft and low he speaks to me, And  
 wa - ters of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta. Fleet-ing years have borne a - way The

Thro' the for-est go-ing, Loose were her jet - ty locks, In wa - vy tress-es flow-ing.  
 In my paint-ed quiv-er, Swift goes my light ca - noe A - down the rap - id riv - er.  
 then his war-cry sounding, Rings his voice in thun-der loud, From height to height re - sounding.  
 voice of Al - fa - ra - ta, Still sweeps the riv - er on, Blue Ju - ni - a - ta.



# BILLY BOY

EDWARD L. WHITE  
Arranged by A. La Meda

1. Oh . . where have you been, Bil - ly boy, Bil - ly boy? Oh, . .  
2. Did she bid you to come in, Bil - ly boy, Bil - ly boy? Did she  
3. Did she set for you a chair, Bil - ly boy, Bil - ly boy? Did she  
4. Can she make a cher - ry pie, Bil - ly boy, Bil - ly boy? Can she

where have you been, charm-ing Bil - ly? I have been to seek a wife, She's the  
bid you to come in, charm-ing Bil - ly? Yes, she bade me to come in, There's a  
set for you a chair, charm-ing Bil - ly? Yes, she set for me a chair, She has  
make a cher - ry pie, charm-ing Bil - ly? She can make a cher - ry pie Quick as a  
(Bil-ly boy?)

joy . . of my life; She's a young thing, and can - not leave her moth - er.  
dim - ple in her chin; She's a young thing, and can - not leave her moth - er.  
ring - lets in her hair; She's a young thing, and can - not leave her moth - er.  
cat can wink her eye; She's a young thing, and can - not leave her moth - er.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| Is she often seen at church, Billy boy, Billy boy? | 7 Are her eyes very bright, Billy boy, Billy boy? |
| Is she often seen at church, charming Billy?       | Are her eyes very bright, charming Billy?         |
| Yes, she's often seen at church                    | Yes, her eyes are very bright,                    |
| With a bonnet white as birch;                      | But alas, they're minus sight;                    |
| She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother.  | She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother. |
| 6 How tall is she, Billy boy, Billy boy?           | 8 How old is she, Billy boy, Billy boy?           |
| How tall is she, charming Billy?                   | How old is she, charming Billy?                   |
| She's as tall as any pine,                         | She's three times six, four times seven,          |
| And as straight as a pumpkin vine;                 | Twenty-eight and eleven;                          |
| She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother.  | She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother. |

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## SCOTLAND'S BURNING

1 (ROUND) 2  
Scot - land's burn - ing! Look out! look  
3 4  
out! Fire! fire! fire! fire! Cast on more wa - ter.

## THE BRIDGE

H. W. LONGFELLOW

M. LINDSAY

*Expression*

1. I . . stood on the bridge at mid - night, As the clocks were strik - ing the  
2. For my heart . was hot and rest - less, And my life was full of . .

hour, And the moon rose o'er the cit - y, Be - hind . the dark church tow'r; And  
care, And the bur - then laid up - on me, Seem'd great - er than I could bear. But

like . . the wa - ters rush - ing — A - mong the wood - en piers, . . A  
now it has fall - en from me, It is bur - ied in the sea, . . . And

flood of thoughts came o'er . . me, That filled my eyes . with tears. How  
on - ly the sor - row of oth - ers, Throws its shad - ow o - ver me; Yet when -

oft - en, oh! how oft - en, In the days that are gone by, I had  
ev - er I cross the riv - er, On its bridge with wood - en piers, Like the

stood on that bridge . at mid - night, And . . gazed on that wave and  
o - dor of brine from the o - cean, Comes the thought of oth - er



sky! How . . oft - en, oh! how oft - en, In the days . . that had gone  
years, And for - ev - er, and for - ev - er, As . . . long as the riv - er

by, I had stood on that bridge at mid - night, And gazed on that wave and sky! How  
flows, As long as the heart has pas - sions, As long . . as life has woes, The

oft - en, . . oh! . . how oft - en, I had wished that the ebb - ing tide Would  
moon and its bro - ken re - flec - tion, And its shad - ows . shall ap - pear As the

bear me a - way on its bos - om, O'er the o - cean wild and wide!  
sym - bol of love . . in Heav - en, And its wav - er - ing im - age here.

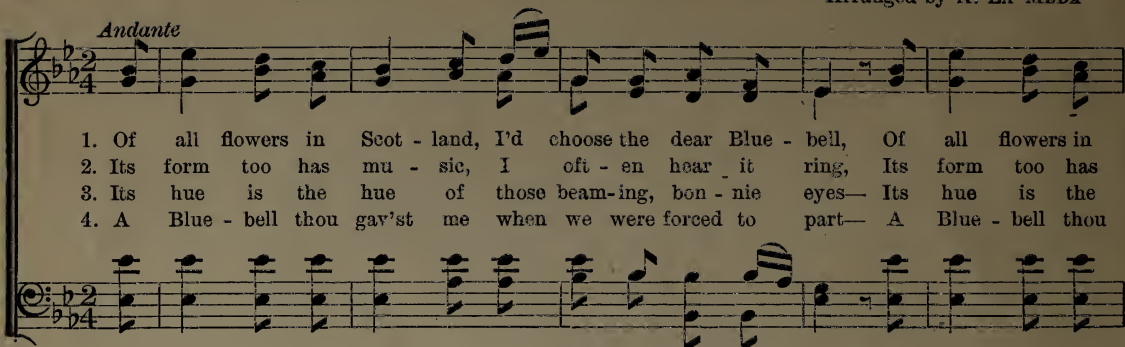
## BOAT TO CROSS THE FERRY

1 (ROUND) 2  
A boat, a boat to cross the fer - ry; For we are bound to  
3  
Can - ter - bur - y, To laugh and dance and to be mer - ry.

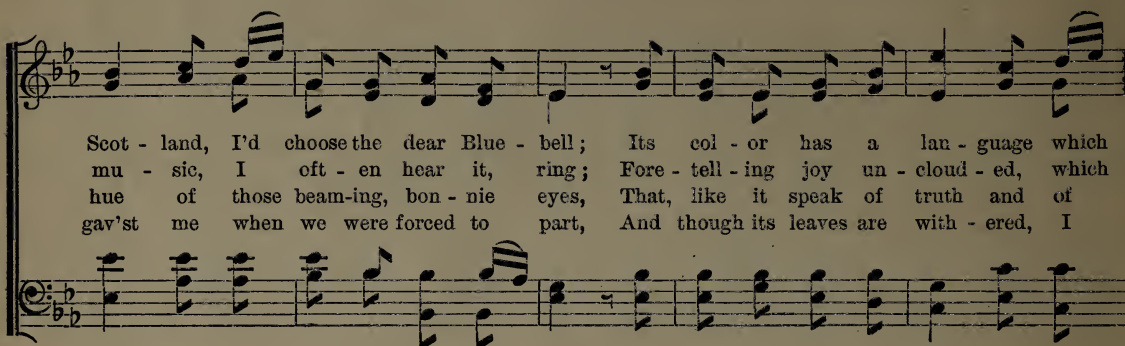
## THE BLUE-BELL OF SCOTLAND.

Arranged by A. LA MEDA

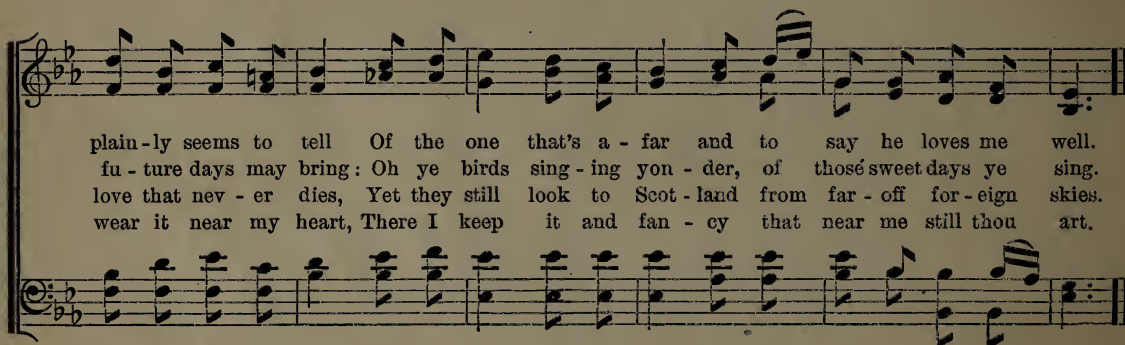
*Andante*



1. Of all flowers in Scot - land, I'd choose the dear Blue - bell, Of all flowers in  
 2. Its form too has mu - sic, I oft - en hear it ring, Its form too has  
 3. Its hue is the hue of those beam-ing, bon - nie eyes— Its hue is the  
 4. A Blue - bell thou gav'st me when we were forced to part— A Blue - bell thou



Scot - land, I'd choose the dear Blue - bell; Its col - or has a lan - guage which  
 mu - sic, I oft - en hear it, ring; Fore - tell - ing joy un - cloud - ed, which  
 hue of those beam-ing, bon - nie eyes, That, like it speak of truth and of  
 gav'st me when we were forced to part, And though its leaves are with - ered, I



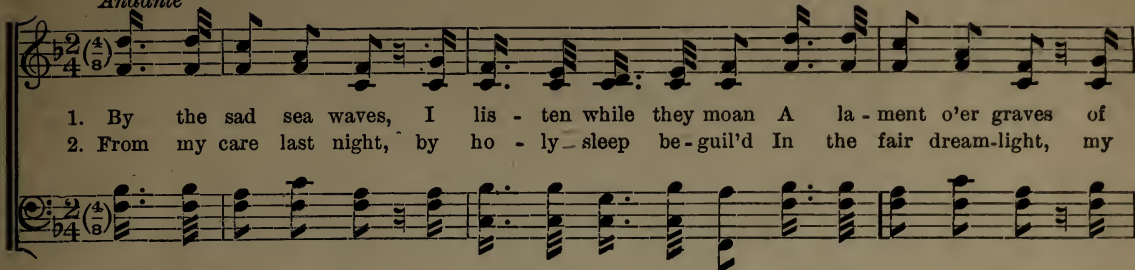
plain-ly seems to tell Of the one that's a - far and to say he loves me well.  
 fu - ture days may bring: Oh ye birds sing - ing yon - der, of those sweet days ye sing.  
 love that nev - er dies, Yet they still look to Scot - land from far - off for - eign skies.  
 wear it near my heart, There I keep it and fan - cy that near me still thou art.

- 1 Oh! where, tell me where is your Highland laddie gone?  
 Oh! where, tell me where is your Highland laddie gone?  
 He's gone with streaming banners where noble deeds are done,  
 And it's oh! in my heart I wish him safe at home,  
 He's gone with streaming banners where noble deeds are done,  
 And it's oh! in my heart I wish him safe at home.
- 2 :: Oh! where, tell me where did your Highland laddie dwell ::  
 :: He dwelt in bonnie Scotland, where blooms the sweet blue bell, ::  
 :: And it's oh! in my heart I lo'e my laddie well. ::
- 3 :: Oh! what, tell me what does your Highland laddie wear? ::  
 :: A bonnet with a lofty plume, and on his breast a plaid, ::  
 :: And it's oh! in my heart I lo'e my Highland lad. ::
- :: Oh! what, tell me what if your Highland lad be slain? ::  
 :: Oh! no! true love will be his guard and bring him safe again, ::  
 :: For it's oh! my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain. ::

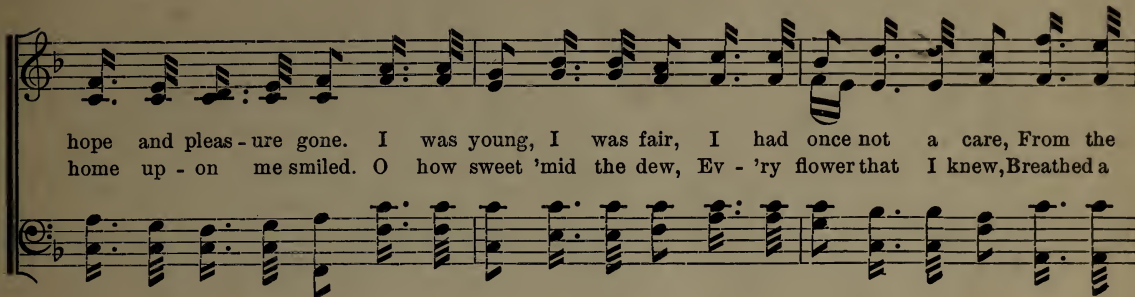


## BY THE SAD SEA WAVES

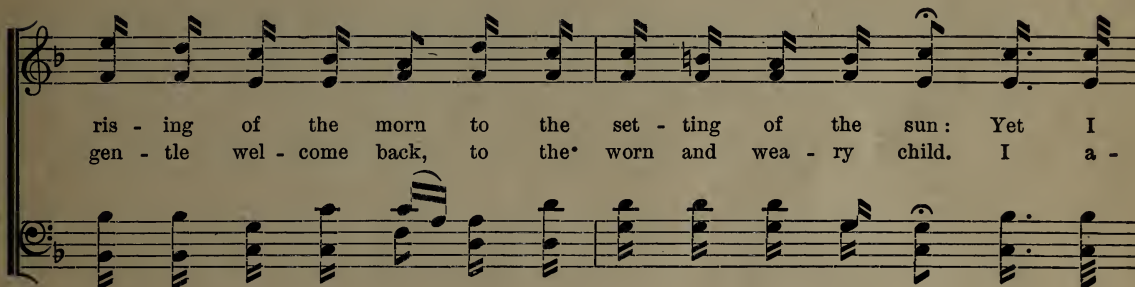
"Bride of Venice"

Sir JULIUS BENEDICT  
Arranged by A. La Meda*Andante*


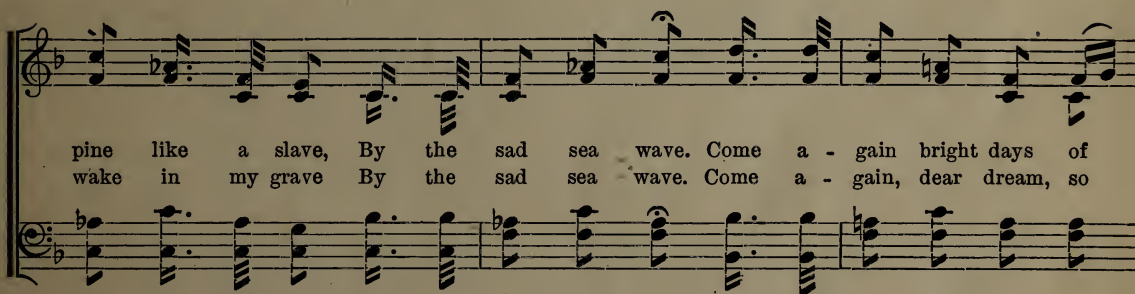
1. By the sad sea waves, I lis - ten while they moan A la - ment o'er graves of  
2. From my care last night, by ho - ly sleep be - guil'd In the fair dream - light, my



hope and pleas - ure gone. I was young, I was fair, I had once not a care, From the  
home up - on me smiled. O how sweet 'mid the dew, Ev - 'ry flower that I knew, Breathed a



ris - ing of the morn to the set - ting of the sun: Yet I  
gen - tle wel - come back, to the worn and wea - ry child. I a -



pine like a slave, By the sad sea wave. Come a - gain bright days of  
wake in my grave By the sad sea wave. Come a - gain, dear dream, so



hope and pleas - ure gone, Come a - gain, bright day, Come a - gain, come a - gain.  
peace - ful - ly that smiled, Come a - gain, dear dream, Come a - gain, come a - gain. rit.

# THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING

Old Scotch Air. Adapted by FINLEY DUN

Arranged by A. La Meda

*Allegro* 8

The Camp - bells are com - in', O ho, O ho, The Camp-bells are com - in', O

ho, O ho! The Camp - bells are com - in' to bon - nie Loch - lev - en, The

Camp - bells are com - in', O ho, O ho! 1. Up - on the Lo-monds I  
2. The great Ar - gyle he  
3. The Camp - bells they are

lay, I lay, Up - on the Lomonds I lay, I lay; I look - ed down to  
goes be - fore, He makes his can - non loud - ly roar; Wi' sound of trum - pet,  
a' in arms, Their loy - al faith and truth to show; Wi' ban - ners rat - tlin'

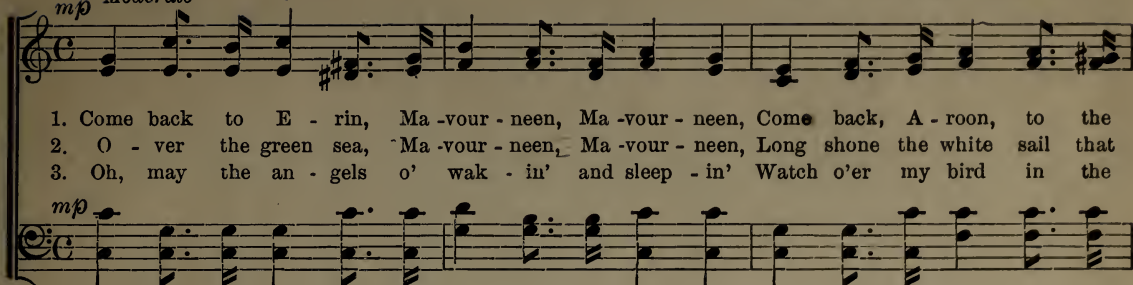
bon - nie Loch - lev - en And heard three bon - nie pi - pers play. The  
pipe, . . and drum, The Camp - bells are com - in' O - ho, O - ho! The  
in . . . the wind, The Camp - bells are com - in' O - ho, O - ho! The



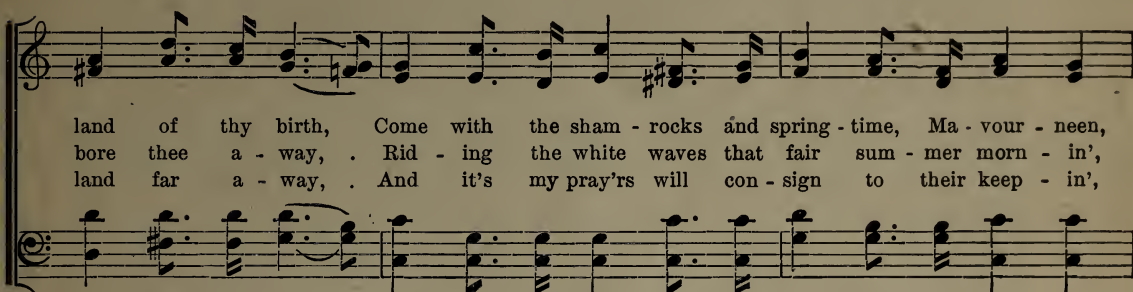
# COME BACK TO ERIN

Mrs. C. BARNARD (CLARIBEL)

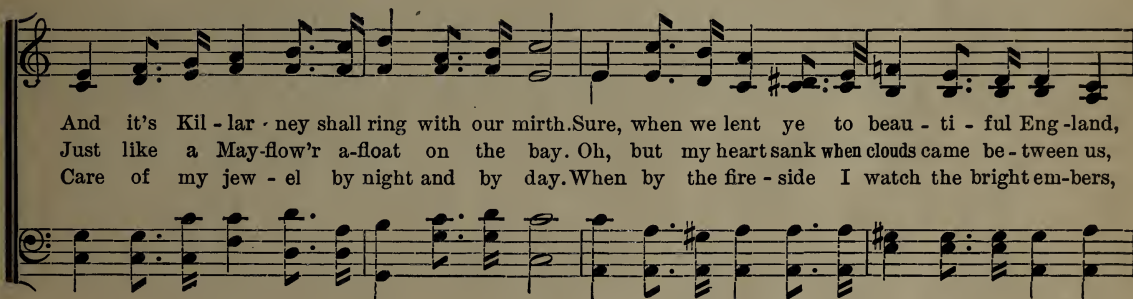
*mp* *Moderato*



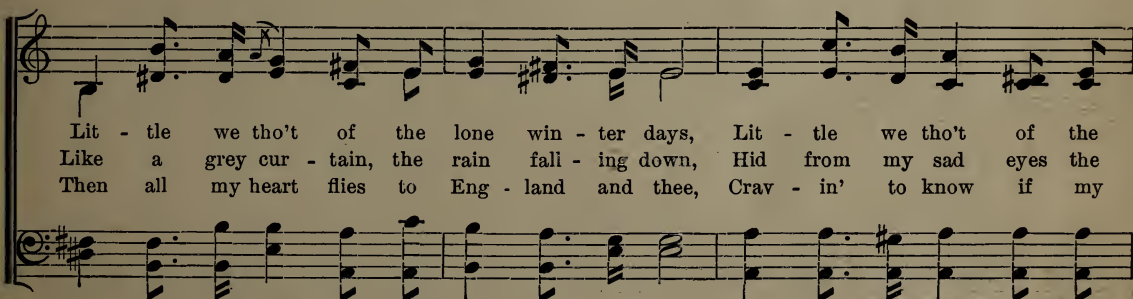
1. Come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen, Come back, A - roon, to the  
 2. O - ver the green sea, Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen, Long shone the white sail that  
 3. Oh, may the an - gels o' wak - in' and sleep - in' Watch o'er my bird in the



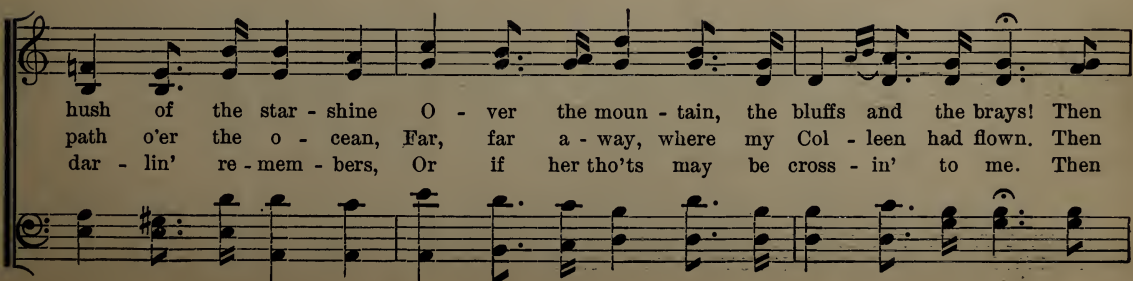
land of thy birth, Come with the sham - rocks and spring - time, Ma - vour - neen,  
 bore thee a - way, Rid - ing the white waves that fair sum - mer morn - in',  
 land far a - way, And it's my pray'rs will con - sign to their keep - in',



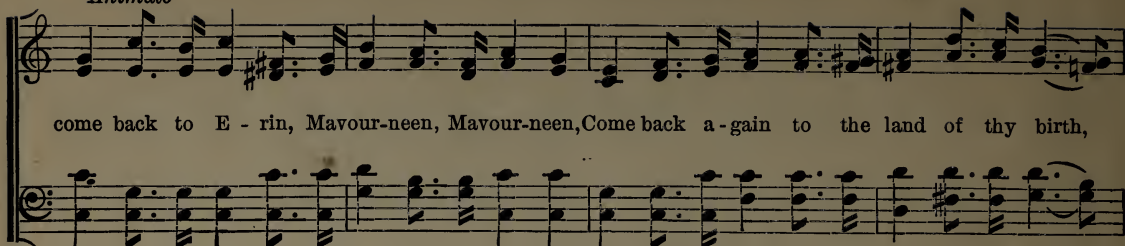
And it's Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth. Sure, when we lent ye to beau - ti - ful Eng - land,  
 Just like a May - flow'r a - float on the bay. Oh, but my heart sank when clouds came be - tween us,  
 Care of my jew - el by night and by day. When by the fire - side I watch the bright em - bers,



Lit - tle we tho't of the lone win - ter days, Lit - tle we tho't of the  
 Like a grey cur - tain, the rain fall - ing down, Hid from my sad eyes the  
 Then all my heart flies to Eng - land and thee, Crav - in' to know if my

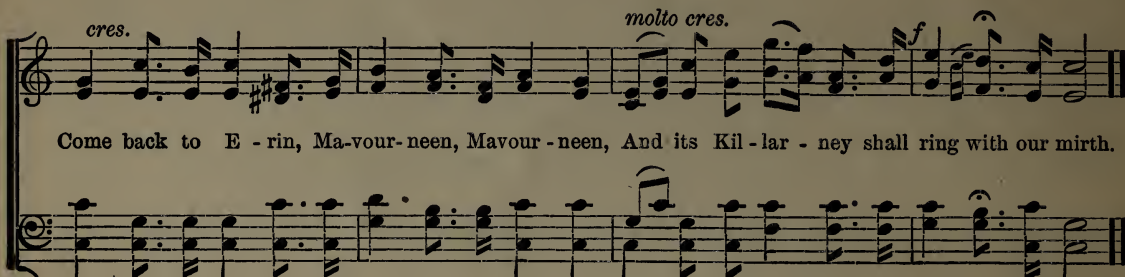


hush of the star - shine O - ver the moun - tain, the bluffs and the brays! Then  
 path o'er the o - cean, Far, far a - way, where my Col - leen had flown. Then  
 dar - lin' re - mem - bers, Or if her tho'ts may be cross - in' to me. Then

*Animato*


come back to E - rin, Mavour-neen, Mavour-neen, Come back a - gain to the land of thy birth,

*cres.* *molto cres.*

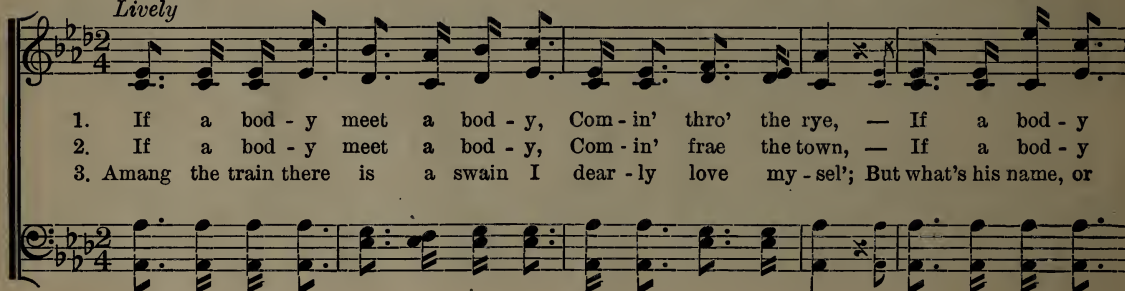


Come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Mavour - neen, And its Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.

## COMIN' THRO' THE RYE

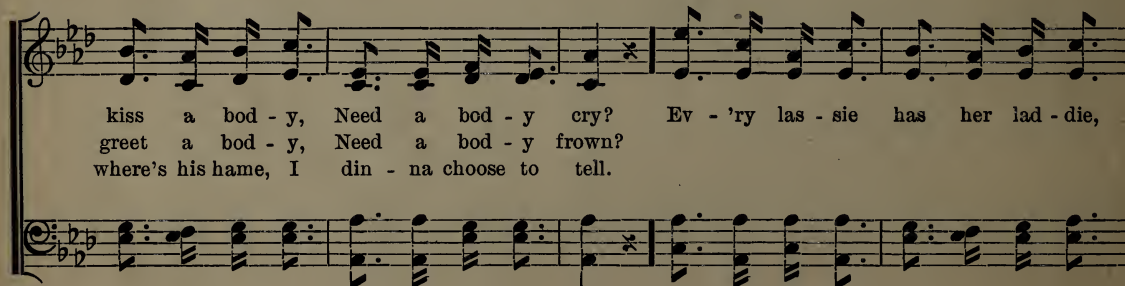
ROBERT BURNS

Air "The Miller's Daughter"

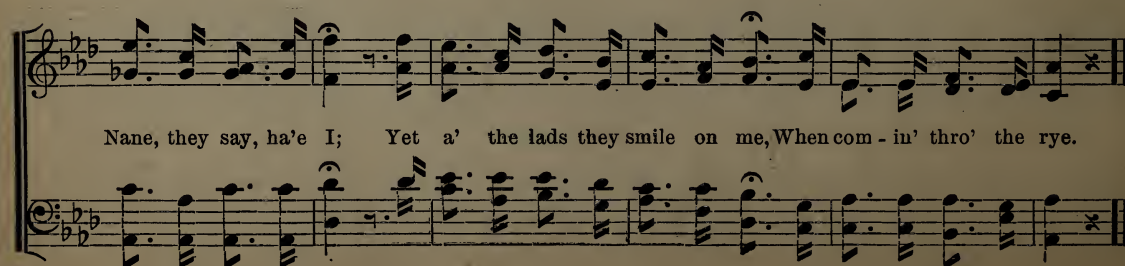
*Lively*


1. If a bod - y meet a bod - y, Com - in' thro' the rye, — If a bod - y  
 2. If a bod - y meet a bod - y, Com - in' frae the town, — If a bod - y  
 3. Among the train there is a swain I dear - ly love my - sel'; But what's his name, or

## CHORUS



kiss a bod - y, Need a bod - y cry? Ev - 'ry las - sie has her lad - die,  
 greet a bod - y, Need a bod - y frown?  
 where's his hame, I din - na choose to tell.



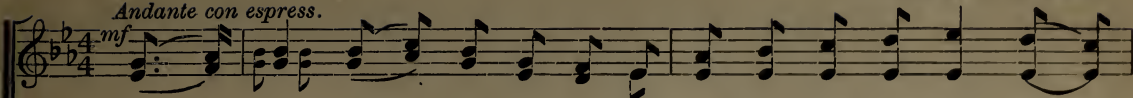
Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When com - in' thro' the rye.



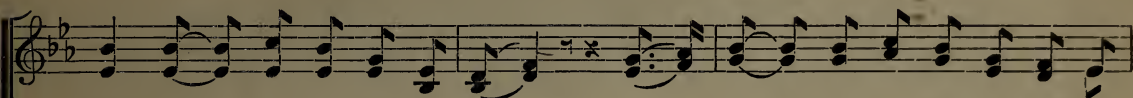
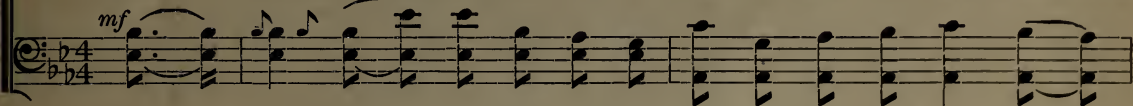
# DARLING NELLY GRAY

B. R. HANBY

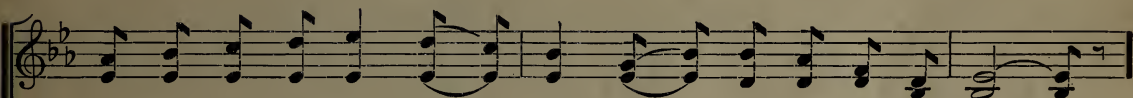
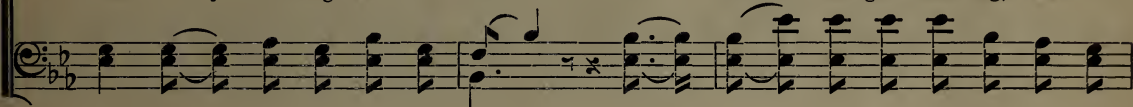
Arranged by A. La Meda

*Andante con espress.*

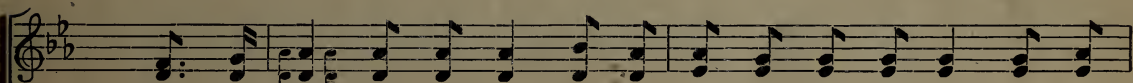
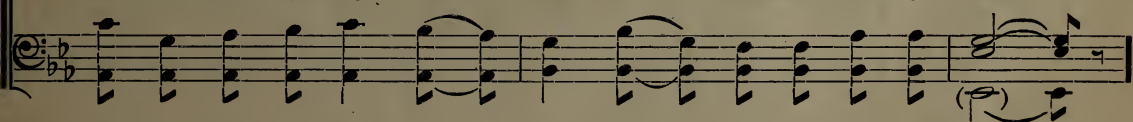
1. There's a low green val - ley on the old Ken - tuck - y shore, There I've  
 2. When the moon had climbed the moun - tain, and the stars were shin - ing too, Then I'd  
 3. One . . night I went to see her, but "she's gone" the neigh - bors say, The  
 4. My ca - noe is un - der wa - ter, and my ban - jo is un - strung, I am  
 5. My . . eyes are get - ting blind - ed, and I can - not see my way; Hark! there's



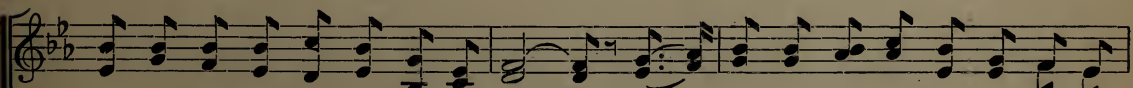
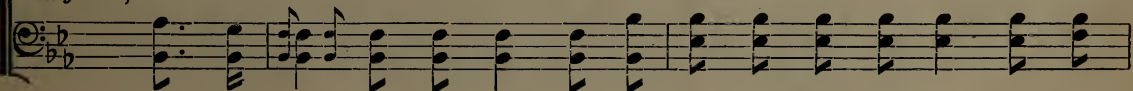
whiled man - y hap - py hours a - way, A sit - ting and a sing - ing by the  
 take my dar - ling Nel - ly Gray, And we'd float down the riv - er in my  
 white man bound her with his chain; They have tak - en her to Geor - gia for to  
 tired of liv - ing an - y more; My eyes shall look downward, and my  
 some - bod - y knock - ing at the door— Oh! I hear the an - gels call - ing, and I



lit - tle cot - tage door, Where lived my dar - ling Nel - ly Gray. . .  
 lit - tle red ca - noe, While my ban - jo sweet - ly I would play. . .  
 wear her life a - way, As she toils in the cot - ton and the cane. . .  
 song shall be un - sung, While I stay on the old Ken - tuck - y shore. . .  
 see my Nel - ly Gray, Fare - well to the old Ken - tuck - y shore. . .



1, 2, 3, 4. Oh! my poor Nel - ly Gray, they have tak - en you a - way, And I'll  
*Last verse only* } Oh! my dar - ling Nel - ly Gray, up in heav - en there they say, That they'll



nev - er see my dar - ling an - y more; I'm sit - ting by the riv - er and I'm  
 nev - er take you from me an - y more; I'm a com - ing, com - ing, com - ing, as the



1, 2, 3, 4, V. 5th Verse

weep-ing all the day, For you've gone from the old Ken-tuck-y shore. . . .  
 an - gels clear the way, Fare - well to the old Ken-tuck-y (Omit) shore. . .

## THE DEAREST SPOT IS HOME

Words and music by W. T. WRIGHTON

1. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home, The fair - y - land I've  
 2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home, I've learned to look with

longed to see Is home, sweet home. There how charmed the sense of hear-ing, There where hearts are  
 lov - er's eyes On home, sweet home. There where vows are tru - ly plight-ed, There where hearts are

so en-dear-ing, All the world is not so cheer-ing, As home, sweet home. The dear - est spot on  
 so u - ni - ted, All the world be-sides I've slight-ed, For home, sweet home. The dear - est spot on

earth to me, Is home, sweet home ; The fair - y - land I've longed to see Is home, sweet home.



## DARBY AND JOAN

F. E. WEATHERLY

J. L. MOLLOY

*Andante con moto*

1. Dar - by dear, we are old and gray, Fif - ty years since our wed - ding day,  
 2. Dar - by dear, but my heart was wild When we bur - ied our ba - by child,  
 3. Hand in hand when our life was May, Hand in hand when our hair is gray,

*cres.*

Shad - ow and sun for ev - 'ry one as the years roll on: Dar - by dear, when the  
 Un - til you whispered, "Heav'n knows best!" and my heart found rest; Dar - by dear, 'twas your  
 Shad - ow and sun for ev - 'ry one as the years roll on: Hand in hand when the

*cres.*

world went wry, Hard and sor - row - ful then was I, Ah! lad, how you cheer'd me then,  
 lov - ing hand Show'd me the way to the bet - ter land; Ah! lad, as you kissed each tear,  
 long night-tide Gen - tly cov - ers us side by side; Ah! lad, tho' we know not when,

*rall.**p meno mosso*

"Things will be bet - ter, sweet wife, a - gain!" Al - ways the same, Dar - by my own,  
 Life grew bet - ter, and Heav'n more near: Al - ways the same, Dar - by my own,  
 Love will be with us, for - ev - er then: Al - ways the same, Dar - by my own,

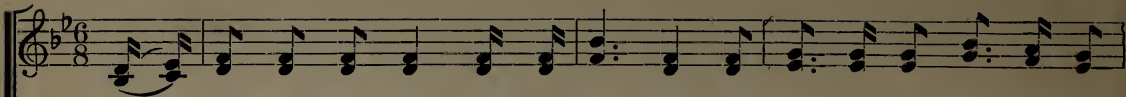
*rall.*

Al - ways the same to your old wife Joan, Al - ways the same to your old wife Joan.

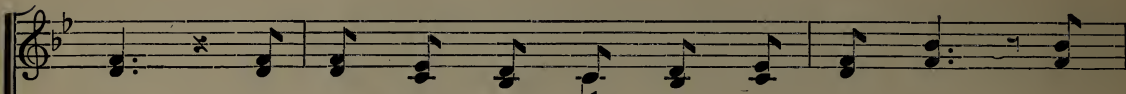
## DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME

CAROLINE A. MASON

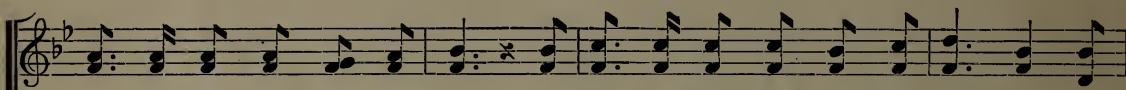
S. M. GRANNIS



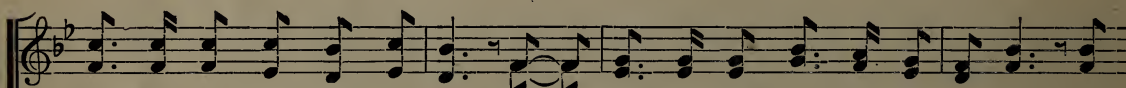
1. Do they miss me at home, do they miss me? 'Twould be an as - sur - ance most  
 2. When twi - light ap - proach - es, the sea - son That ev - er is sa - cred to  
 3. Do they miss me at home, do they miss me, At morn - ing, at noon, or at



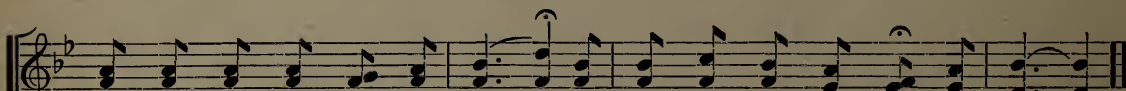
dear To know that this mo - ment some loved one Were  
 song, Does some - one re - peat my name o - ver, And  
 night? And lin - gers one gloom - y shade round them That



say - ing, "I wish he were here." To feel that the group at the fire - side Were  
 sigh that I tar - ry so long? And is there a chord in the mu - sic That's  
 on - ly my pres - ence can light? And joys less in - vit - ing - ly wel - come, And



think - ing of me as I roam; Oh, . . . yes, 'twould be joy be - yond meas - ure To  
 missed when my voice is a - way, And a chord in each heart that a - wak - eth Re -  
 pleas - ures less hale than be - fore, Be - cause one is missed from the cir - cle, Be -



know that they miss me at home, To know that they miss me at home. .  
 gret at my wea - ri - some stay, Re - gret at my wea - ri - some stay? .  
 cause I am with them no more, Be - cause I am with them no more? .



## DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME

J. E. CARPENTER

CHAS. W. GLOVER

1. Do they think of me at home, Do they ev - er think of me? I who  
 2. Do they think of me at eve? Of the songs I used to sing? Is the  
 3. Do they think of how I loved In my hap - py, ear - ly days? Do they

shared their ev - 'ry grief, I who min - gled in their glee? Have their hearts grown cold and  
 harp I struck un - touch'd, Does a stran - ger wake the string? Will no kind for - giv - ing  
 think of him who came, But could nev - er win their praise? I am hap - py by his

strange To the one now doom'd to roam, I would give the world to know—"Do they  
 word Come a - cross the rag - ing foam? Shall I nev - er cease to sigh,—"Do they  
 side, And from mine he'll nev - er roam, But my heart will sad - ly ask,—"Do they

think of me at home?" I would give the world to know, "Do they think of me at home?"  
 think of me at home?" Shall I nev - er cease to sigh, "Do they think of me at home?"  
 think of me at home?" But my heart will sad - ly ask, "Do they think of me at home?"

## GOOD NIGHT

(ROUND)

1 Now to all a kind "good night," Sweet - ly sleep till morn - ing light; Till

2 morn - ing light, To all "good night," Sweet - ly sleep till morn - ing light; 3

3 Good night, To all a kind good night, To all good night. 1

## DREAMING

EDWARD OXENFORD

MILTON WELLINGS  
Arranged by A. La Meda*Andante moderato*

*p*

Once a - gain I saw the riv - er Where the wa - ter lil - ies

*p*

grow, Where the wil - low branch-es quiv - er As the gen - tle zeph - yrs blow; And I

*cres.* *dim.*

heard those well lov'd ac - cents That once held my heart in thrall, And they

*cres.* *dim.*

*mf*

whis - per'd words of prom - ise,— I was dream - ing, that was all. I was

*mf*

dream-ing, on - ly dream-ing, I was dream - ing, that was all, I was dream-ing, on - ly



*p* *ritard. pp* *mf a tempo*

dream-ing, I was dream-ing, that was all. . . In my hand there steals an-oth-er, And my

*p* *ritard. pp* *mf a tempo*

*accel.* *rallentando*

heart is throb-bing fast, . . As { he she } whis-pers that to-geth-er We will

*accel.* *rallentando*

*mf* *a tempo* *cres.*

cling un-to the last; Then I mur-mur that I'll love { him her } What-so-ev-er may be-

*mf* *a tempo* *cres.*

*accel.* *f* *ril. e*

fall, And my soul is fill'd with rap-ture,—'Tis no dream-ing af-ter all, 'Tis no

*accel.* *f* *ril. e*

*dim.* *mf a tempo*

dream-ing af-ter all, 'Tis no dream-ing, 'Tis no dream-ing, 'Tis no dream-ing af-ter

*dim.* *mf a tempo*

*ril.*

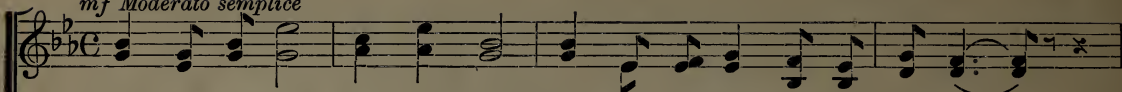
all, 'Tis no dream-ing, 'Tis no dream-ing, 'Tis no dream-ing af-ter all.

*ril.*

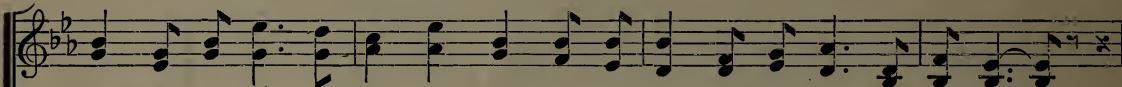
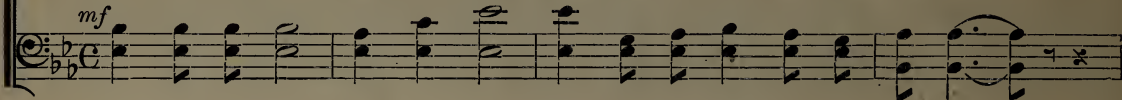
## DREAMING OF HOME AND MOTHER

J. P. ORDWAY

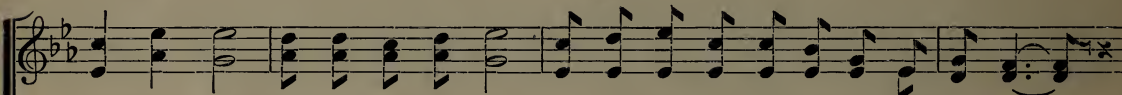
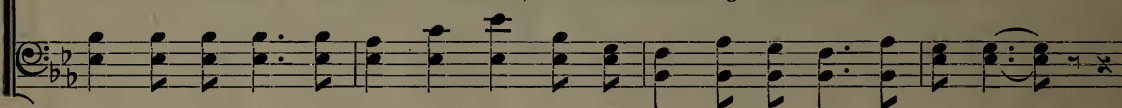
Arranged by A. La Meda

*mf Moderato semplice*

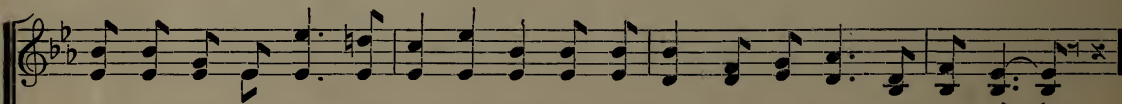
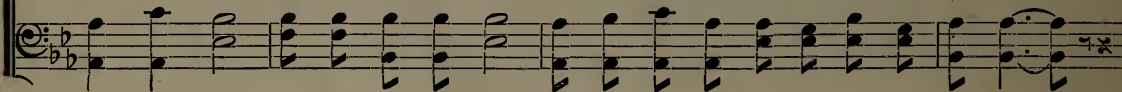
1. Dream - ing of home, dear old home! Home of my child - hood and moth - er; . .
2. Sleep, balm - y sleep, close mine eyes, Keep me still think - ing of moth - er; . .
3. Child - hood has come, come a - gain, Sleep - ing, I see my dear moth - er; . .

*mf*

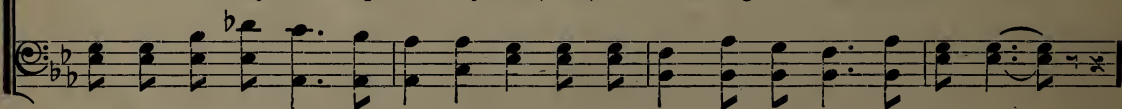
Oft when I wake 'tis sweet to find, I've been dream-ing of home and moth - er. . .  
 Hark! 'tis her voice I seem to hear, Yes, I'm dream-ing of home and moth - er. . .  
 See her loved form be - side me kneel, While I'm dream-ing of home and moth - er. . .



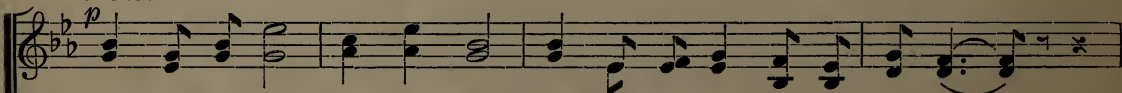
Home, dear home, child-hood's hap - py home! When I played with sis - ter and with broth - er; . .  
 An - gels come, sooth-ing me to rest, I can feel their pres-ence and none oth - er; . .  
 Moth - er dear, whis - per to me now, Tell me of my sis - ter and my broth - er; . .



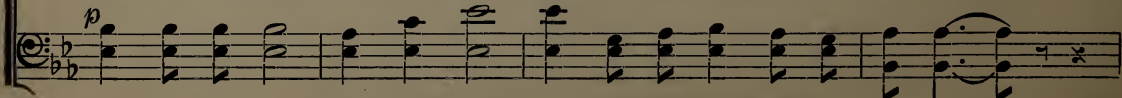
'Twas the sweet-est joy when we did roam O - ver hill and thro' dale with moth - er. . .  
 For they sweet - ly say I shall be blest With bright vis - ions of home and moth - er. . .  
 Now I feel thy hand up - on my brow, Yes, I'm dream - ing of home and moth - er. . .



## CHORUS

*p*

Dream - ing of home, dear old home, Home of my child - hood and moth - er, . .

*p*

Oft when I wake, 'tis sweet to find, I've been dream-ing of home and moth-er. . .

## DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

BEN JONSON, (1573-1637)

Old English Air (also attributed to MOZART)

Arranged by W. A. F.

*p* Very smoothly and rather slow

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine, . . . .  
 2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon - 'ring thee, . . . .

Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; . . . . The  
 As giv - ing it a hope that there It could not with - ered be; . . . . But

thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a drink di - vine; . . . .  
 thou there - on did'st on - ly breathe And send'st it back to me; . . . .

But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip I would not change for thine. . . .  
 Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it - self but thee. . . .



## EVER OF THEE

G LINLEY  
*Moderato*FOLEY HALL  
Arranged by A. La Meda

1. Ev - er of thee I'm fond - ly dream - ing, Thy gen - tle voice my  
2. Ev - er of thee, when sad and lone - ly, Wan - d'ring a - far my

spir - it can cheer; Thou art the star that, mild - ly beam - ing, Shone o'er my path when  
soul joy'd to dwell; Ah! then I felt I loved thee on - ly, All seemed to fade be -

all was dark and drear; Still in my heart thy form I cher - ish,  
fore af - fec - tion's spell; Years have not chill'd the love I cher - ish,

Ev - 'ry kind tho't, like a bird flies to thee. Ah! nev - er till life and mem - ry per - ish,  
True as the stars hath my heart been to thee. Ah! nev - er till life and mem - ry per - ish,

Can I for - get how dear thou art to me; Morn, noon and night, wher - e'er I may be,

Fond - ly I'm dream - ing ev - er of thee; Fond - ly I'm dream - ing ev - er of thee. *ad lib.*

## FAREWELL FOR EVER

H. B. FARNIE

*Allegretto con grazia*MICHAEL CONNELLY  
Arranged by A. La Meda

*mf*

1. All night . through thy slum - bers my pas - sion - ate num - bers Have thrilled to thy  
2. My heart . wild - ly beat - ing would hear thee re - peat - ing Thy vow, thou art

*mf*

dream - ing heart, Till drawn . by my sor - row, Thou wak'st with the mor - row, To  
mine a - lone; And far . . o'er the bil - low, My dream haunt-ed pil - low, Shall

*p*

know that this hour we part. The dews of last night are dry on the plain,  
bring thee a - gain, mine own, One touch of my hand, one kiss on my brow,

*p*

*ritard.*

Yet on my cheeks tears are fall - ing like rain. Oh!  
O - ver! and thou art a mem - o - ry now. Oh!

*ritard.*

*p Moderato espress.*

Fare - well for - ev - er, Fare - well to thee! Moun - tains may sev er Man - y a lea!

*p*

*rit. . . e dim. . . pp*

Bright though our dream - ing, 'Twas not to be, Fare - well, my own, to thee!

*rit. . . e dim. . . pp*



## FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

ROBERT BURNS

J. E. SPILMAN

*Andante con moto*

1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes; Flow gen - tly, I'll sing thee a  
 2. How loft - y, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh - bor - ing hills, Far marked with the cours - es of  
 3. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my

song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet  
 clear - wind - ing rills; There dai - ly I wan - der, as morn ris - es high, My flocks and my  
 Ma - ry re - sides! How wan - ton thy wa - ters her snow - y feet lave, As gath - ring sweet

Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream. Thou stock - dove, whose ech - o re - sounds from the  
 Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas - ant thy banks and green val - leys be -  
 flow'r - ets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green

hill, Ye wild whist - ling black - birds in yon thorn - y den, Thou green - crest - ed  
 low, Where wild in the wood - lands the prim - ros - es blow! There oft, as mild  
 braes, Flow gen - tly, sweet riv - er, the theme of my lays: My Ma - ry's a -

lap - wing, thy scream - ing for - bear, I charge you, dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair.  
 eve - ning creeps o - ver the lea, The sweet - scent - ed birk shades my Ma - ry and me.  
 sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.



# FORSAKEN

THOMAS KOSCHAT  
Arranged by A. La Meda

*Lento*

*pp*

*pp*

*Melody in Alto*

1. For - sa - ken, for - sa - ken, for - sa - ken am I; Like the stone in the cause-way, My  
2. A mound in the church-yard, that blos - soms hang o'er; It is there my love sleep - eth; To

*pp*

*pp*

bur - ied hopes lie; . I go to the churchyard, My eyes fill'd with tears; And kneel - ing I  
wak - en no more; 'Tis there all my foot - steps, My pas - sions all lead; And there my heart

*cres.*

*cres.*

weep there, Oh, my love, loved for years; And kneel - ing I weep there, Oh, my love, loved for years.  
turn - eth, I'm for - sa - ken in - deed; And there my heart turn - eth, I'm for - sa - ken in - deed.

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## GAILY THE TROUBADOUR

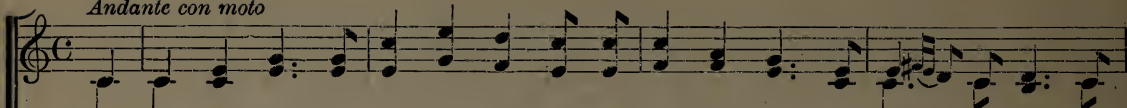
THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY

1. Gai - ly the Trou - ba - dour touch'd his gui - tar, When he was hast - en - ing home from the war;  
2. She for the Trou - ba - dour hope - less - ly wept; Sad - ly she thought of him when oth - ers slept;  
3. Hark! 'twas the Trou - ba - dour breath - ing her name; Un - der the bat - tle - ment soft - ly he came;

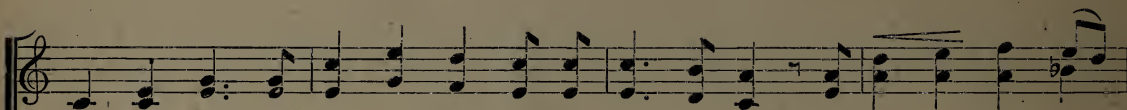
Sing - ing, "From Pal - es - tine, hith - er I come; La - dy love, la - dy love, wel - come me home."  
Sing - ing, "In search of thee would I might roam; Trou - ba - dour, Trou - ba - dour, come to thy home."  
Sing - ing, "From Pal - es - tine, hith - er I come; La - dy love, la - dy love, wel - come me home."

## GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART.

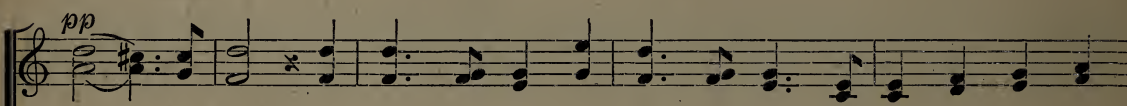
J. L. HATTON

*Andante con moto*


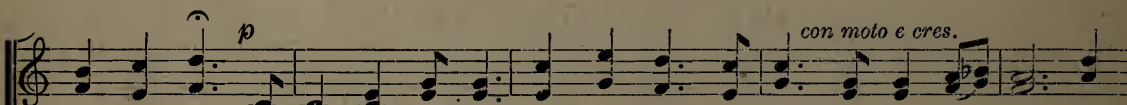
1. The bright stars fade, the morn is break-ing, The dew-drops pearl each bud and leaf; And  
2. The sun is up, the lark is soar-ing, Loud swells the song of chan-ti-cleer; The



I from thee my leave am tak-ing, With bliss too brief, with bliss too brief, with  
lev-'ret bounds o'er earth's soft floor-ing, Yet I am here, yet I am here, yet




bliss too brief. How sinks my heart with fond a-larms, The tear is hid-ing  
I... am here. For since night's gems from heav'n did fade, And morn to flo-ral



*con moto e cres.*

in mine eye, For time doth thrust me from thine arms, Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye! Good-  
lips doth hie, I could not leave thee, though I said, Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye! Good-



*f* *cres. molto* *ff* *ritard*

bye, sweet-heart, good-bye! For time doth thrust me from thine arms, Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye.  
bye, sweet-heart, good-bye! I could not leave thee, though I said, Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye.



# GOOD NIGHT, FAREWELL

FRIEDRICH WILHELM KÜCKEN

Arranged by A. La Meda

*Moderato quasi animato*  $\wedge$

1. Good-night, fare-well, my own true heart, A thou-sand times good-night! Each thought of thee bids  
2. I see thy heart re-flect-ed by A star with-in the stream, It shines forth from thy

*rit.*

*poco animato*

*sempre*

grief de-part, And ren-ders joy more bright. Though far, thy im-age dwells with me, Thou art my  
clear, blue eye, And sheds o'er me its beam; And though no more than one bright glance I e'er of

*rit.*

*sempre*

guid-ing star; . . . When o'er me dark-ning clouds I see, Thy love guides me a-far. . . When  
thee pos-sessed, . . . That look my heart will e'er en-trance, And ren-der ev-er blest. . . That

*cres.*

*f*

*dim.*

*p*

*cres.*

*f*

*dim.*

*p*

o'er me dark-ning clouds I see, Thy love guides me a-far. . . Fare-well, my  
look my heart will e'er en-trance, And ren-der ev-er blest. . . Fare-well, my

*mf*

*dim.*

*rit.*

*pp*

*Tempo lmo cres.*

*mf*

*dim.*

*rit.*

*pp*

*cres.*

own true heart, A thou-sand times fare-well! Good-night, fare-well, my own true heart!

# GOOD NIGHT, LADIES

*f Sostenuto*

1. Good-night, la-dies! Good-night, la-dies! Good-night, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.  
 2. Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.  
 3. Sweet dreams, la-dies! Sweet dreams, la-dies! Sweet dreams, la-dies! We're going to leave you now.

*Allegro* *Ritard molto. Repeat pp*

Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long, roll a-long, roll a-long, Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long, O'er the dark blue sea.

## THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

THOMAS MOORE

MOLLY ASTORE

*With feeling* *mf*

1. The harp that once thro' Ta-ra's halls The soul of mu-sic shed; Now hangs as mute on  
 2. No more to chiefs and la-dies bright The harp of Ta-ra swells; The chord a-lone that

Ta-ra's walls As tho' that soul were fled. So sleeps the pride of for-mer days, So  
 breaks at night Its tale of ru-in tells. Thus Free-dom now so sel-dom wakes; The

*p*

glo-ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.  
 on-ly throb she gives Is when some heart, in-dig-nant, breaks, To show that still she lives.



# HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED

THOMAS MOORE

Melody adapted by Sir J. A. STEVENSON, M.D.

Arranged by A. La Meda

*Simply and tenderly*

1. Has sor - row thy young days shad - ed, -As clouds o'er the morn - ing fleet? Too  
 2. Has love to that soul so ten - der Been like our La - ge - nian mine, Where  
 3. Has Hope, like the bird in the sto - ry, That flit - ted from tree to tree With the  
 4. If thus the sweet hours have fleet - ed, When sor - row her - self look'd bright; If . . .

fast have those young days fad - ed, That e - ven in sor - row were sweet.  
 spar - kles of gold - en splen - dor, All o - ver the sur - face shine?  
 tal - is - man's glit - ter - ing glo - ry— Has Hope been that bird to thee?  
 thus the fond hope has cheat - ed, That led thee a - long so light;

Does Time with his cold wing with - er Each feel - ing that once was  
 But if in pur - suit we go deep - er, Al - lur'd by the gleam that  
 On branch af - ter branch a - light - ing, The gem did she still dis -  
 If thus the un - kind world with - er Each feel - ing that once was

dear? Come, child of mis - for - tune! hith - er, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear. . . .  
 shone, Ah! false as the dream of the sleep - er, Like love, the bright ore is gone. . . .  
 play, And when near - est and most in - vit - ing, Then waft the fair gem a - way. . . .  
 dear;— Come, child of mis - for - tune! come hith - er, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear. . . .

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## THE BELL DOTH TOLL

(ROUND)

1 The bell doth toll, Its ech - oes roll, I know the sound full well; I love its ringing, For it  
 2  
 3  
 calls to singing, With its bim, bim, bim, bome bell, Bim, bome, bim, bim, bim, boi

## THE HEART BOWED DOWN

MICHAEL W. BALFE  
From "The Bohemian Girl"

*Larghetto cantabile*

*mf*

1. The heart bowed down by weight of woe, To weak - est hopes will cling, To  
2. The mind will in its worst des - pair, Still pon - der o'er the past, On

thought and im - pulse while they flow, That can no com - - fort bring, that can, that  
mo - ments of de - light that were Too beau - ti - ful . . . to last, that were too

can no com - fort . . bring, To those ex - cit - ing scenes will blend, O'er  
beau - ti - ful to . . last; To long de - part - ed years ex - tend, Its

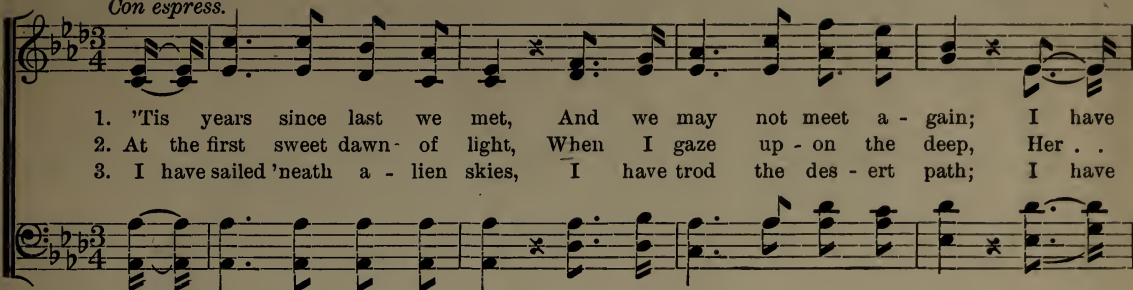
pleas - ure's path - way thrown; But mem - 'ry is the on - ly friend That grief can call its  
vis - ions with them flown; For mem - 'ry is the on - ly friend That grief can call its

own, That grief can call its own, . . That grief can call its own.

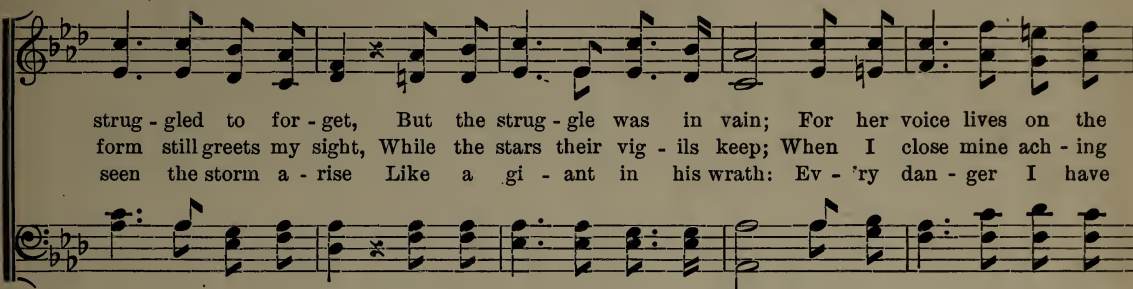
## HER BRIGHT SMILE

J. E. CARPENTER

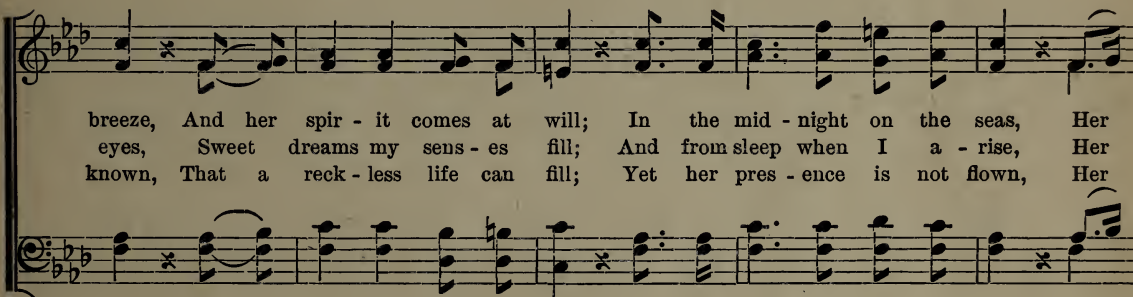
W. T. WRIGHTON

*Con espress.*



1. 'Tis years since last we met, And we may not meet a - gain; I have  
 2. At the first sweet dawn - of light, When I gaze up - on the deep, Her . .  
 3. I have sailed 'neath a - lien skies, I have trod the des - ert path; I have



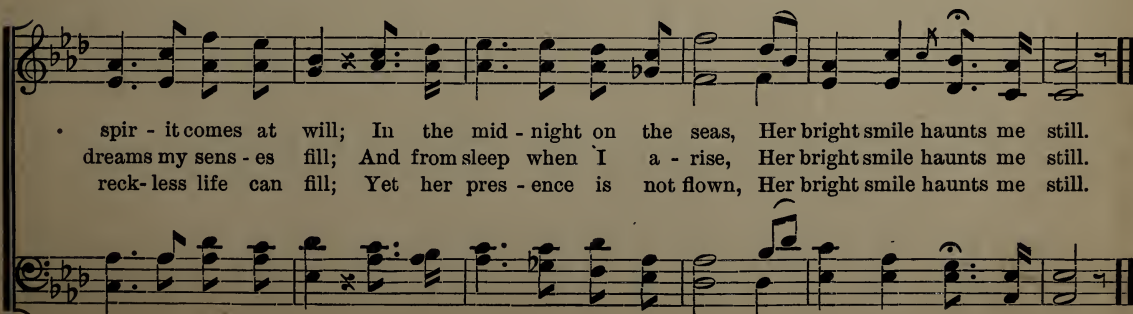
strug - gled to for - get, But the strug - gle was in vain; For her voice lives on the  
 form still greets my sight, While the stars their vig - ils keep; When I close mine ach - ing  
 seen the storm a - rise Like a gi - ant in his wrath: Ev - 'ry dan - ger I have



breeze, And her spir - it comes at will; In the mid - night on the seas, Her  
 eyes, Sweet dreams my sens - es fill; And from sleep when I a - rise, Her  
 known, That a reck - less life can fill; Yet her pres - ence is not flown, Her



*rall.* *tempo*  
 bright smile haunts me still; For her voice lives on the breeze, And her  
 bright smile haunts me still; When I close mine ach - ing eyes, Sweet  
 bright smile haunts me still; Ev - 'ry dan - ger I have known, That a  
*rall.* *tempo*



spir - it comes at will; In the mid - night on the seas, Her bright smile haunts me still.  
 dreams my sens - es fill; And from sleep when I a - rise, Her bright smile haunts me still.  
 reck - less life can fill; Yet her pres - ence is not flown, Her bright smile haunts me still.

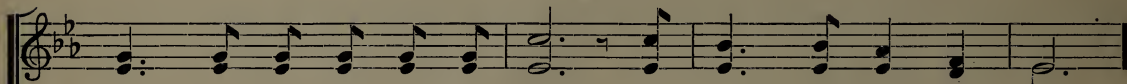


## HOME AGAIN

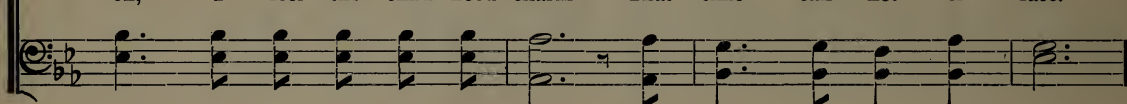
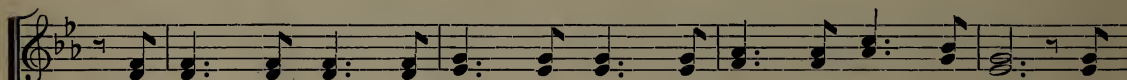
MARSHALL S. PIKE



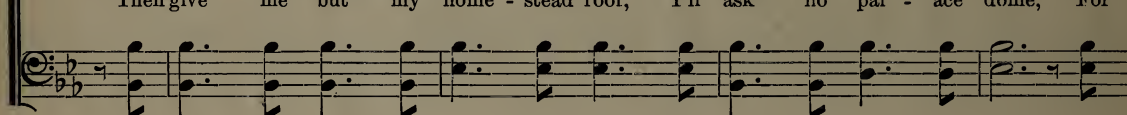

1. Home a - gain, home a - gain, From a for - eign shore! And  
 2. Hap - py hearts, hap - py hearts, With mine have laughed in glee, But  
 3. Mu - sic sweet, mu - sic soft, Lin - gers round the place, And

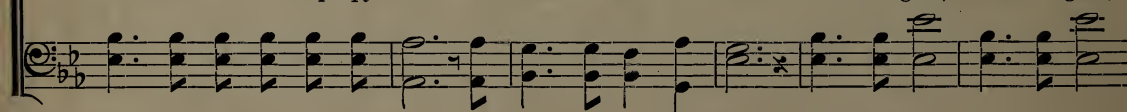
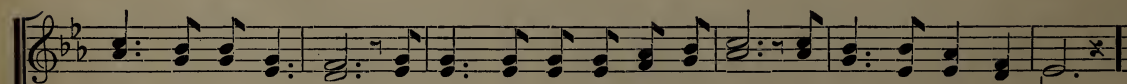
oh, it fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.  
 oh, the friends I loved in youth Seem hap - pi - er to me;  
 oh, I feel the child - hood charm That time can - not ef - face.

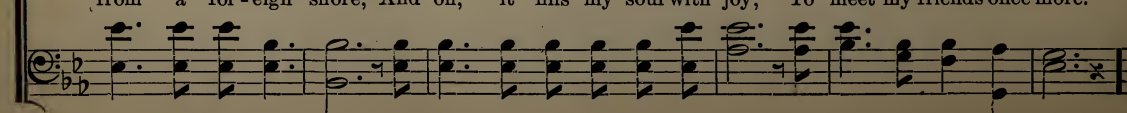
— Here I dropped the part - ing tear, To cross the o - cean's foam, But  
 And if my guide should be the fate, Which bids me lon - ger roam, But  
 Then give me but my home - stead roof, I'll ask no pal - ace dome, For

now I'm once a - gain with those Who kind - ly greet me home. Home a - gain, Home a - gain,  
 death a - lone can break the tie That binds my heart to home. Home a - gain, Home a - gain,  
 I can live a hap - py life With those I love at home. Home a - gain, Home a - gain,

from a for - eign shore, And oh, it fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.



## HOME, HOME, CAN I FORGET THEE

*Andante*

1. Home, home, can I for - get thee, Dear, dear, dear - ly loved home? No, no, still I re -  
 2. Home, home, why did I leave thee, Dear, dear friends, do not mourn. Home, home, once more re -

gret thee, Tho' I may far from thee roam. Home, home, home, home, dear - est and hap - pi - est home.  
 ceive me, Quick - ly to thee I'll re - turn. Home, home, home, home, dear - est and hap - pi - est home.

## HOME, SWEET HOME

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

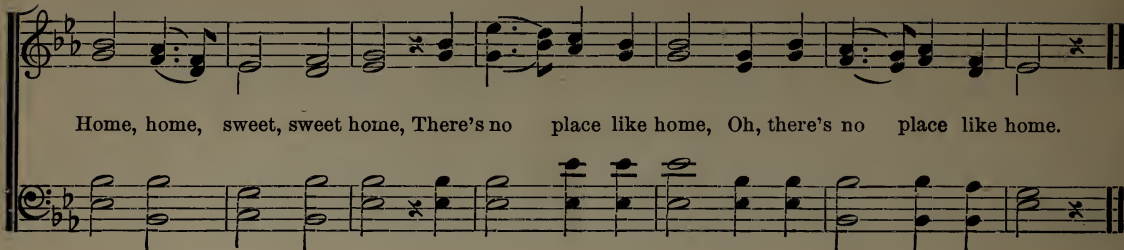
Sir HENRY BISHOP

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so  
 2. I . gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And . feel that my  
 3. An ex - ile from home, splen - dor daz - zles in vain; Oh, . give me my

hum - ble, there's no . place like home; A . charm from the skies seems to  
 moth - er now thinks of her child As she looks on that moon from our  
 low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The birds . sing - ing gai - ly, that

hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else - where.  
 own cot - tage door, Thro' the wood - bine whose fra - grance shall cheer me no more.  
 came at my call; Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear - er than all.

## REFRAIN



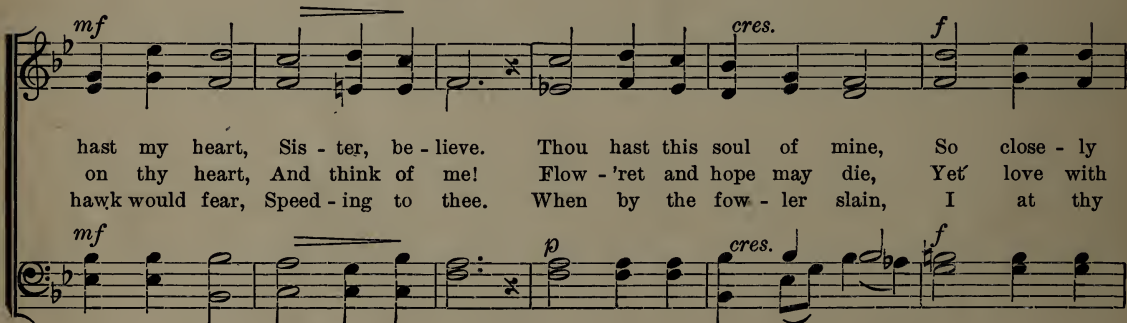
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

## HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE

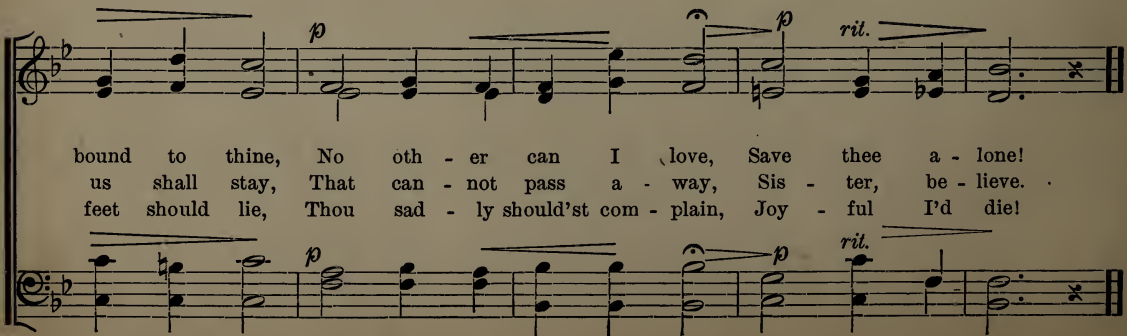
Thuringian Folk Song

*Andante con moto*
3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, Fal - con nor'" data-bbox="29 325 961 489"/>

1. How can I leave thee! How can I ' from thee part! Thou on - ly  
2. Blue is a flow - 'ret Called the "For - get - me - not," Wear it up -  
3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, Fal - con nor



hast my heart, Sis - ter, be - lieve. Thou hast this soul of mine, So close - ly  
on thy heart, And think of me! Flow - 'ret and hope may die, Yet love with  
hawk would fear, Speed - ing to thee. When by the fow - ler slain, I at thy



bound to thine, No oth - er can I love, Save thee a - lone!  
us shall stay, That can - not pass a - way, Sis - ter, be - lieve.  
feet should lie, Thou sad - ly should'st com - plain, Joy - ful I'd die!



# HOW FAIR ART THOU

H. WEIDT  
Arranged by A. La Meda

*Andante espressivo*

1. Oh, at thy feet how hap - py, Heart's in - most song I raise, Whilst eve's ma - jes - tic  
2. Oh, at thy feet how hap - py, Thy beau - ty I ad - mire, A pit - eous smile glides  
3. Oh, at thy feet how hap - py, In si - lent pain to die, But rath - er would I

gold - en light Thro' the arch'd win - dow plays. In meas - ure moves thy love - ly head, Thy  
o'er thy face; No pit - y I de - sire. Well do I know thou play'st with me, Yet  
rise, my dear, And to thy bo - som fly, To press a thou - sand kiss - es On

*poco animato e cres.*

heart doth lis - ten now; I lie be - fore thee sing - ing, I lie be - fore thee sing - ing, How  
rest - less am I now, And lie be - fore thee sing - ing, And lie be - fore thee sing - ing, How  
thine en - chant - ing brow, Then, droop - ing down, and dy - ing, Yea, dy - ing, and still sing - ing, How

*poco animato e cres.*

*a tempo* *dim.* *rit. e cres.* *ff*

fair, how fair, how fair art thou! How fair, how fair, how fair . . . art thou!

*a tempo* *dim.* *rit. e cres.* *ff*

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## THE SKY-LARK

1

2 (ROUND)

High - er still and high - er, From the earth thou spring - est Like a cloud of fire; The  
deep, deep blue thou wing - est, And sing - ing, sing - ing, still dost soar, And soar - ing ev - er  
sing - est; And sing - ing, sing - ing, still dost soar, And soar - ing ev - er sing - est.

## I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS

MRS. CHARLES BARNARD (CLARIBEL)

*Slowly*

*p*

1. I can - not sing the old songs, I sang long years a - go, For  
 2. I can - not sing the old songs, Their charm is sad and deep; Their  
 3. I can - not sing the old songs, For vis - ions come a - gain Of

*p*

heart and voice would fail me, And fool - ish tears would flow; For  
 mel - o - dies would wa - ken Old sor - rows from their sleep, And  
 gold - en dreams de - part - ed And years of wea - ry pain, Per -

by - gone hours come o'er my heart, With each fa - mil - iar strain. . . I  
 tho' all un - for - got - ten still, And sad - ly sweet they be, . . . I  
 haps when earth - ly fet - ters shall Have set my spir - it free, . . . My

can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain, I  
 can - not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me; I  
 voice may know the old songs, For all e - ter - ni - ty, My

*rall.*

can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a gain. . .  
 can - not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me. . .  
 voice may know the old songs, For all e - ter - ni - ty. . .

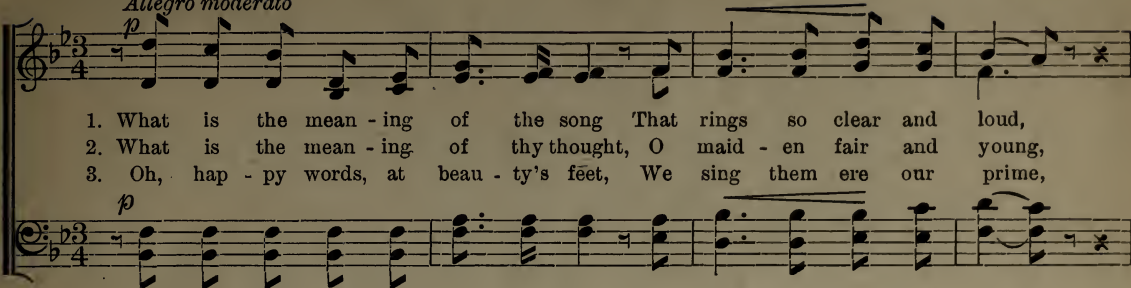
## I LOVE MY LOVE

CHARLES MACKAY

CIRO PINSUTI

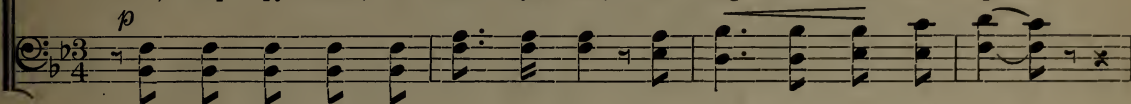
*Allegro moderato*

*p*

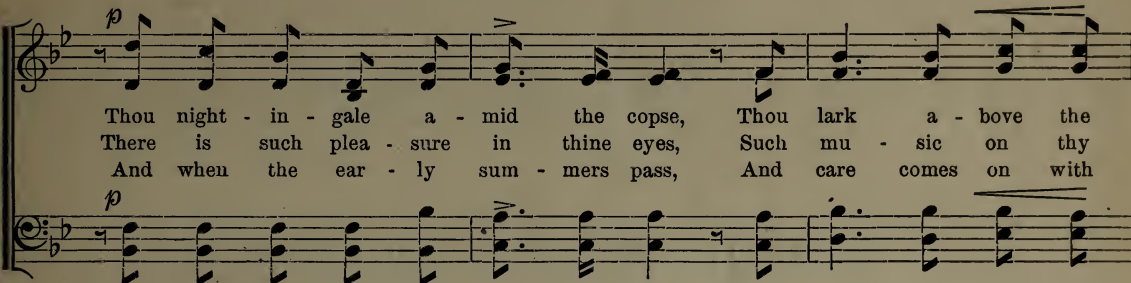


1. What is the mean - ing of the song That rings so clear and loud,  
 2. What is the mean - ing of thy thought, O maid - en fair and young,  
 3. Oh, hap - py words, at beau - ty's feet, We sing them ere our prime,

*p*

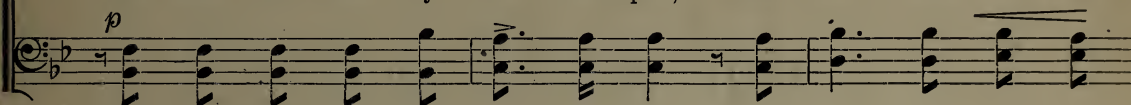


*p*

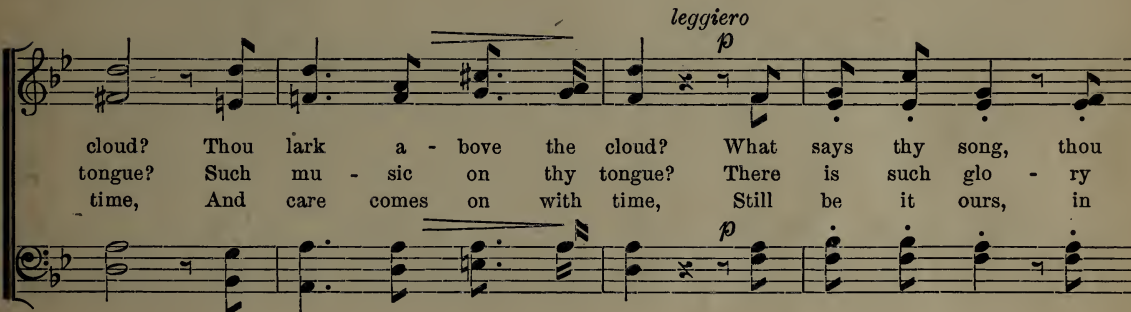


Thou night - in - gale a - mid the copse, Thou lark a - bove the  
 There is such plea - sure in thine eyes, Such mu - sic on thy  
 And when the ear - ly sum - mers pass, And care comes on with

*p*

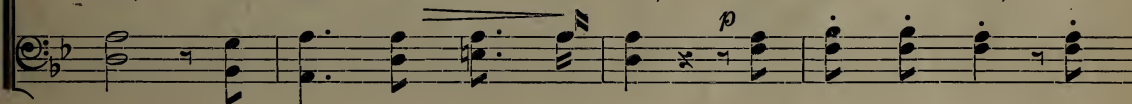
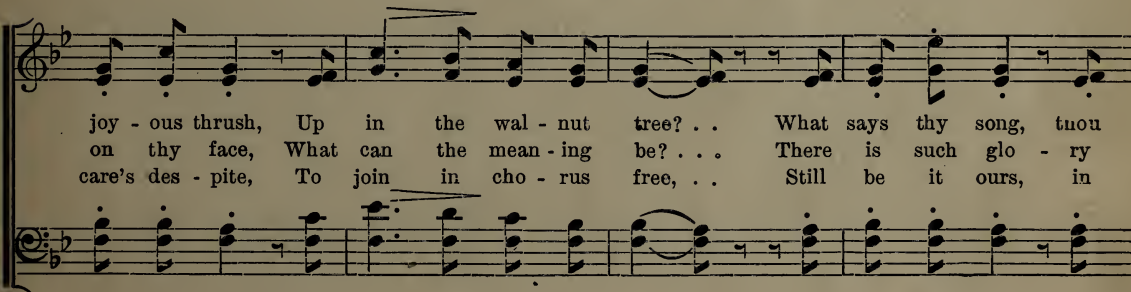


*leggiere*  
*p*

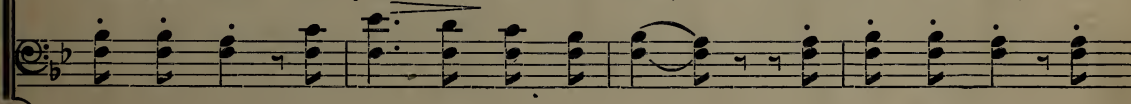


cloud? Thou lark a - bove the cloud? What says thy song, thou  
 tongue? Such mu - sic on thy tongue? There is such glo - ry  
 time, And care comes on with time, Still be it ours, in

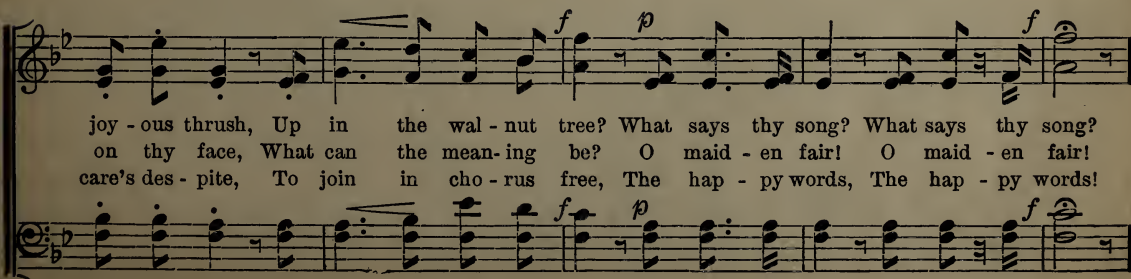
*p*

joy - ous thrush, Up in the wal - nut tree? . . . What says thy song, thou  
 on thy face, What can the mean - ing be? . . . There is such glo - ry  
 care's des - pite, To join in cho - rus free, . . . Still be it ours, in

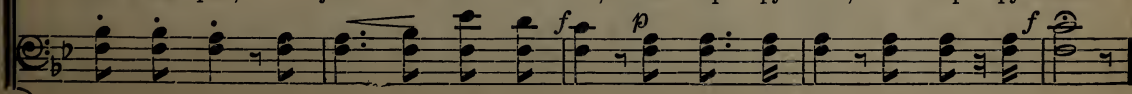


*f* *p* *f*



joy - ous thrush, Up in the wal - nut tree? What says thy song? What says thy song?  
 on thy face, What can the mean - ing be? O maid - en fair! O maid - en fair!  
 care's des - pite, To join in cho - rus free, The hap - py words, The hap - py words!

*f* *p* *f*





"I love my love, I love my love, be - cause I know my love loves me;" "I

love my love, I love my love, be - cause I know my love loves me!"

## IN THE SWEET BY AND BY

S. FILLMORE BENNETT

JOSEPH P. WEBSTER  
Arranged by A. La Meda

*With feeling*

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we may see it a -  
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore, The me - lo - di - ous songs of the  
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove We will of - fer the trib - ute of

far, For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwell - ing - place there.  
blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless - ings of rest.  
praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the bless - ings that hal - low our days!

CHORUS

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful  
In the sweet by and by, We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful  
In the sweet by and by, We shall praise on that beau - ti - ful

In the sweet by and by,

shore. In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore!  
 shore. In the sweet by and by, We shall sing on that beautiful shore!  
 shore. In the sweet by and by, We shall praise on that beautiful shore!

beau-ti-ful shore. In the sweet by and by,

## IN THE GLOAMING

META ORRED

ANNIE F. HARRISON

*Andante*

1. In the gloam-ing oh, . my dar - ling! when the lights are dim and low, And the qui - et  
 2. In the gloam-ing oh, . my dar - ling! think not bit - ter - ly of me! Though I passed a -

*rall.* *agitato*  
 shad - ows, fall - ing, soft - ly come and soft - ly go, When the winds are sob - bing  
 way in si - lence, left you lone - ly, set you free, For my heart was crushed with

*rall.* *agitato*

*con anima*  
 faint - ly with a gen - tle, un-known woe, Will you think of me and love me, As you did once  
 long - ing; what had been could nev - er be. It was best to leave you thus, dear, Best for you and

*con anima*

1 2 *rall.* *cres.*  
 long a - go?  
 best for (Omit.) me, It was best to leave you thus, . Best for you and best for me. . .



## I WOULD THAT MY LOVE

From the German of H. HEINE

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

*Allegretto con moto*

1. I would that my love could si - lent - ly flow in a sin - gle word; I'd  
 2. To thee on their wings, my fair - est, that soul - felt word they would bear, Should'st

give it the mer - ry breez - es, They'd waft it a - way in sport, I'd  
 hear it at ev - 'ry mo - ment, And hear it ev - 'ry-where, Should'st

give it the mer - ry breez - es, They'd waft it a - way in sport, a - way in  
 hear it at ev - 'ry mo - ment, And hear . . it ev - 'ry-where, and ev - 'ry

[sport, a-way in sport, they'd waft it a-way in sport. 3. At night, when thine eye-lids in  
 where, and ev - 'ry-where, and hear it ev - 'ry-where.

slum - ber have closed thine bright heav'nly beams, Still there, my love, it will haunt thee,



*cres.* *f*

e'en in thy deep-est dreams, Still there, my love, it will haunt thee, e'en in . . thy deep-est

*cres.* *f*

*p* *dim.* *pp*

dreams, e'en in thy deep-est, thy deep-est dreams, E'en in . . thy deep-est, deep - est dreams.

*p* *dim.* *pp*

## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

ROBERT BURNS

Air — Old Scottish

\* 1. John An - der - son, my jo, John, when na - ture first be - gan To try her can - nie  
2. John An - der - son, my jo, John, ye were my first con - ceit, I think nae shame to  
3. John An - der - son, my jo, John, when we where first ac - quaint, Your locks were like the  
4. John An - der - son, my jo, John, We've clamb the hills the gith - er, And mo - ny a can - ty

hand, John, Her mas - ter work was man; And you a-mang them a', John, Sae trig frae  
own, John, I lo'ed ye ear' and late, They say ye're turn - ing auld, John, And what tho'  
rav - en, John, Your bon - nie brow was brent; But now your brow is bald, John, Your locks are  
day, John, We've had wi' ane - a - nither; Now we maun tot - ter down, John, But hand in

tap to toe, Ye proved to be nae jour - ney-work, John An - der - son, my jo.  
it be so? You're aye the same guid man to me, John An - der - son, my jo.  
like the snow, Yet bless - ings on your frost - y pow, John An - der - son, my jo.  
hand we'll go, And sleep the - gith - er at the foot, John An - der - son, my jo.

\* The 1st and 2d Verses only are by Burns, the others by William Reid.

## JUANITA

Mrs. NORTON

Arranged by A. La Meda

*Andante*

1. Soft o'er the foun - tain, Lin - g'ring falls the south - ern moon; Far o'er the moun - tain,  
2. When in thy dream - ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day - light beam - ing

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splen - dor, Where the warm - light loves to dwell,  
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh,

Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well! Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta!  
In thy heart con - sent - ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta!

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.  
Let me lin - ger by thy side! Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride.

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## CHAIRS TO MEND

(ROUND)

1 2

Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend; rush or cane bot - tom, old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend. New

2 3

mack - er - el, new mack - er - el,

New mack - er - el, new mack - er - el.

3 1

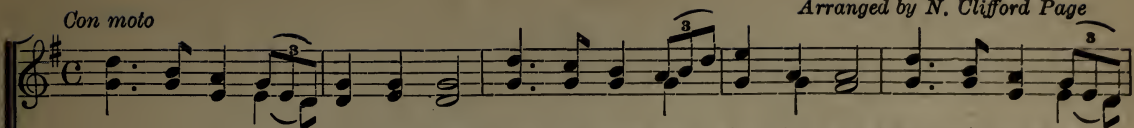
Old rags, an - y old rags? Take money for your old rags? Any hare skins, or rab - bit skins?



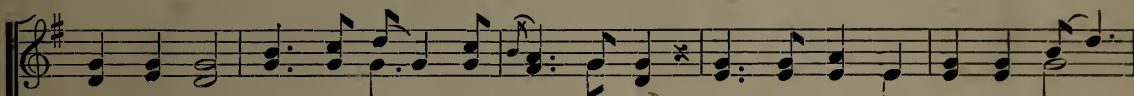
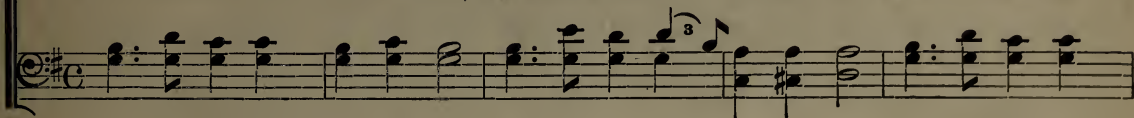
## KILLARNEY

MICHAEL W. BALFE

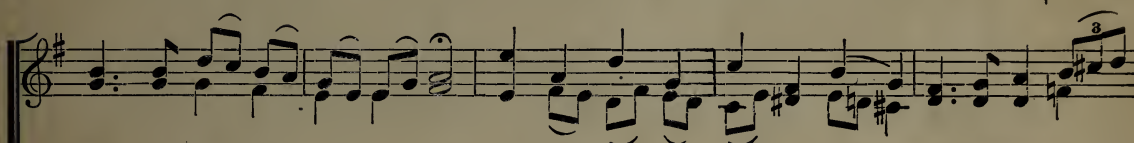
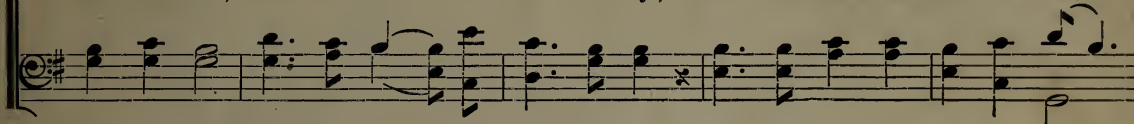
Arranged by N. Clifford Page

*Con moto*

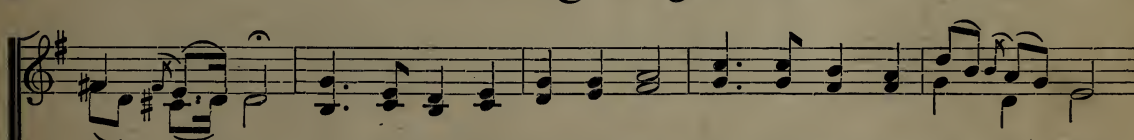
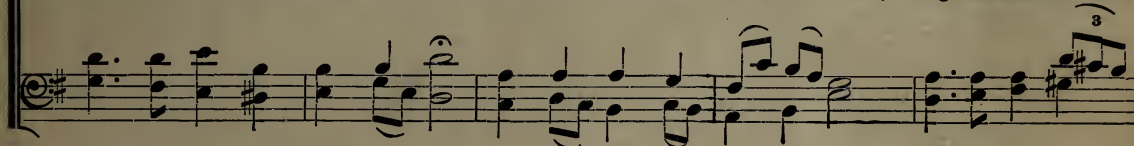
1. By Kil-lar-ney's lakes and fells, Em'-rald isles, and wind-ing bays, Moun-tain paths, and  
 2. In-nis-fal-len's ru-in'd shrine May sug-gest a pass-ing sigh, But man's faith can  
 3. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and va-ried tints; Ev-'ry rock that  
 4. Mu-sic there for Ech-o dwells, Makes each sound a har-mo-ny; Man-y-voiced the



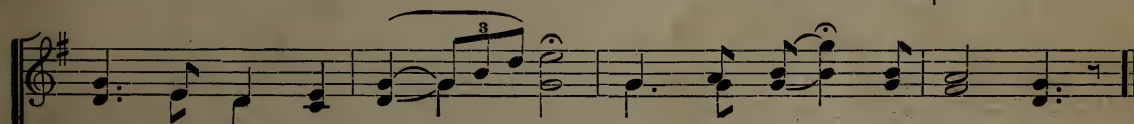
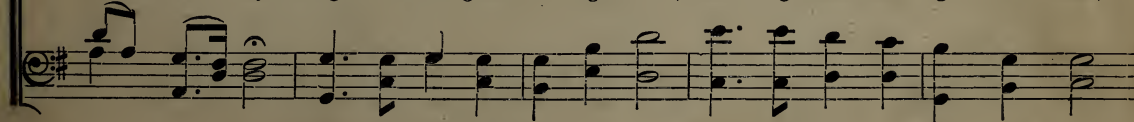
wood-land dells, Mem-'ry ev-er fond-ly strays; Boun-teous na-ture loves all lands;  
 ne'er de-cline, Such God's won-ders float-ing by; Cas-tle Lough and Gle-na bay,  
 you pass by, Ver-dure broi-ders or be-sprints; Vir-gin there the green grass grows,  
 cho-rus swells, Till it faints in ecs-ta-cy; With the charm-ful tints be-low,



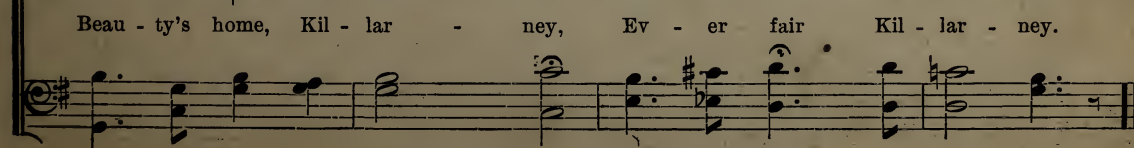
Beau-ty wan-ders ev-'ry-where; Foot-prints leaves on ma-n'y strands; But her home is . . .  
 Moun-tains Tore, and Ea-gles nest; Still at Mu-cross you must pray, Though the monks are .  
 Ev-'ry morn springs na-tal day; Bright-hued ber-ries daff the snows, Smil-ing win-ter's .  
 Seems the Heav'n a-bove to vie; All rich col-ors that we know, Tinge the cloud-wreaths



sure-ly there! An-gels fold their wings and rest In that E-den of the west,  
 now at rest. An-gels won-der not that man There would fain pro-long life's span,  
 frown a-way. An-gels oft-en paus-ing there, Doubt if E-den were more fair,  
 in that sky. Wings of an-gels so might shine, Glanc-ing back soft light di-vine,



Beau-ty's home, Kil-lar-ney, Ev-er fair Kil-lar-ney.





## KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN

MRS. CRAWFORD  
*Andante e penseroso*

FREDERICK N. CROUCH  
Arranged by A. La Meda

*mp*

Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen! the grey dawn is break - ing, The horn of the hun - ter is

*mp*

heard on the hill; The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shak - ing, Kath - leen Ma -

*rit. p mf a tempo e espress.*

your - neen! what, slum - ber - ing still! Oh! hast thou for - got - ten how soon we must

*p rit. mf a tempo*

sev - er? Oh, hast thou for - got - ten this day we must part? It may be for years, and it

*p*

may be for - ev - er; Oh, why art thou si - lent, thou voice of my heart? It may be for

*p*

years, and it may be for - ev - er; Then why art thou si - lent, Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen?

*mf*

2. Kath-leen Ma-vour-neen! a-wake from thy slum-bers; The blue mountains glow in the sun's gold-en light; Ah!

*mf*

*cres.* *f* *dim.*

where is the spell that once hung on my num-bers? A - rise in thy beau-ty, thou star of my

*cres.* *f* *dim.*

*mf* *rit.* *p mf a tempo* *f*

night, A - rise in thy beau-ty, Thou star of my night. Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, my sad tears are

*mf* *rit.* *p mf a tempo* *f*

*rit.* *p a tempo* *cres.*

fall-ing, To think that from E - rin and thee I must part; It may be for years, and it

*rit.* *p a tempo* *cres.*

*p*

may be for - ev - er; Then why art thou si - lent, thou voice of my heart? It may be for

*p*

*p* *rit. a poco* *pp*

years, and it may be for - ev - er; Then why art thou si - lent, Kath-leen Ma-vour-neen?

*p* *rit. a poco* *pp*



# LAST NIGHT

English text by THEODORE MARZIALS,  
after German translation by CHR. WINTHER, from the Swedish

HALFDAN KJERULF  
Arranged by A. La Meda

*Andantino*

1. Last night the night-in - gale woke me, Last night when all was still, . . . It  
2. I think of you in the day - time, I dream of you by night; I  
3. Oh, think not I can for - get you; I could not, though I would; I

sang in the gold - en moon - light, From out . . . the wood - land hill. I  
wake and would you were here, love, And tears . . . are blind-ing my sight. I  
see you in all a - round me, The stream, . . the night, the wood, The

o - pened my win - dow so gen - tly, I looked on the dream - ing dew, . . And  
hear a low breath in the line tree, The wind is float - ing through, And  
flow - ers that slum - ber so gen - tly, The stars a - bove the blue; . . Oh!

oh! the bird, my darl - ing, Was sing - ing, sing - ing of you, of you.  
oh! the night, my darl - ing, Was sigh - ing, sigh - ing for you, for you.  
heav'n it - self, my darl - ing, Is pray - ing, pray - ing for you, for you.

\* The small notes (Alto and Tenor) in last three measures may be sung if preferred.

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# THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

THOMAS MOORE

Irish Air — The Groves of Blarney

1. 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom - ing a - lone; All her love - ly com -  
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem, Since the love - ly are  
3. So soon may I fol - low, When friend - ships de - cay, And from love's shin - ing



pan - ions Are fad - ed and gone; No flow - er of her kin - dred, No  
 sleep - ing, Go sleep thou with them; Thus kind - ly I . . . scat - ter Thy  
 cir - cle The gems drop a - way; When true hearts lie . . with - er, And

rose-bud is nigh, To re - flect back her blushes, Or give . . . sigh for sigh.  
 leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie scent - less and dead.  
 fond ones are flown, Oh, who would in - hab - it This bleak . . world a - lone!

## A LITTLE FARM WELL TILLED

(CATCH)

1ST VOICE  
 A lit - tle farm well tilled, A lit - tle cot well filled, And a lit - tle wife well

2D VOICE  
 A lar - ger farm well tilled, A lar - ger house well filled, But a tall - er wife well

3D VOICE  
 I like the farm well tilled, And I like the house well filled, But no wife at

FINE

willed give me, give me. A short wife, A short wife,

willed give me, give me. A tall wife, A

all give me, give me. No wife at all,

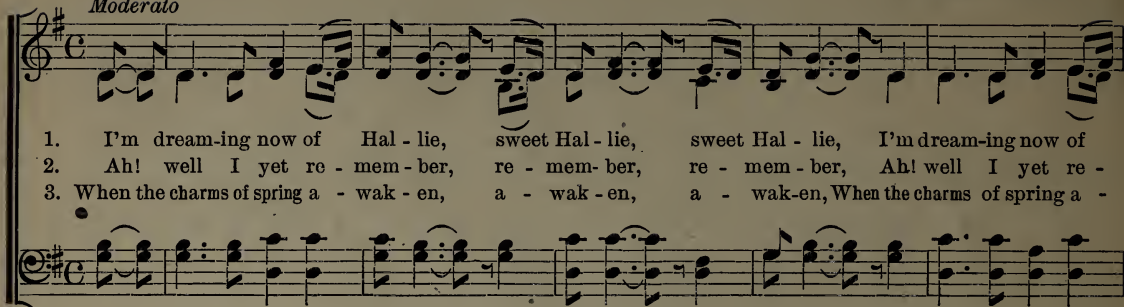
D.C.

A short wife, A short wife give me, give me.

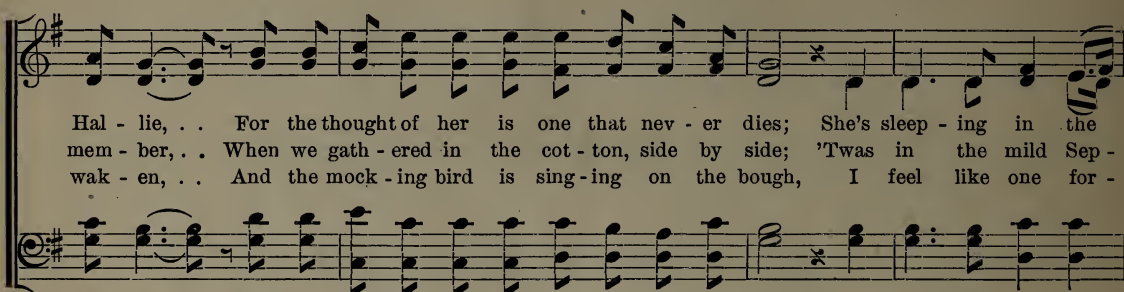
tall wife, A tall wife, A tall wife give me, give me.

No wife at all, No wife at all, No wife at all for me.

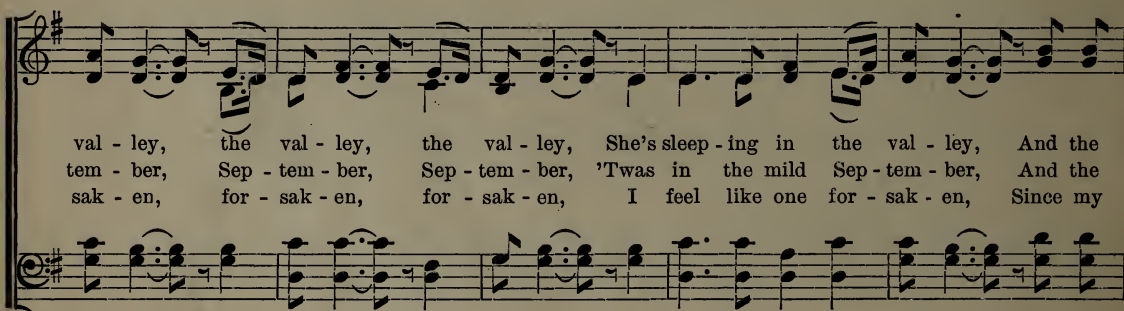
## LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD

ALICE HAWTHORNE  
(SEPTIMUS® WINNER)*Moderato*


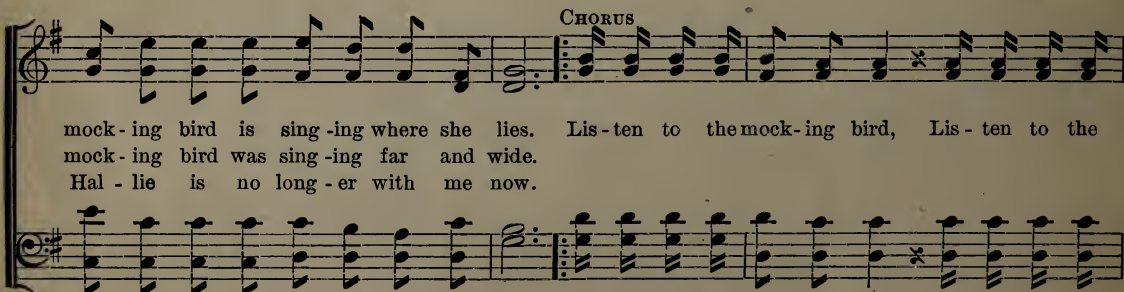
1. I'm dream-ing now of Hal - lie, sweet Hal - lie, sweet Hal - lie, I'm dream-ing now of  
 2. Ah! well I yet re - mem - ber, re - mem - ber, re - mem - ber, Ah! well I yet re -  
 3. When the charms of spring a - wak - en, a - wak - en, a - wak - en, When the charms of spring a -



Hal - lie, . . For the thought of her is one that nev - er dies; She's sleep - ing in the  
 mem - ber, . . When we gath - ered in the cot - ton, side by side; 'Twas in the mild Sep -  
 wak - en, . . And the mock - ing bird is sing - ing on the bough, I feel like one for -



val - ley, the val - ley, the val - ley, She's sleep - ing in the val - ley, And the  
 tem - ber, Sep - tem - ber, Sep - tem - ber, 'Twas in the mild Sep - tem - ber, And the  
 sak - en, for - sak - en, for - sak - en, I feel like one for - sak - en, Since my



CHORUS  
 mock - ing bird is sing - ing where she lies. Lis - ten to the mock - ing bird, Lis - ten to the  
 mock - ing bird was sing - ing far and wide.  
 Hal - lie is no long - er with me now.



mock - ing bird, The mock - ing bird still sing - ing o'er her grave; Lis - ten to the



mock-ing bird, Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird, Still sing-ing where the weep-ing wil-lows wave.

## LITTLE BROWN JUG

EASTBURN (J. E. WINNER)

Arranged by A. La Meda

*Allegretto*

1. My wife and I lived all a-lone, In a lit-tle log hut we  
2. 'Tis you who makes my friends, my foes, 'Tis . . you who makes me  
3. When I go toil-ing to my farm, I . . take lit-tle "Brown Jug"  
4. If all the folks in A-dam's race, Were . . gath-ered to- geth-er  
5. If I'd a cow that gave such milk, I'd . . clothe her in the  
6. The rose is red, my nose is, too, The . . vi-o-let's blue, and

called our own; — She loved gin, and I loved rum, — I  
wear old clothes; — Hear you are so near my nose, So  
un-der my arm; I place it un-der a sha-dy tree, —  
in one place; Then I'd pre-pare to shed a tear, Be-  
fin-est silk; I'd feed her on the choic-est hay, And  
so are you; And yet I guess be-fore I stop, We'd

## CHORUS

tell you what, we'd lots of fun. Ha, ha, ha, you and me, "Lit-tle Brown Jug" don't  
tip her up and down she goes.  
Little "Brown Jug" 'tis you and me.  
fore I'd part from you, my dear.  
milk her for-ty times a day.  
bet-ter take an-oth-er drop.

D.C.

I love thee; Ha, ha, ha, you and me, "Lit-tle Brown Jug" don't I love thee.



## A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

EPES SARGENT

HENRY RUSSELL

*f Allegro*

1. A life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll - ing deep, Where the  
 2. Once more on the deck I stand Of my own swift - glid - ing craft, Set sail!  
 3. The land is no lon - ger in view, The clouds have be - gun to frown, But with

scat - tered wa - ters rave, And the winds their rev - els keep! Like an ea - gle caged, I  
 fare - well to the land, The gale fol - lows far a - baft: We shoot thro' the spark - ling  
 a stout ves - sel and crew, We'll say, let the storm come down! And the song of our heart shall

pine . On this dull, un - chang - ing shore; Oh, give me the flash - ing brine, The  
 foam, . Like an o - cean bird set free; Like the o - cean bird, our home We'll  
 be, . . While the winds and the wa - ters rave, A life on the heav - ing sea, A

spray and the tem - pest roar! A life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll - ing  
 find far out on the sea! A life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll - ing  
 home on the bound - ing wave! A life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll - ing

deep! Where the scat - tered wa - ters rave; And the winds their rev - els keep!

*mf* (To be sung after last verse, or omitted entirely.) *dim* - *e* - *ril.* *pp*

The winds, the winds, the winds their rev-els keep, The winds, the winds, the winds their rev-els keep.

*p* *pp* *dim* - *e* - *ril.* *pp*

The winds, the winds, the winds the winds,

## LONG, LONG AGO

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go;  
 2. Do you re - mem - ber the path where we met, Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go;  
 3. Though by your kind - ness my fond hopes were raised Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go;

Sing me the songs I de - light - ed to hear, Long, long a - go, long a - go.  
 Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for - get, Long, long a - go, long a - go.  
 You, by more el - o - quent lips have been praised, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

Now you are come, all my grief is re-moved, Let me for - get that so long you have roved,  
 Then, to all oth - ers my smile you pre-ferr'd, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,  
 But by long ab - sence your truth has been tried, Still to your ac - cents I lis - ten with pride,

Let me be - lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a - go, long a - go.  
 Still my heart treas - ures the prais - es I heard, Long, long a - go, long a - go.  
 Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long a - go, long a - go.



## THE LORELEY

FRIEDRICH SCHÜLLER, (1789-1860)

*Andante con moto*

1. I know . . not what it pre - sa - ges, That  
 2 The most beau - ti - ful maid is re - clin - ing On the  
 3. It seiz - es with wild - est yearn - ing The

I am so sad . . to - day; . . . A le - gend of for - mer  
 cliff, . . so won - drous fair; . . . Her glo - ri - ous jew - els are  
 boat - man en - tranced in his skiff, . . He sees not the treach - er - ous

a - ges Will not from my thoughts a - way. . . The  
 shin - ing, She is comb - ing her gold - en hair; . . With a  
 break - ers, He gaz - es a - lone on the cliff. . . And

air . . is cool and it dar - kles, The Rhine flows calm - ly on, . . . The  
 gold - en comb she combs it, And sings a song there - by, . . . That  
 soon will the waves en - gulf them, Both boat and boat - man strong, . . . For

*dim.* *e* *rit.*  
*dim.* *e* *rit.*

*a tempo* *rit.*  
 peak of the moun - tain spar - kles In the glow of the eve - ning sun. . .  
 thrills with its mys - tic mean - ing, And pow - er - ful mel - o - dy. . .  
 thus in her toils hath she bound them, The . . Lore - ley with her song. .

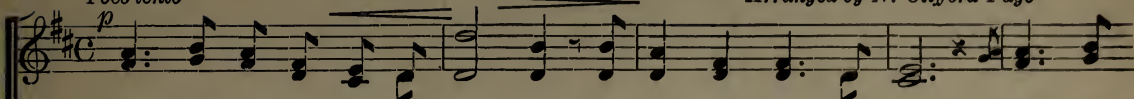
*a tempo* *rit.*



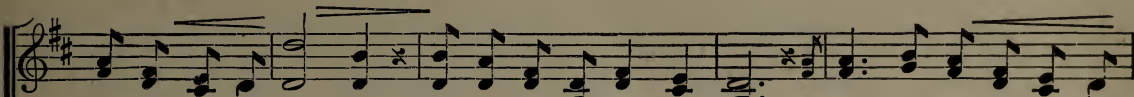
# MASSA'S IN DE COLD, COLD GROUND

Words and music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER  
Arranged by N. Clifford Page

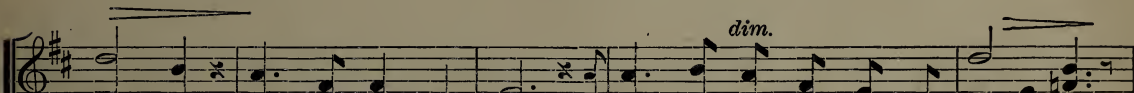
*Poco lento*



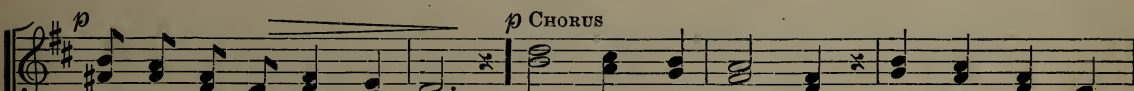
1. Round de mead-ows am a ring - ing De dark - ies' mourn - ful song, While de  
2. When de au-tumn leaves were fall - ing, — When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to  
3. Mas - sa make de dark - ies love him, — Cayse he was so kind, Now, dey



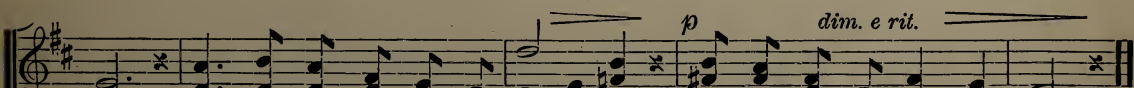
mock-ing bird am sing - ing, Hap - py as de day am long. Where de i - vy am a -  
hear old mas - sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de or - ange trees am  
sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourn-ing cayse he leave dem behind. I can - not work be - fore to -



creep - ing, O'er de grass - y mound, Dare old mas - sa am a sleep - ing,  
bloom - ing, On de sand - y shore, Now de sum - mer days am com - ing,  
mor - row, Cayse de tear - drop flow; I try to drive a - way my sor - row,



*p* CHORUS  
Sleep - ing in de cold, cold ground. Down in de corn - field Hear dat mourn - ful  
Mas - sa neb - ber calls no more.  
Pick - in' on de old ban - jo.

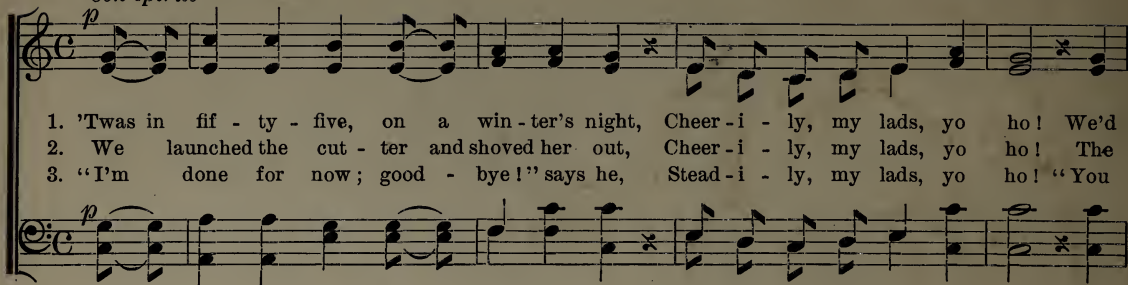


sound; All the dark - ies am a - weep - ing, Mas - sa's in de cold, cold ground.

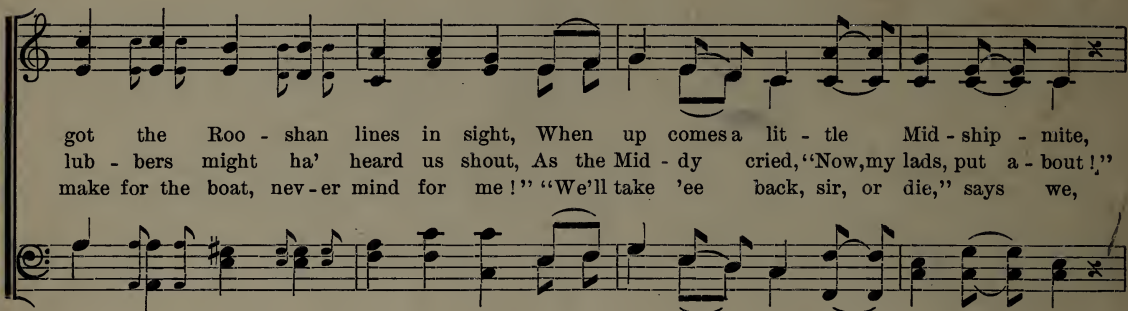
## THE MIDSHIPMITE

FRED. E. WEATHERLY

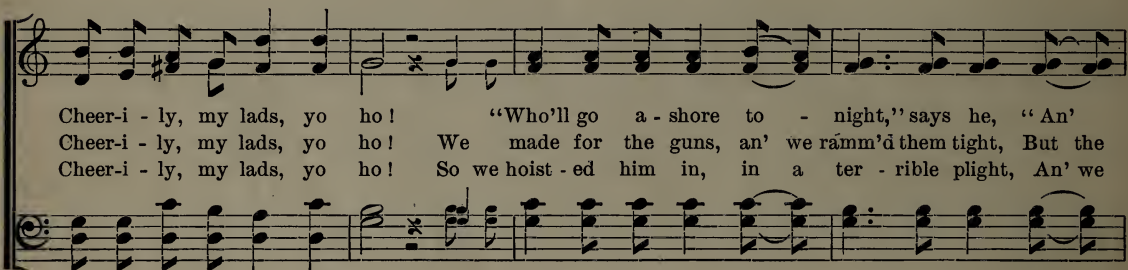
STEPHEN ADAMS

*Con spirito*


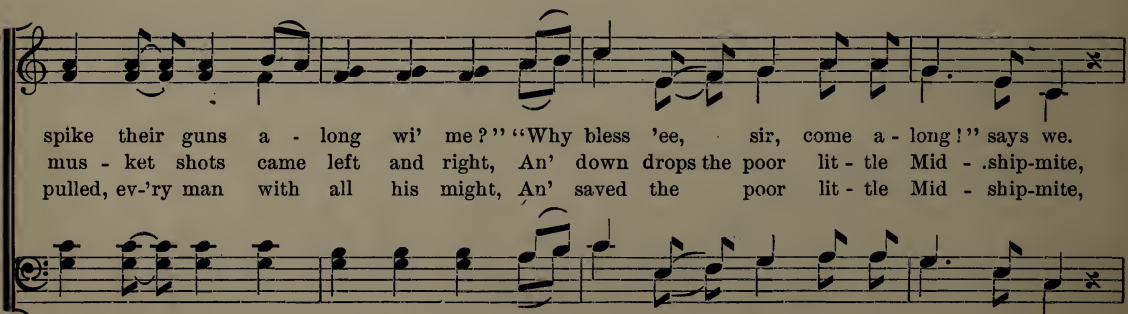
1. 'Twas in fif - ty - five, on a win - ter's night, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We'd  
 2. We launched the cut - ter and shoved her out, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! The  
 3. "I'm done for now; good - bye!" says he, Stead - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "You



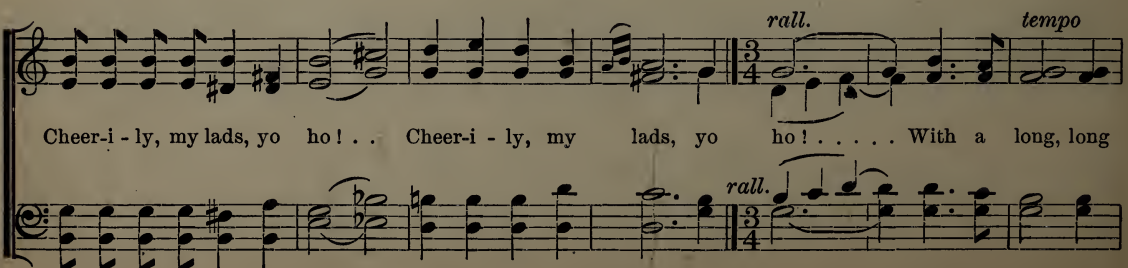
got the Roo - shan lines in sight, When up comes a lit - tle Mid - ship - mite,  
 lub - bers might ha' heard us shout, As the Mid - dy cried, "Now, my lads, put a - bout!"  
 make for the boat, nev - er mind for me!" "We'll take 'ee back, sir, or die," says we,



Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "Who'll go a - shore to - night," says he, "An'  
 Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We made for the guns, an' we ramm'd them tight, But the  
 Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! So we hoist - ed him in, in a ter - rible plight, An' we



spike their guns a - long wi' me?" "Why bless 'ee, sir, come a - long!" says we.  
 mus - ket shots came left and right, An' down drops the poor lit - tle Mid - ship - mite,  
 pulled, ev - 'ry man with all his might, An' saved the poor lit - tle Mid - ship - mite,



Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! . . . Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! . . . . . With a long, long



pull, An' a strong, strong pull, Gai - ly, boys, make her go! . . . An' we'll  
sing to - night To the Mid - ship - mite, Sing - ing cheer - i - ly, lads, yo ho! . . .

THE MINSTREL BOY

THOMAS MOORE

Arranged by MICHAEL W. BALFE

*Lively*

1. The min - strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll  
2. The min - strel fell, but the foe - man's chain Could not bring that proud soul

find him; His fa - ther's sword he hath gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be -  
un - der; The harp he loved ne'er spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords a -

hind him. "Land of song!" said the war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be -  
sun - der, And said, "No chain shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and

trays thee, One sword at least thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise thee."  
brav - 'ry! Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They shall nev - er sound in slav - 'ry."



## MOLLIE DARLING

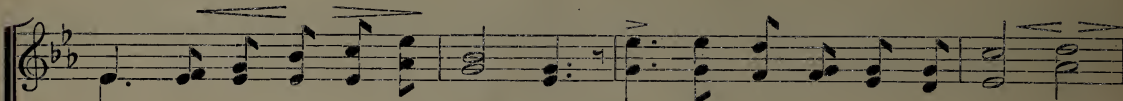
Written and composed by WILL S. HAYS  
Arranged by A. La Meda

*Moderato*  
*mf*

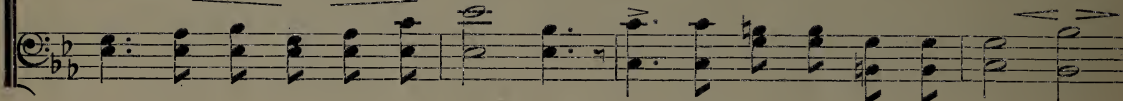


1. Won't you tell me, Mol-lie dar-ling, That you love none else but me?
2. Stars are smil-ling, Mol-lie dar-ling, Thro' the mys-tic veil of night;
3. I must leave you, Mol-lie dar-ling, Tho' the part-ing gives me pain;

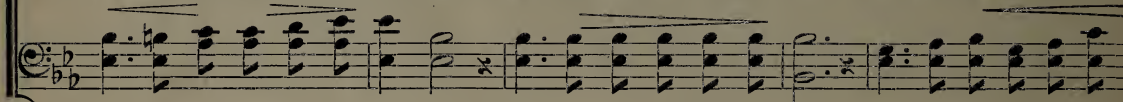
*mf*



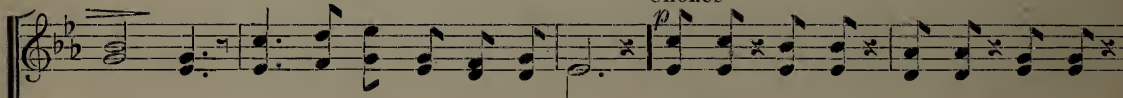
For I love you, Mol-lie dar-ling, You are all the world to me. O!  
They seem laugh-ing, Mol-lie dar-ling, While fair Lu-na hides her light. O!  
When the stars shine, Mol-lie dar-ling, I will meet you here a-gain. O!



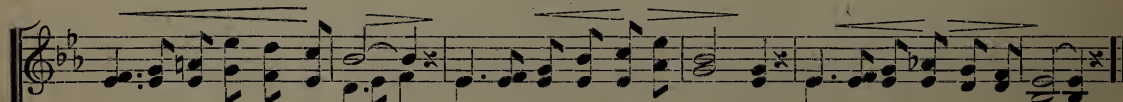
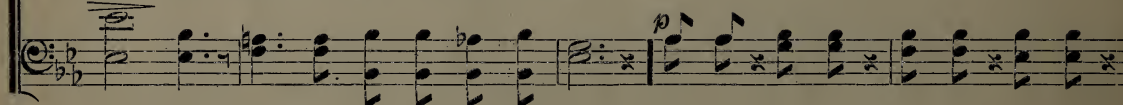
tell me, dar-ling, that you love me, Put your lit-tle hand in mine, Take my heart, sweet Mollie  
no one lis-tens but the flow-ers, While they hang their heads in shame, They are mod-est, Mollie  
good-night, Mol-lie, good-bye, loved one, Hap-py may you ev-er be, When you're dream-ing, Mollie



## CHORUS



dar-ling, Say that you will give me thine. Mol-lie, fair-est, sweet-est, dear-est,  
dar-ling, When they hear me call your name.  
dar-ling, Don't for-get to dream of me.



Look up, darling, tell me this: Do you love me, Mol-lie dar-ling? Let your an-swer be a kiss.



## MONARCH OF THE WOODS

J. W. CHERRY

*Vigorously*

1. Be-hold the monarch of the woods! The might-y old oak tree; He braves the rag-ing of the  
 2. How oft the monarch of the woods, Up - on a sum-mer's day, Has seen the mer-ry children

storm, On land or roll - ing sea; He waves his branches deck'd with green, In sum-mer's gold - en  
 sport, And 'neath its shad - ow play; From youth to manhood they spring up, And old age comes at

glow, And i - vy clothes his leaf - less form Thro' win - ter's frost and snow; King  
 last, Then green grass waves up - on their graves, And all life's dreams are past! Yet

*a tempo con spirito*  
 Time, the con-quer - or of all, He bold - ly doth de - fy, For green and heart-y will he  
 stron - ger grows the might - y tree, In hale and heart - y prime, And stands the monarch of the

*Repeat Chorus ad lib.*  
 stand When a - ges have gone by. Green and heart - y, green and heart - y,  
 woods, De - fy - ing age and time. Stands the mon - arch of the woods, the

heart - y will he stand, When a - ges have gone by, When a - ges have gone by.  
 mon - arch of the woods, De - fy - ing age and time, De - fy - ing age and time.

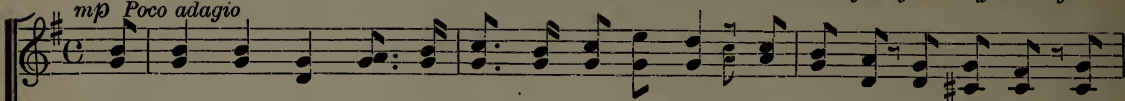


# MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER



Edited and Arranged by N. Clifford Page

*mp Poco adagio*

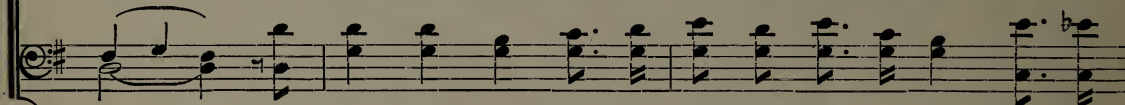
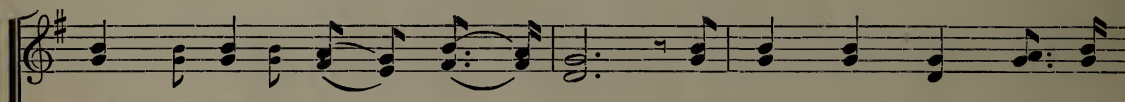


1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are  
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mead-ow, the hill and the  
 3. The head must bow, and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dark-y may

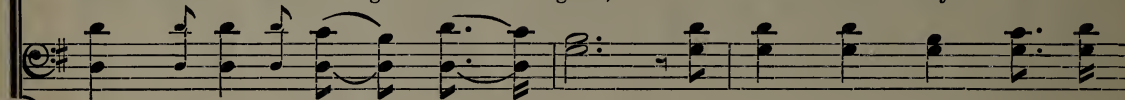
*mp*


gay, . . . . The corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the  
 shore, . . . They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the  
 go; . . . . A few more days and the trou-ble all will end, In the

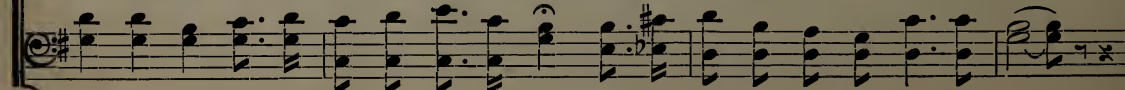
birds make mu-sic all the day; The young folks roll on the  
 bench by the old . . cab-in door; The day goes by like a  
 field where the su-gar canes grow; A few more days for to




lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright, . . By'n  
 shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light; . . The  
 tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light, . . . A

by Hard Times comes a knock-ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, Good-night!  
 time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, Good-night!  
 few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, Good-night!





CHORUS

Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh! weep no more to day! We will sing one song for the

old Ken-tuck - y home, For the old Ken-tuck - y home, far a - way.

NANCY LEE

FRED. E. WEATHERLY, M.A.

STEPHEN ADAMS  
Arranged by A. La Meda

*mf Con spirito*

1. Of all . . the wives as e'er you know, . . . . Yeo ho! . . lads! ho! Yeo  
2. The har - bor's past, the breez - es blow, . . . . Yeo ho! . . lads! ho! Yeo  
3. The bo' - s'n pipes the watch be - low; . . . . Yeo ho! . . lads! ho! Yeo

ho! . . yeo ho! . . There's none . . like Nan - cy Lee I trow, . . . . Yeo  
ho! . . yeo ho! . . 'Tis long . . e'er we come back I know, . . . . Yeo  
ho! . . yeo ho! . . Then here's . a health be - fore we go, . . . . Yeo

ho! . . yeo ho! . . yeo ho! . . See there she stands an' waves her hand up - on . . the  
ho! . . yeo ho! . . yeo ho! . . But true an' bright from morn till night my home will  
ho! . . yeo ho! . . yeo ho! . . A long, long life to my sweet wife and mates at

quay, . An' ev - 'ry day when I'm a - way, she'll watch . for me, . An'  
 be, . . An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet, for Jack . at sea, . An'  
 sea, . An' keep my bones from Da - vy Jones wher - e'er . we be, An'

whis - per low when tem - pests blow, for Jack . at sea; Yeo ho! . lads! ho! yeo ho! . The  
 Nan - cy's face to bless the place, an' wel - come me; Yeo ho! . lads! ho! yeo ho! . The  
 may you meet a mate assweet as Nan - cy Lee; Yeo ho! . lads! ho! yeo ho! . The

Yeo ho! . .

sail - or's wife the sail - or's star . shall be, Yeo ho! . we go a - cross the sea, The

sail - or's wife the sail - or's star . shall be, The sail - or's wife his star shall be. .

## MERRILY, MERRILY

(ROUND)

Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, greet the morn; Cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly sound the horn.

Hark! to the ech - oes, hear them play O'er hill and dale, far, far, a - way.



## NO ONE TO LOVE

A. H. G. RICHARDSON

W. B. HARVEY  
Arranged by A. La Meda*Andante*

1. No one to love, none to ca - ress, Roam - ing a - lone through this world's wil - der - ness,  
 2. In dreams a - lone, loved ones I see, And well-known voi - ces then whis - per to me;  
 3. No one to love, none to ca - ress, None to re - spond to this heart's ten - der - ness!

Sad is my heart, joy is un - known, For in my sor - row I'm weep - ing a - lone.  
 Sigh - ing I wake, wak - ing I weep; Soon with the loved and the lost I shall sleep.  
 Trust - ing I wait; God in His love Prom - i - ses rest in His man - sions a - bove.

*ritard*

No gen - tle voice, . . no ten - der smile, Makes me re - joice, or cares be - guile. . .  
 Oh, bliss - ful rest! . . what heart would stay, Un - loved, un - bless'd, from heaven a - bove? . .  
 Oh, bliss in store, . . oh, joy mine own, [There nev - er - more to weep a - lone! . .

*a tempo*

No one to love, none to ca - ress, Roam - ing a - lone through this world's wil - der - ness;

*rit. e cres.*

Sad is my heart, joy is un - known, For in my sor - row I'm weep - ing a - lone.

*rit. e dim.*



## O FAIR DOVE! O FOND DOVE

JEAN INGELOW

*p Allegro moderato*ALFRED S. GATTY  
Arranged by A. La Meda

1. Me-thought the stars were blink - ing bright, And the old brig - sails un - furled; I  
2. My true love fares on this great hill, Feed - ing his sheep for aye; I

said I will sail to my love this night, At the oth - er side of the world. I  
look'd in his hut, but all was still, My love was gone - way. I

stepp'd a - board, we sail'd so fast, The sun shot up from the bourne; But a  
went to gaze in the for - est creek, And the dove mourn'd on a - pace, No

dove that perch'd up - on the mast, Did mourn, and mourn and mourn. O fair dove! O  
flame did flash, nor fair blue reek, Rose up to shew me his place. O last love! O

fond dove! And dove with the white, white breast! Let me a-lone, the dream is my own, And the  
first love! My love with the true, true heart! To think I have come to this your home, And

heart is full of rest.  
yet we are a - (Omit.)

part. 3. My love, he stood at my right hand, His eyes were grave and

sweet, Me-thought he said In this far land, Oh is it thus we meet? Ah! maid, most dear, I

am not here; I have no place, no part, No dwell-ing more, by sea or shore, But

*e rit.* *Poco lento con molto espress*

on - ly in thy heart." O fair dove! O fond dove! till night 'rose o - ver the

bourne The dove on the mast, as we sail'd fast, Did mourn and mourn, and mourn.

## THE BELL IS RINGING

(ROUND)

F. SILCHER

1

Hark! the bell is ringing, Calling us to sing-ing, Hear the cheerful lay. Come, come, come away!

2

Hark! the bell is ringing, Calling us to sing-ing, Hear the cheerful lay, Come, come, come away!

3

Hark! hark! the bell is ringing, Call-ing us to sing-ing, Come, come, come, come a-way!



## OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST

ROBERT BURNS

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

*Andante*

1. Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast, On yon - der lea, On yon - der lea, My  
 2. Oh, were I in the wild - est waste, Sae black and bare, Sae black and bare, The

plai - die to the an - gry airt, . . . I'd shel - ter thee, I'd shel - ter thee.  
 des - ert were a Par - a - dise, . . . If thou wert there, If thou wert there;

Or did mis - for - tune's bit - ter storms A - round thee blaw, A - round thee blaw,  
 Or were I mon - arch of the globe, With thee to reign, With thee to reign,

Thy bield should be my bos - om, To share it a', To share it a'.  
 The bright - est jew - el in my crown Wad be my queen, Wad be my queen.

## SPRING RETURNING

(ROUND)

1

Spring is re - turn - ing, she breathes on the plain, Meadows are bloom - ing in beau - ty a - gain;

2

Fair is the flower, green is the grove, Soft is the shower that falls from a - bove.

3

Spring is re - turn - ing, Spring is re - turn - ing, Spring is re - turn - ing.



# THE OLD ARM CHAIR

ELIZA COOKE

HENRY RUSSELL  
Arranged by A. La Meda*Andante con espressione*

1. I love it, I love it, and who shall dare To  
 2. I sat . . and watch'd her man - y a day, When her  
 3. 'Tis past! . 'tis past! but I gaze on it now With

chide me for lov - ing that old . arm . chair, I've  
 eye . . grew dim, and her locks were grey, And I  
 quiv - er - ing breath and throb - bing brow, 'Twas

treas-ured it long as a ho - ly prize, I've be - dew'd it with tears, and em -  
 al - most wor-shipp'd her when she smil'd, And turn'd from her bi - ble to  
 there she nursed me, 'twas there she died; And mem - ry flows with

balm'd it with sighs; 'Tis bound by a thou - sand bands to my heart. Not a  
 bless her child. Years roll'd on, but the last one . sped, My  
 la - va . tide. Say it is fol - ly, and deem me . weak, While the

tie will break, not a link will start. Would ye learn the spell, a  
 i - dol was shatter'd, my . earth star fled: I . . learnt how much the  
 scald - ing drops start . down my cheek; But I love it, I love it and

## THE OLD ARM CHAIR

moth - er sat there And a sa - cred . . thing is that old arm chair.  
heart . can bear, When I saw her . . die in that old arm chair.  
can - not tear My . soul from a moth - er's . . old arm chair.

## OLD BLACK JOE

Words and music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Arranged by N. Clifford Page

*Poco adagio**mf*

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the  
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my  
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren so dear, that I

*mf*

cot - ton fields a - way; Gone from this earth to a bet - ter land, I know, I  
friends come not a - gain, Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go? I  
held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go, I

*ritard.* *CHORUS* *p* *a tempo*  
hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!" I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my

*poco rit.*  
head is bend - ing low; I hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

# THE OLD CABIN HOME

T. PAINE

Arranged by A. La Meda

*Moderato**mf*

1. I am go - ing far a - way, Far a - way to leave you now, To the  
 2. I am go - ing to leave this land With . . this our dark - ey band, To . . .  
 3. When old age comes on us, And my hair is turn - ing gray, I will  
 4. 'Tis . . there where I roam, On the old farm far a - way, Where

*mf*

Mis - sis-sip - pi riv - er I am go - ing. I will take my old ban - jo, And I'll  
 trav - el all the wide world o - ver, And when I get tired I will  
 hang up the ban - jo all a - lone ; I'll sit down by the fire, And I'll  
 all the dark-ies am free ; O . . mer - ri-ly sound the ban-jo For de

sing this lit - tle song, 'Way down in my Old Cab - in Home. . .  
 set - tle down to rest, 'Way down in my Old Cab - in Home. . .  
 pass the time a - way, 'Way down in my Old Cab - in Home. . .  
 white folks round de room, 'Way down in my Old Cab - in Home. . .

## CHORUS

Here is my Old Cab - in Home, . . Here is my sis - ter and my broth - er, . .

Here lies my wife, the joy of my life, And my child in the grave with its moth - er. . .



## THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

E. KIALLMARK

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec - ol -  
 2. The moss - cov - er'd buck - et I hailed as a treas - ure, For oft - en at  
 3. How sweet from the green, moss - y brim to re - ceive it, As poised on the

lec - tion pre - sents them to view! The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep - tan - gled  
 noon, when re - turned from the field, I found it the source of an ex - qui - site  
 curb, it in - clined to my lips! Not a full blush - ing gob - let could tempt me to

wild-wood, And ev - 'ry loved spot which my in - fan - cy knew. The wide spread - ing  
 pleas - ure, The pur - est and sweet - est that na - ture can yield. How ar - dent I  
 leave it, Tho' fill'd with the nec - tar that Ju - pi - ter sips. And now, far re -

pond, and the mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the  
 seized it, with hands that were glow - ing, And quick to the white - peb - bled  
 moved from the loved hab - i - ta - tion, The tear of re - gret will in -

cat - a - ract fell. The cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry - house nigh it; And  
 bot - tom it fell. Then soon, with the em - blem of truth o - ver - flow - ing, And  
 tru - sive - ly swell, As fan - cy re - verts to my fa - ther's plan - ta - tion, And

e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well. The old oak - en  
drip - ping with cool - ness, it rose from the well. The old oak - en  
sighs for the buck - et that hung in the well. The old oak - en

buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck-et, The moss - cov - ered buck - et that hung in the well.

## OLD FOLKS AT HOME

(WAY DOWN UPON DE SWANEE RIBBER)

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

*Edited and Arranged by N. Clifford Page*

*Moderato espress*

1. Way down up on de Swa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way, Dere's wha' my heart is  
2. All 'round de lit - tle farm I wan - dered When I was young, Den man - y hap - py  
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love; Still sad - ly to my

turn - ing eb - er, Dere's wha' de old folks stay. All up and down de whole cre - a - tion  
days I squan - dered, Man - y de songs I sung. When I was play - ing wid my brud - der,  
mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove. When will I see de bees a hum - ming

Sad - ly I roam, Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.  
Hap - py was I; Oh! take me to my kind old mud - der, Dere let me live and . . die.  
All 'round de comb? When will I hear de ban - jo tum - ming, Down in my good old . . home?

## CHORUS

All de world am sad and drea - ry, Eb - 'ry - whar I roam,

Oh! dar - kies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from de old folks at home.

## ROBIN ADAIR

CAROLINE KEPPEL, 1750

Scottish Melody

*Expression*

1. What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near. What was't I wished to see,  
2. What made th' as - sem - bly shine? Rob - in A - dair. What made the ball so fine?  
3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair. But now thou'rt cold to me,

What wished to hear? Where's all the joy and mirth, That made this town a  
Rob - in was there; What, when the play was o'er, What made my ...  
Rob - in A - dair. Yet him I loved so well, Still in ... my ...

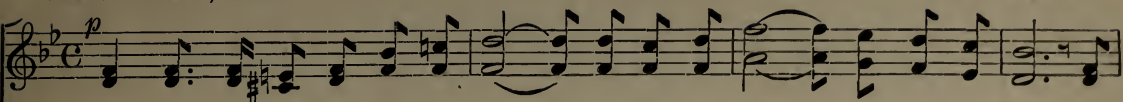
heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Rob - in A - dair.  
heart so sore? Oh! it was part - ing with Rob - in A - dair.  
heart shall dwell; Oh! I can ne'er for - get Rob - in A - dair.



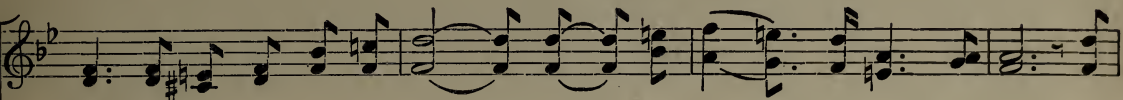
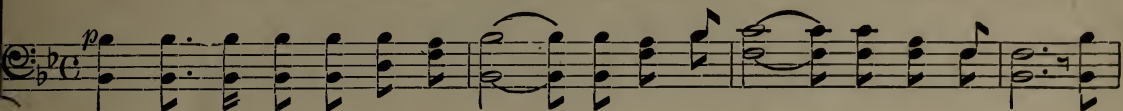
# ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP

EMMA WILLARD, 1832

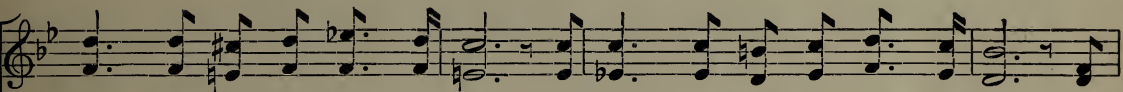
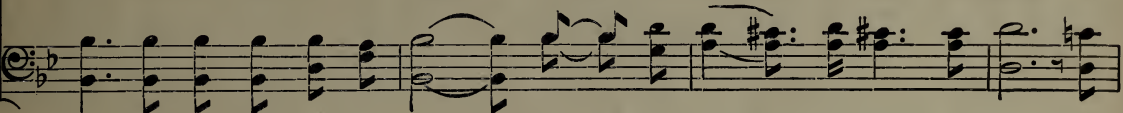
J. P. KNIGHT



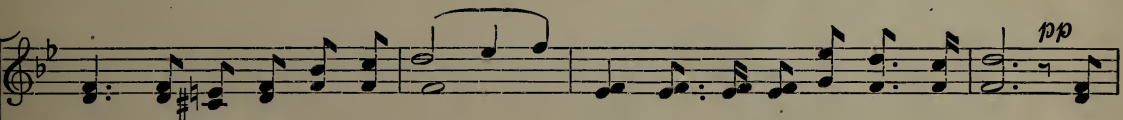
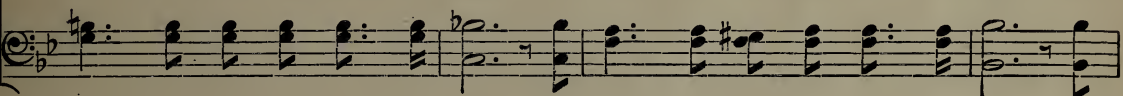
1. Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep. Se-  
 2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho'storm-y winds swept o'er the brine, Or



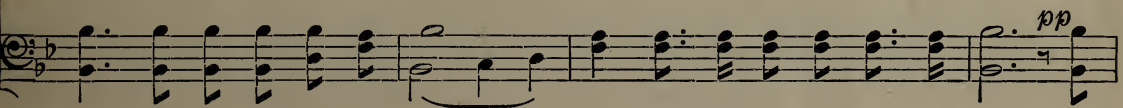
cure I rest up-on the wave, . . For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save. I  
 tho' the tem-pest's fie-ry breath. . Roused me from sleep to wreck and death. In



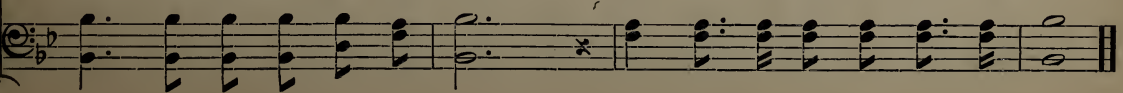
know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the spar-row's fall; And  
 o-cean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal-i-ty; And



calm and peace-ful is my sleep, . . . Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep, And



calm and peace-ful is my sleep, . . . Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.



# ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN  
(FLORENCE PERCY)

ERNEST LESLIE

*Moderato. With expression*

1. Backward, turn back-ward, O Time, in your flight, Make me a child a-gain just for to-night!  
 2. Tired of the hol-low, the base, the un-true, Moth-er, O moth-er, my heart calls for you!  
 3. O-ver my heart, in the day that are flown, No love like moth-er-love ev-er has shone;  
 4. Come, let your brown hair, just light-ed with gold, Fall on your shoul-ders a-gain as of old;

Mother, come back from the ech-o-less shore, Take me a-gain to your heart as of yore;  
 Man-y a sum-mer the grass has grown green, Blossomed and fad-ed our fa-ces be-tween;  
 No oth-er wor-ship a-bides and en-dures,—Faithful, un-sel-fish, and pa-tient like yours;  
 Let it fall o-ver my fore-head to-night, Shad-ing my faint eyes a-way from the light;

*mf animato*  
 Kiss from my fore-head the fur-rows of care, Smooth the few sil-ver threads out of my hair;  
 Yet with strong yearning and pas-sion-ate pain, Long I to-night for your pres-ence a-gain;  
 None like a moth-er can charm a-way pain From the sick soul and the world-wea-ry brain;  
 For with its sun-ny-edged shad-ows once more Hap-ly will throng the sweet vi-sions of yore;

*decres.* *dolce.* *rit. pp*  
 O-ver my slum-bers your lov-ing watch keep;—Rock me to sleep, moth-er,—rock me to sleep.  
 Come from the si-lence so long and so deep;—Rock me to sleep, moth-er,—rock me to sleep.  
 Slumber's soft calms o'er my hea-vy lids creep;—Rock me to sleep, moth-er,—rock me to sleep.  
 Lov-ing-ly, soft-ly its bright billows sweep;—Rock me to sleep, moth-er,—rock me to sleep.

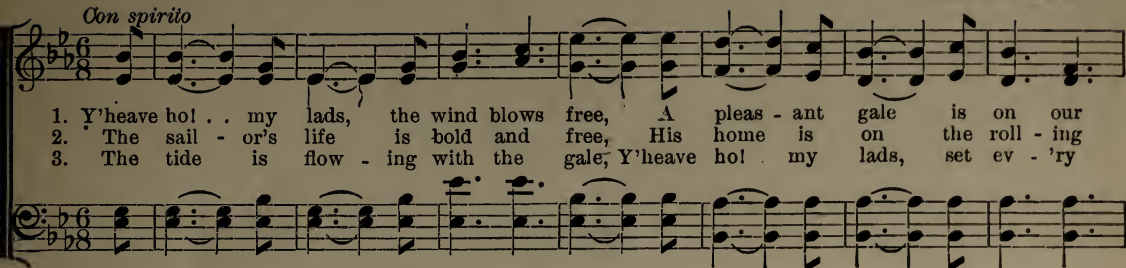
*CHORUS ad lib.*  
 Clasped to your heart in a lov-ing em-brace, With your light lash-es just sweep-ing my face,

*ritard.*  
 Nev-er here-aft-er to wake or to weep; Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep.

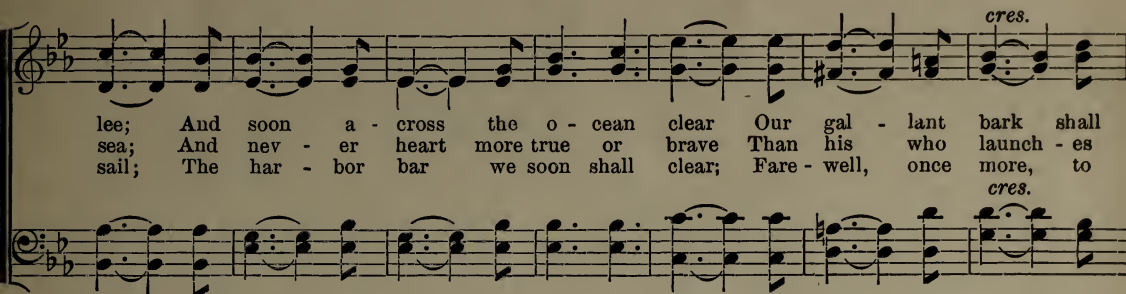


## SAILING

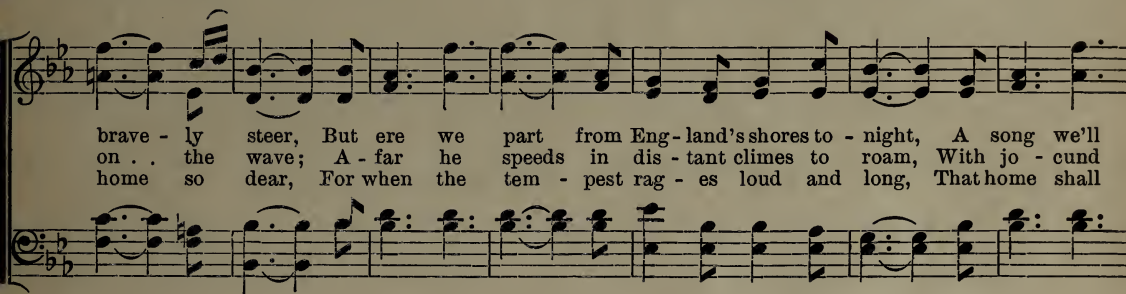
GODFREY MARKS

*Con spirito*


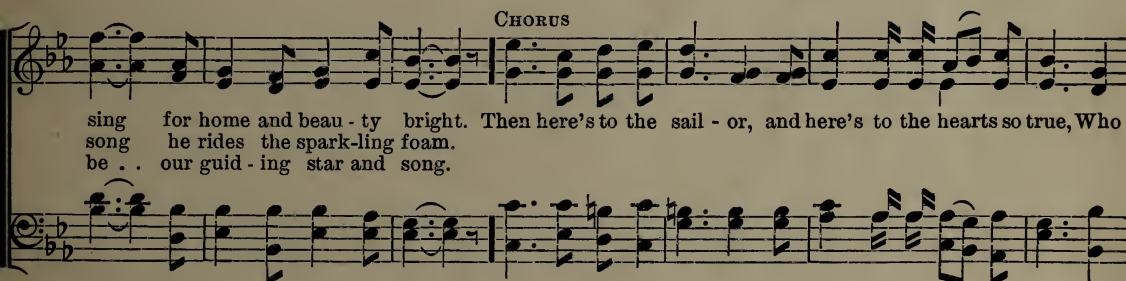
1. Y'heave hol . . my lads, the wind blows free, A pleas - ant gale is on our  
 2. The sail - or's life is bold and free, His home is on the roll - ing  
 3. The tide is flow - ing with the gale, Y'heave hol my lads, set ev - 'ry



lee; And soon a - cross the o - cean clear Our gal - lant bark shall  
 sea; And nev - er heart more true or brave Than his who launch - es  
 sail; The har - bor bar we soon shall clear; Fare - well, once more, to

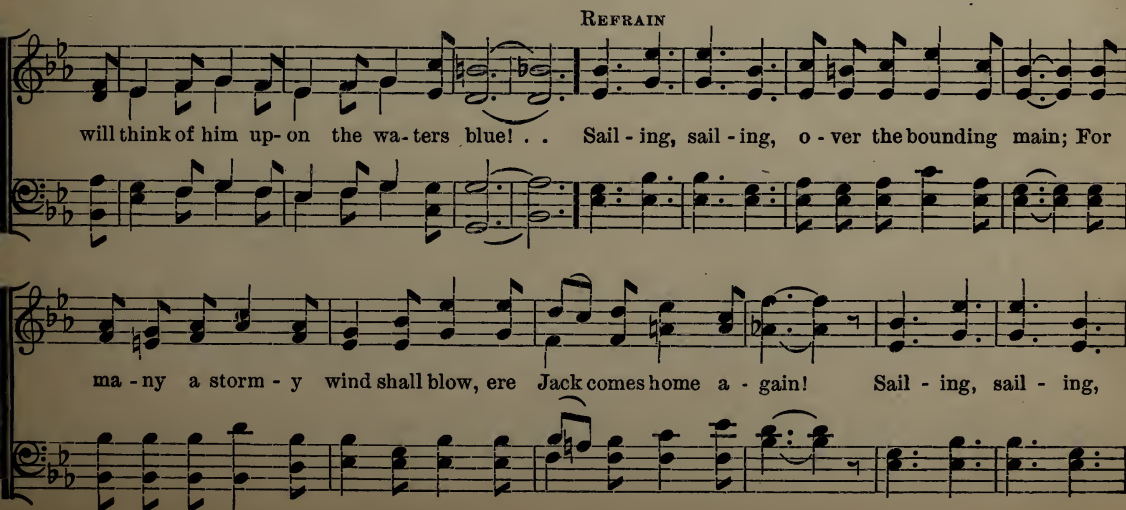


brave - ly steer, But ere we part from Eng - land's shores to - night, A song we'll  
 on . . the wave; A - far he speeds in dis - tant climes to roam, With jo - cund  
 home so dear, For when the tem - pest rag - es loud and long, That home shall



CHORUS

sing for home and beau - ty bright. Then here's to the sail - or, and here's to the hearts so true, Who  
 song he rides the spark - ling foam.  
 be . . our guid - ing star and song.



REFRAIN

will think of him up - on the wa - ters blue! . . Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bounding main; For  
 ma - ny a storm - y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain! Sail - ing, sail - ing,



## SAILING

*ad lib.*

o - ver the bound-ing main ; For ma - ny a storm - y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain.

## SERENADE

FRANZ SCHUBERT  
Arranged by N. Clifford Page

*Moderato*

1. Through the leaves the nightwinds mov - ing, Mur - mur low and sweet, Mur - mur low and sweet.  
2. Moonlight on the earth is sleep-ing, Winds are rus-tling low, Winds are rus-tling low.

Led Let my us feet. go.

To thy cham-ber win-dow rov - ing, Love hath led my feet, O! love hath led my feet.  
Where the dark-ling streams are creeping, Dear-est, let us go, O! Dear-est, let us go.

Led Let my us feet. go.

Si - lent pray'rs of bliss - ful feel - ing, Link us, though a - part, Link us, though a - part.  
All the stars keep watch in heav - en, While I sing to thee, While I sing to thee

On the breath of mu - sic steal - ing To . . thy dream-ing heart, To thy dream-ing heart.  
And the night for love was giv - en, Dear - est, come to me, Dear - est, come to me.

Sad - ly in the for - est mourn - ing,

Sad - ly mourn - ing Wails the whip - poor -

Sad - ly in the for - est mourn - ing,

Sad ly wails the whip - poor -

will, And the heart for thee is yearn - ing, Bid it, love, be still,

Wails the whip - poor-will,

will,

be still *dim. e rit.* Bid it,

Bid it, love, be still, Bid it, love, be still. . .

# THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

Translated from the German by LOUIS C. ELSON.

JOHANNA KINKEL (1810-1858)

*Andante* *p* *poco rit.* *cres. e poco accel. al. . . . . f*

1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part-ing kiss I give thee; And then, whate'er be - falls me, I

2. Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en-fold thee; With spear and pen - non glanc-ing, I

3. I think of thee with long-ing; Think thou, when tears are throng-ing, That with my last faint sigh-ing, I'll

*p* *p* *f* *fz* *p* *pp*

*Tempo I. tranquillo e molto espress* *p* *f* *fz* *p* *pp*

go where hon-or calls me. Fare - well, fare-well, my own true love, Farewell, fare-well, my own true love.

see the foe ad - vanc-ing. Fare - well, fare-well, my own true love, Farewell, fare-well, my own true love.

whis-per soft, while dy - ing, Fare - well, fare-well, my own true love, Farewell, fare-well, my own true love.



## SOME DAY

HUGH CONWAY

MILTON WELLINGS

*p*

1. I know not when the day shall be, I know not where our eyes may meet, What  
2. I know not are you far or near, Or are you dead, or do you live; I

*p*

*rit.* *accel.*

wel-come you may give to me, Or will your words be sad or sweet; It may not be till yearshavs  
know not who the blame should bear, Or who should plead or who for-give; But when we meet some day, some

*rit.* *accel.*

*p* *rit.* *tempo*

pass'd, Till eyes are dim and tress-es gray; . The world is wide—but, love, at  
day, . Eyes clear-er grown the truth may see, . . And ev-'ry cloud shall roll a-

*p* *rit.* *tempo*

*rit.* CHORUS

last, Our hands, our hearts, must meet some day. Some day, some day, some day I shall meet you,  
way. That dark-ens, love, 'twixt you and me.

*rit.*

Love, I know not when or how, Love, I know not when or how; On-ly this, on-ly this,

*ad lib.* *rall.*

this, that once you loved me; On-ly this, I love you now, I love you now, I love you now.

*ad lib.* *rall.*



# STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT

## SERENADE

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Arranged by A. LA MEDA

*Andante moderato  
dolce*

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deep, Hide, hide your  
2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steeps, Sink, sink in

gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She . . . sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

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# SWEET AND LOW

ALFRED TENNYSON

JOSEPH BARNBY

*Larghetto*

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea ; . . Low, low,  
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon ; . Rest, rest on

O - ver the roll - ing his  
Fa - ther will come to his

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea ; . . O - - ver the  
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon ; . Fa - - ther will

O - ver the roll - ing his  
Fa - ther will come to his

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to  
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver

wa - ters go, Come . . from the moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to  
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow,  
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

## SWEET AND LOW

me, . . . While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. . . . .  
 moon : . Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . . . .

*p* *rall. e dim.* *pp*

## SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

Slave Hymn

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, . . Com - ing for to car - ry me home,

*p*

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, . . Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

FINE

1. I looked o - ver Jor - dan, and what did I see, Com - ing for to car - ry me  
 2. If you get there be - fore I do, Com - ing for to car - ry me  
 3. The bright - est day that ev - er I saw, Com - ing for to car - ry me  
 4. I'm some - times up and some - times down, Com - ing for to car - ry me

*mf*

home? A band of an - gels com - ing af - ter me, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.  
 home, Tell all my friends I'm com - ing too, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.  
 home, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a way, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.  
 home, But still my soul feel heav - en - ly bound, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

*D.C.*



# TAKE BACK THE HEART

Mrs. CHARLES BARNARD  
(CLARIBEL)

*Moderato*

1. Take back the heart that thou gav - est, What is mine an - guish to thee! .  
2. Then when at last o - ver - ta - ken, Time flings its fet - ters o'er thee; .

Take back the free - dom thou cra - vest, Leav - ing the fet - ters to me. . .  
Come with a trust still un - shak - en, Come back a cap - tive to me. . .

Take back the vows thou hast spo - ken, Fling them a - side and be free; . . .  
Come back in sad - ness or sor - row, Once more my dar - ling to be; . . .

*stringendo*

Smile o'er each pit - i - ful to - ken, . . . Leav - ing the sor - row for me. . . .  
Come as of old, love, to bor - row . . . Glimps - es of sun - light from me. . . .

Drink deep of life's fond il - lu - sion, . . . Gaze on the storm - cloud and flee, . . . .  
Love shall re - sume her do - min - ion, . . . Striv - ing no more to be free, . . . .

*rit.*

*lento.*

Swift - ly through strife and con - fu - sion, . . . Leav - ing the bur - den to me. . . .  
When on her world - wea - ry pin - ion, . . . Flies back my lost love to me. . . .

*rit.*

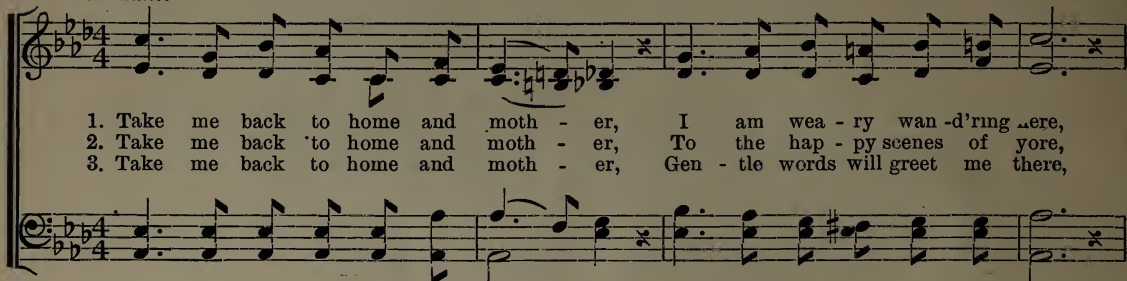
*lento.*



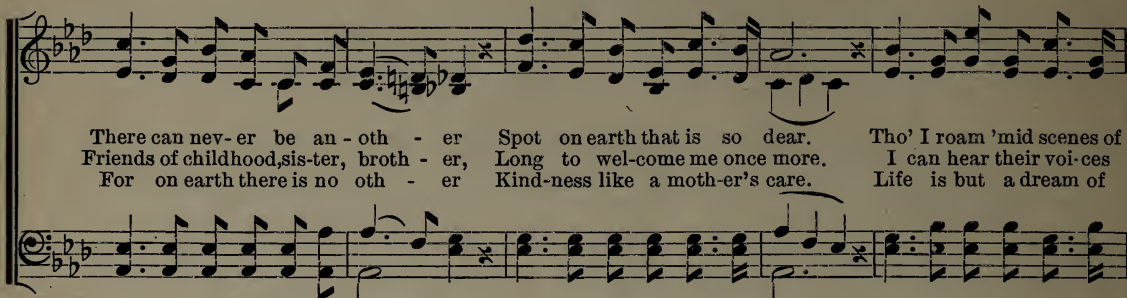
# TAKE ME BACK TO HOME AND MOTHER

ARTHUR W. FRENCH  
*Andante*

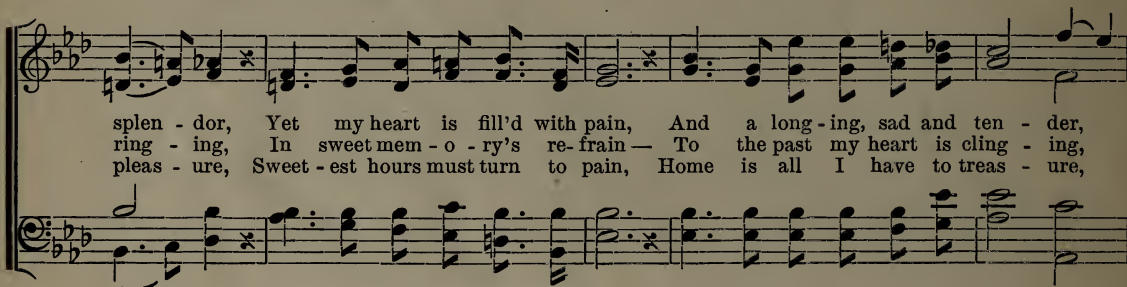
WILLIAM A. HUNTLEY  
*Arranged by A. La Meda*



1. Take me back to home and moth - er, I am wea - ry wan - d'ring a - here,  
2. Take me back to home and moth - er, To the hap - py scenes of yore,  
3. Take me back to home and moth - er, Gen - tle words will greet me there,



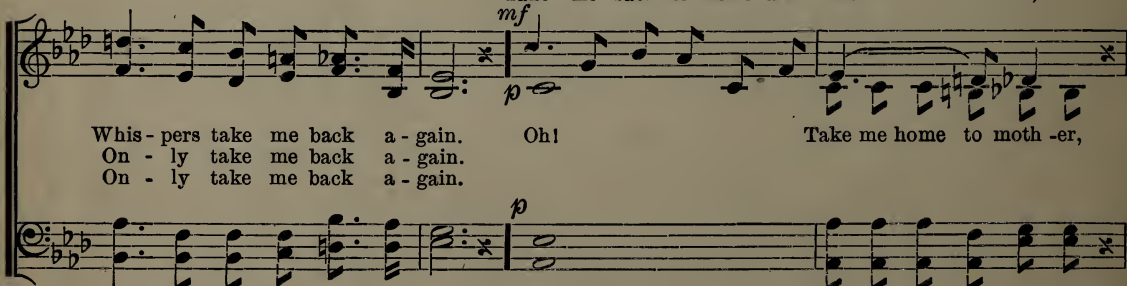
There can nev - er be an - oth - er Spot on earth that is so dear. Tho' I roam 'mid scenes of  
Friends of childhood, sis - ter, broth - er, Long to wel - come me once more. I can hear their voi - ces  
For on earth there is no oth - er Kind - ness like a moth - er's care. Life is but a dream of



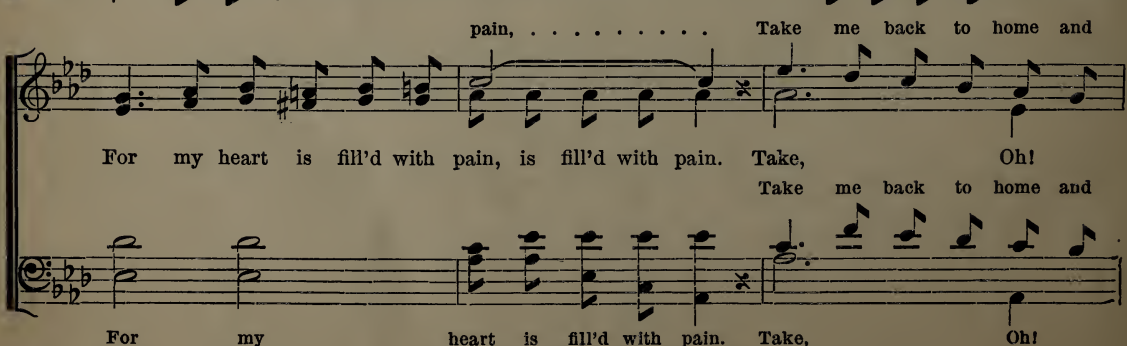
splen - dor, Yet my heart is fill'd with pain, And a long - ing, sad and ten - der,  
ring - ing, In sweet mem - o - ry's re - frain — To the past my heart is cling - ing,  
pleas - ure, Sweet - est hours must turn to pain, Home is all I have to treas - ure,

## CHORUS

Take me back to home and moth - - - er,



Whis - pers take me back a - gain. Oh! Take me home to moth - er,  
On - ly take me back a - gain.  
On - ly take me back a - gain.



pain, . . . . . Take me back to home and  
For my heart is fill'd with pain, is fill'd with pain. Take, Oh!  
Take me back to home and

For my heart is fill'd with pain. Take, Oh!

moth - - - er,

On - ly take me back a - gain. . . . .

take me back to moth - er, On - ly take me back a - gain, yes, back a - gain.  
moth - er, home and moth - er,

take me home to moth - er,

## TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

Words and Music by WALTER KITTREDGE  
Arranged by A. La Meda

*Tempo di marcia*  
*mf*

1. We are tent - ing to-night, on the old Campground, Give us a song to cheer Our  
2. We've been tent - ing to-night on the old Campground, Think - ing of days gone by, Of the  
3. We are tired of . war on the old Campground, Ma - ny are dead and gone, Of the  
4. We've been fight - ing to - day on the old Campground, Ma - ny are ly - ing near; ———

wea - ry . . hearts, a song of . . home And friends we love so dear.  
lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "Good - bye!"  
brave and . true who've left their . homes, ——— Oth - ers been wound - ed long.  
Some are . dead and some are . dy - ing, ——— Ma - ny are in tears.

## CHORUS

Ma - ny are the hearts that are wea - ry to-night, Wish - ing for the war to cease;

Ma - ny are the hearts that are look - ing for the right To see the dawn of peace.

## TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

*p* Last verse gradually dying away to *ppp**(Holds last verse only)*

Tent - ing to - night, Tent - ing to - night, Tent - ing on the old Camp ground.  
 (Last v.) Dy - ing to - night, Dy - ing to - night, Dy - ing on the old Camp ground.

## THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME

Words and Music by MICHAEL W. BALFE

*Andante cantabile*

1. When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts Their tales of love shall tell, In  
 2. When cold - ness of de - ceit shall slight The beau - ty now they prize, And

lan - guage whose ex - cess im - parts The pow'r they feel so well, There may, per - haps, in  
 deem it but a fad - ed light Which beams within your eyes; When hol - low hearts shall

such a scene Some re - col - lec - tion be . . . Of days that have as hap - py been, And  
 wear a mask 'Twill break your own to see: . In such a mo - ment I but ask, That

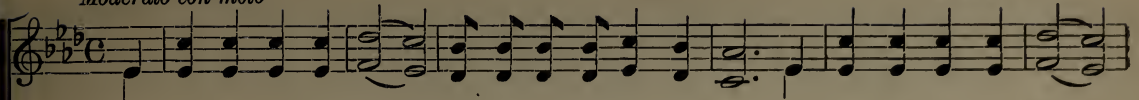
you'll re - mem - ber me, . . . And you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.  
 you'll re - mem - ber me, . . . That you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.



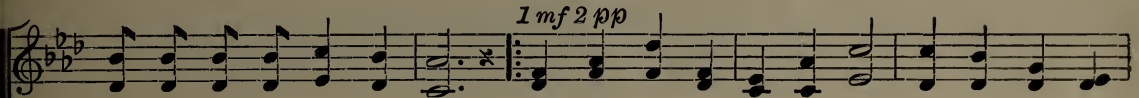
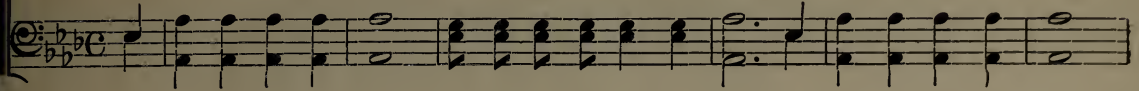
## THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR

*Moderato con moto*

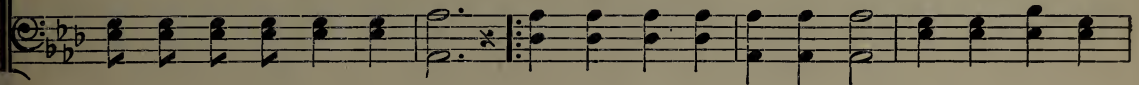
GEORGE F. ROOT



1. There's mu - sic in the air . When the in - fant morn is nigh And faint its blush is seen .  
 2. There's mu - sic in the air . When the noontide's sul - try beam Re - flects a gold - en light .  
 3. There's mu - sic in the air . When the twilight's gen - tle sigh Is lost on eve - ning's breast



On the bright and laugh - ing sky. Man - y a harp's ec - stat - ic sound, With its thrill of  
 On the dis - tant moun - tain stream. When be - neath some grate - ful shade Sor - row's ach - ing  
 As its pen - sive beau - ties die. Then, O then the loved ones gone Wake the pure ce -



joy pro - found, While we list en - chant - ed there To the mu - sic in the air.  
 head is laid Sweet - ly to the Spir - it there Comes the mu - sic in the air.  
 les - tial song, An - gel voi - ces greet us there In the mu - sic in the (Omit) air.

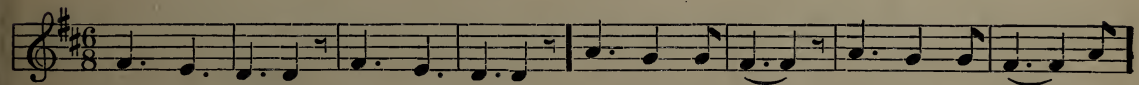


## THREE BLIND MICE

(ROUND IN FOUR PARTS)

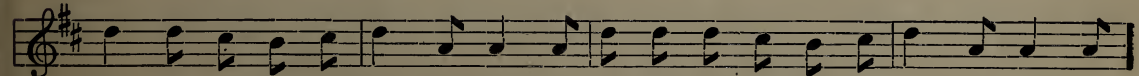
1

2



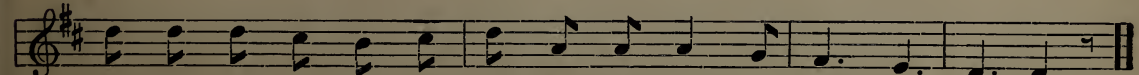
Three blind mice, Three blind mice, See how they run! See how they run! They

3



all ran af - ter the farm - er's wife; She cut off their tails with a carv - ing knife: Did

4

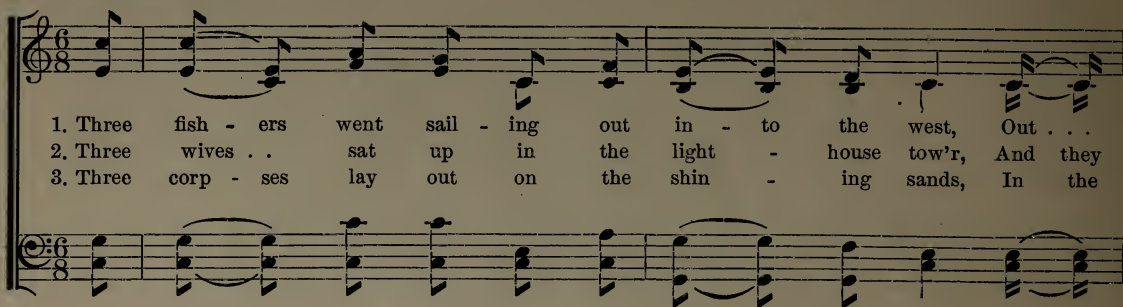


ev - er you see such a sight in your life, As three blind mice.

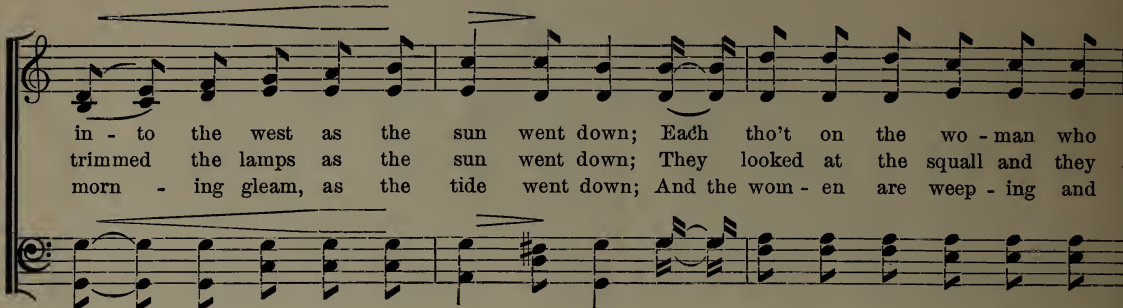
## THREE FISHERS

CHARLES KINGSLEY  
*Andantino*

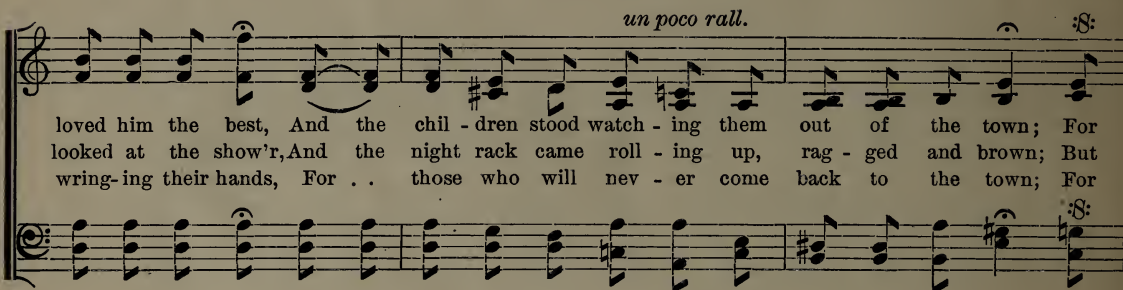
JOHN HULLAH



1. Three fish - ers went sail - ing out in - to the west, Out . . .  
 2. Three wives . . sat up in the light - house tow'r, And they  
 3. Three corp - ses lay out on the shin - ing sands, In the

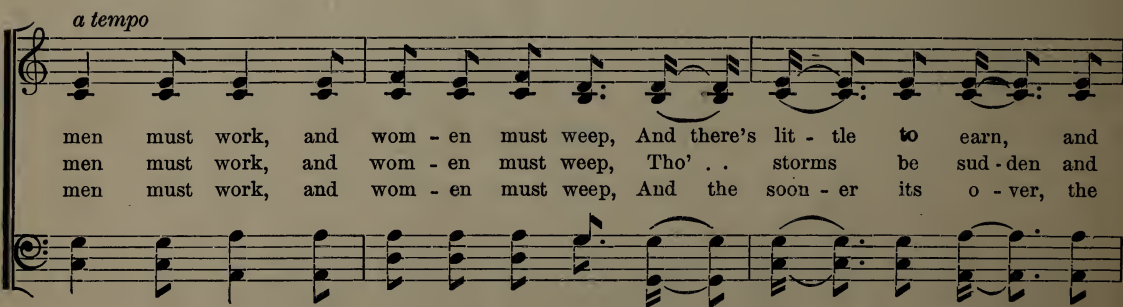


in - to the west as the sun went down; Each tho't on the wo - man who  
 trimmed the lamps as the sun went down; They looked at the squall and they  
 morn - ing gleam, as the tide went down; And the wom - en are weep - ing and



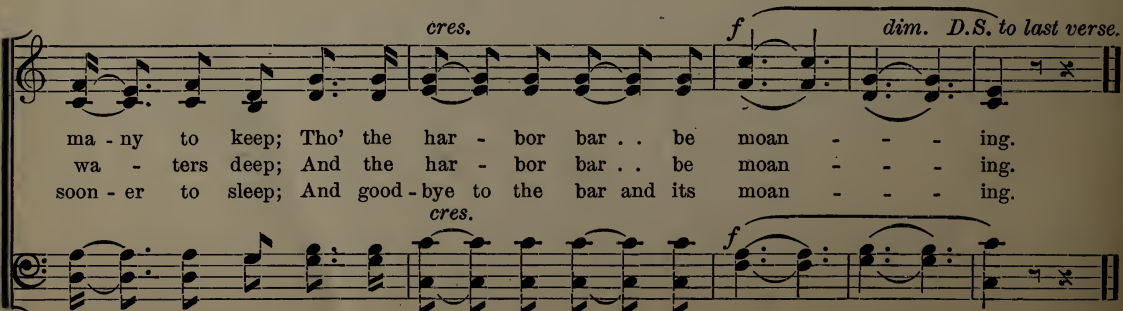
*un poco rall.*

loved him the best, And the chil - dren stood watch - ing them out of the town; For  
 looked at the show'r, And the night rack came roll - ing up, rag - ged and brown; But  
 wring - ing their hands, For . . those who will nev - er come back to the town; For



*a tempo*

men must work, and wom - en must weep, And there's lit - tle to earn, and  
 men must work, and wom - en must weep, Tho' . . storms be sud - den and  
 men must work, and wom - en must weep, And the soon - er its o - ver, the



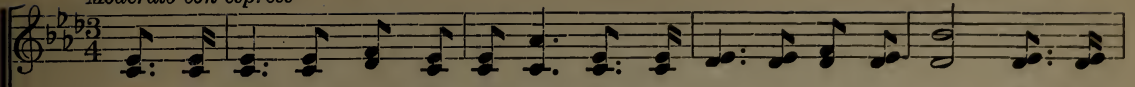
*cres.* *f* *dim. D.S. to last verse.*

ma - ny to keep; Tho' the har - bor bar . . be moan - - - ing.  
 wa - ters deep; And the har - bor bar . . be moan - - - ing.  
 soon - er to sleep; And good - bye to the bar and its moan - - - ing.

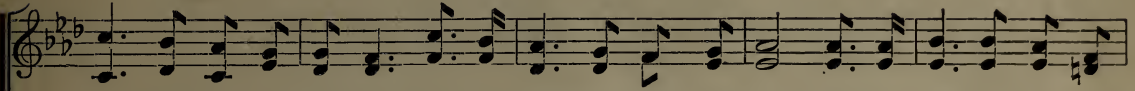
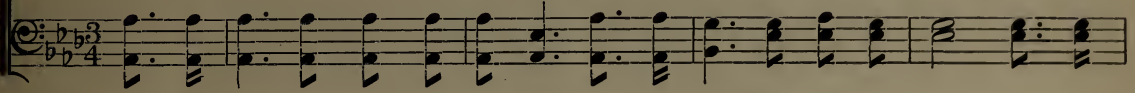
*cres.* *f*

## THE VACANT CHAIR

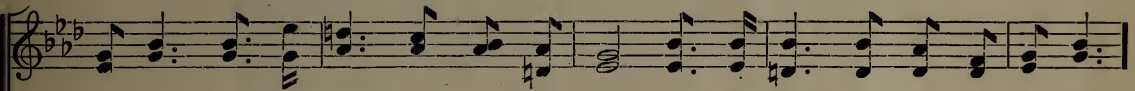
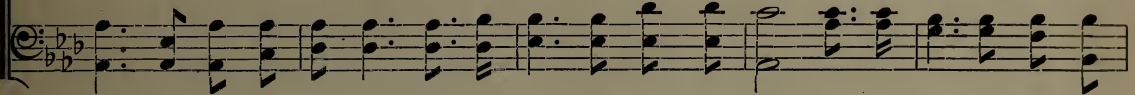
GEORGE F. ROOT

*Moderato con espress*

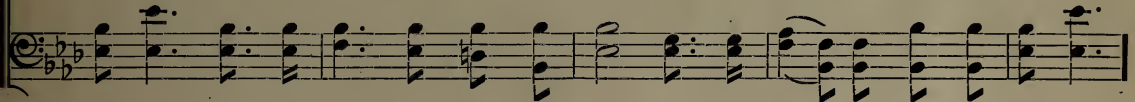
1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va - cant chair; We shall  
 2. At our fire - side, sad and lone - ly, Oft - en will the bos - om swell At re  
 3. True, they tell us wreaths of glo - ry Ev - er more will deck his brow, But this



lin - ger to ca - ress him, While we breathe our eve - ning pray'r. When a year a - go we  
 mem - brance of the sto - ry, How our no - ble Wil - lie fell; How he strove to bear our  
 soothes the an - guish on - ly Sweep - ing o'er our heart - strings now. Sleep to - day, oh, ear - ly



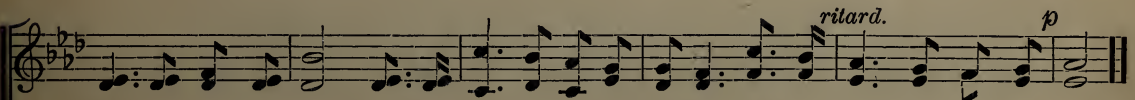
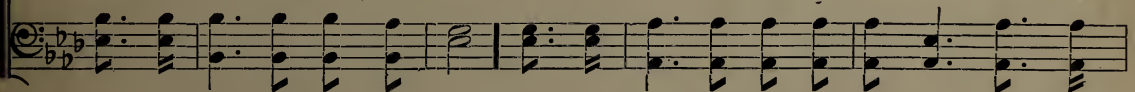
gath - ered, Joy was in his mild blue eye, But a gold - en cord is sev - ered,  
 ban - ner Thro' the thick - est of the fight, And up - hold our coun - try's hon - or,  
 fall - en, In thy green and nar - row bed, Dir - ges from the pine and cy - press



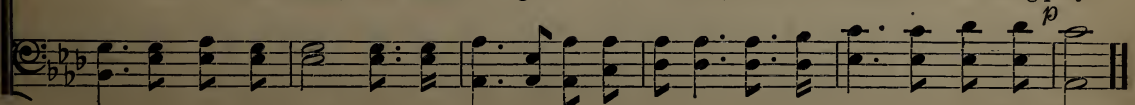
## CHORUS



And our hopes in ru - in lie. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will  
 In the strength of man - hood's might.  
 Min - gle with the tears we shed.



be one va - cant chair; We shall lin - ger to ca - ress him, When we breathe our eve - ning pray'r.





## A WARRIOR BOLD

EDWIN THOMAS  
*Con spirito*

STEPHEN ADAMS

1. In days of old, when knights were bold, And barons held their sway, A warrior bold, with  
2. So this brave knight, in armor bright, Went gayly to the fray; He fought the fight, but

spurs of gold, Sang merrily his lay, . . . Sang merrily his lay: "My  
ere the night, His soul had passed away, . . . His soul had passed away. The

love is young and fair, My love hath golden hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true, That  
plighted ring he wore Was crushed, and wet with gore, Yet ere he died, he bravely cried, "I've

none with her compare. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die, So  
kept the vow I swore. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love and die, So

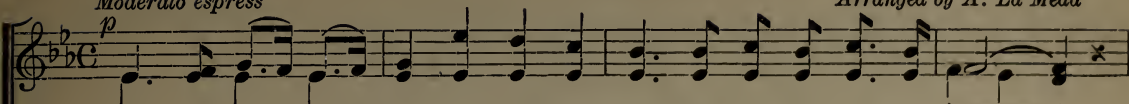
what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die."  
what care I, tho' (Omit. . . . .) death be nigh, I've

fought for love, I've fought for love, . . . I've fought for love, For love . . . for love I die."

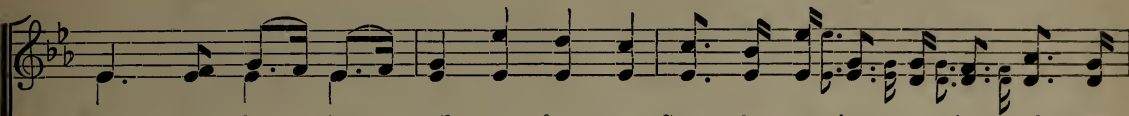
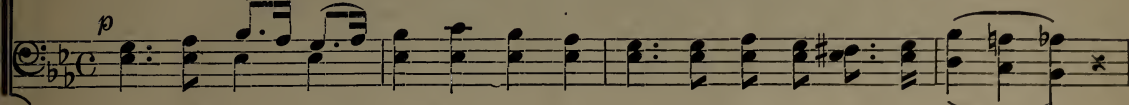
# WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER

ALICE HAWTHORNE  
(SEPTIMUS WINNER)  
Arranged by A. La Meda

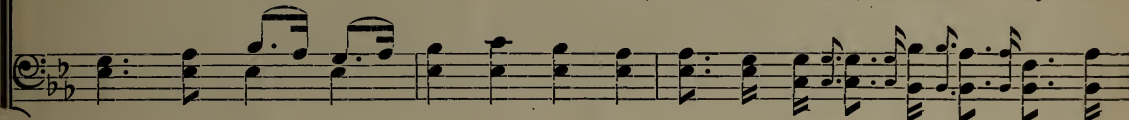
*Moderato espress*



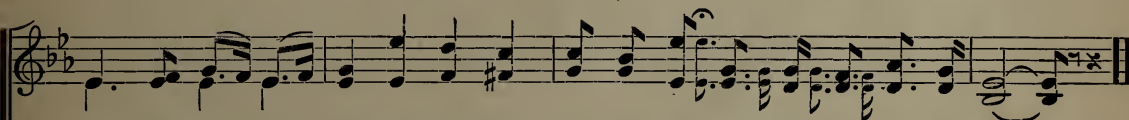
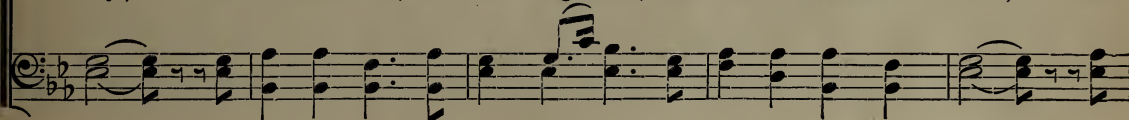
1. What is home with - out a moth - er? What are all the joys we meet; . . .
2. Things we prize are first to van - ish; Hearts we love to pass a - way; . . .
3. Old - er hearts may have their sor - rows, Grievs that quick-ly die a - way; . . .



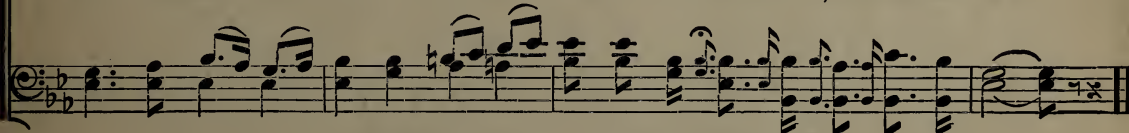
When her lov - ing smile no lon - ger Greet the com - ing, com - ing of our  
And how soon, e'en in our child - hood, We be - hold her turn - ing, turn - ing  
But a moth - er lost in child - hood, Grieves the heart, the heart from day to



feet! The days seem long, the nights are drear, And time rolls slow - ly on; . . . And  
gray; Her eyes grow dim, her step is slow, Her joys of earth are past; . . . And  
day; We miss her kind, her will - ing hand, Her fond and earn - est care; . . . And



oh! how few are childhood's pleasures, When her gen - tle, gen - tle care is gone!  
some - times ere we learn to know her, She hath breath'd on earth, on earth her last.  
oh! how dark is life a - round us! What is home with - out, without her there.

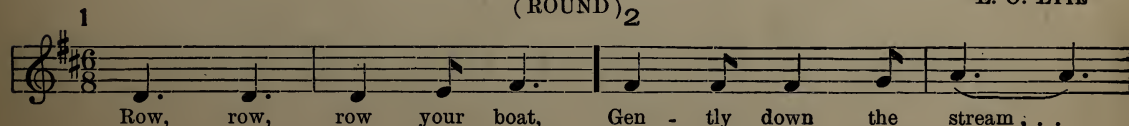


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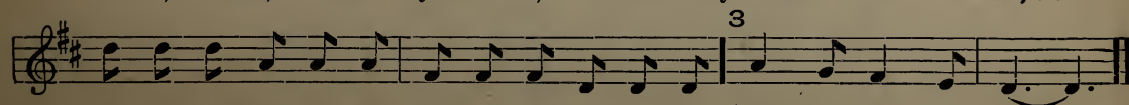
## ROW YOUR BOAT

(ROUND)<sub>2</sub>

E. O. LYTE



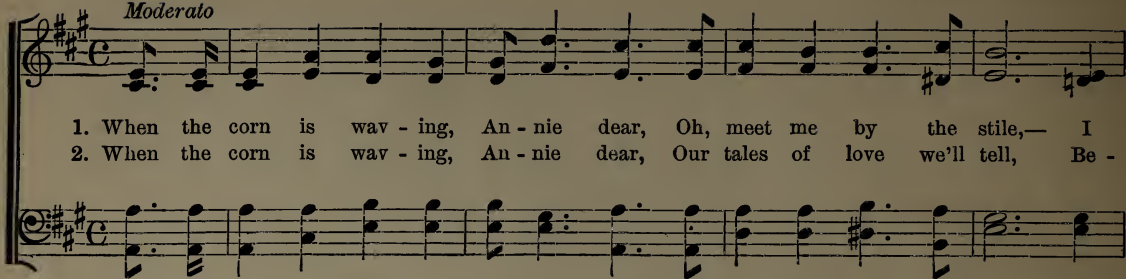
Row, row, row your boat, Gen - tly down the stream; . . .



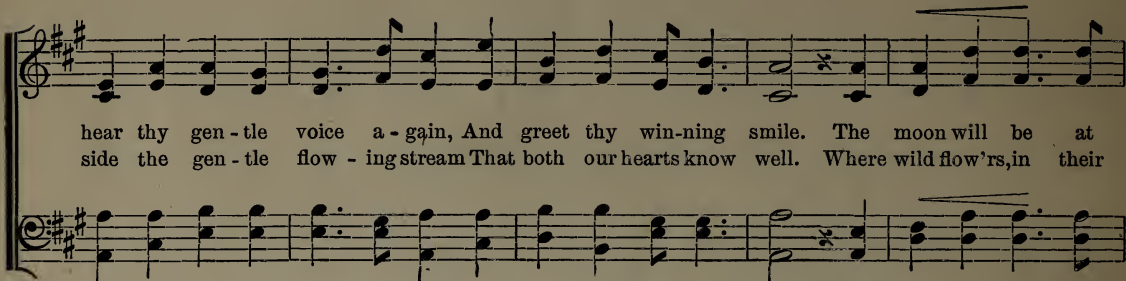
Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly; Life is but a dream.

## WHEN THE CORN IS WAVING

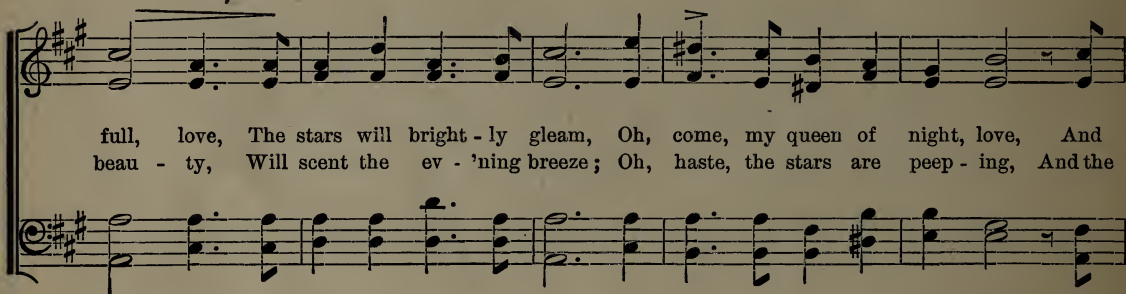
CHARLES BLAMPHIN

*Moderato*


1. When the corn is wav - ing, An - nie dear, Oh, meet me by the stile,— I  
2. When the corn is wav - ing, An - nie dear, Our tales of love we'll tell, Be -

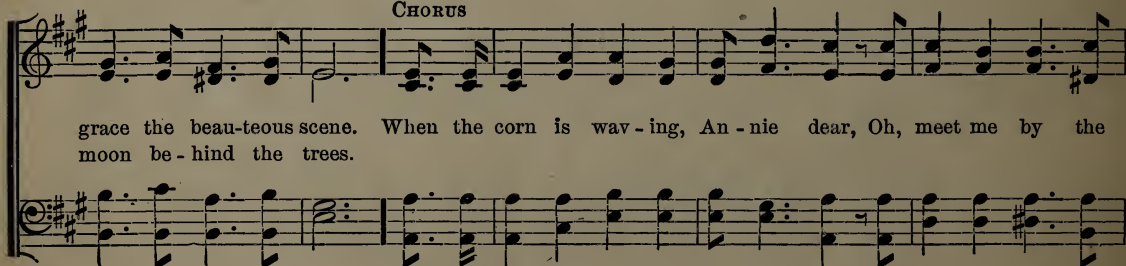


hear thy gen - tle voice a - gain, And greet thy win - ning smile. The moon will be at  
side the gen - tle flow - ing stream That both our hearts know well. Where wild flow'rs, in their



full, love, The stars will bright - ly gleam, Oh, come, my queen of night, love, And  
beau - ty, Will scent the ev - 'ning breeze; Oh, haste, the stars are peep - ing, And the

## CHORUS



grace the beau - teous scene. When the corn is wav - ing, An - nie dear, Oh, meet me by the  
moon be - hind the trees.



stile,— I hear thy gen - tle voice a - gain, And greet thy win - ning smile.



# WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY

FRANZ ABT

Arranged by A. La Meda

*Moderato espress.**p*

1. When the swal - lows home - ward fly, . . . When the ros - es scat - tered  
 2. When the white swan south - ward roves, To seek at noon - the or - ange  
 3. Hush, my heart! why thus com - plain? Thou must too, . . . thy woes con -

*cres.*

lie, . . . When from nei - ther hill nor dale Chants the sil - v'ry night - in -  
 groves, When the red tints of the west Prove the sun has gone to  
 tain, . . . Though on earth no more we rove, Loud - ly breath - ing words of

*cres.**rit.*

gale; In these words my bleed - ing heart Would to thee its grief im - part: .  
 rest; In these words my bleed - ing heart Would to thee its grief im - part: .  
 love; Thou, my heart, must find re - lief, Yield - ing to these words be - lief: .

*rit.**poco anima e cres.**a tempo**p*

When I . . . thus thy im - age lose, . . . Can I, ah, can I  
 When I . . . thus thy im - age lose, . . . Can I, ah, can I  
 I shall . . . see thy form . a - gain, . . . Though to - day. . .

*a tempo**p**rit. e dim.*

e'er know re - pose, . . . Can . . . I, ah, can . I e'er know re - pose?  
 e'er know re - pose, . . . Can . . . I, ah, can . I e'er know re - pose?  
 we part a - gain, . . . Though to - day . . . we part a - gain.

*rit. e dim.*

## WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG

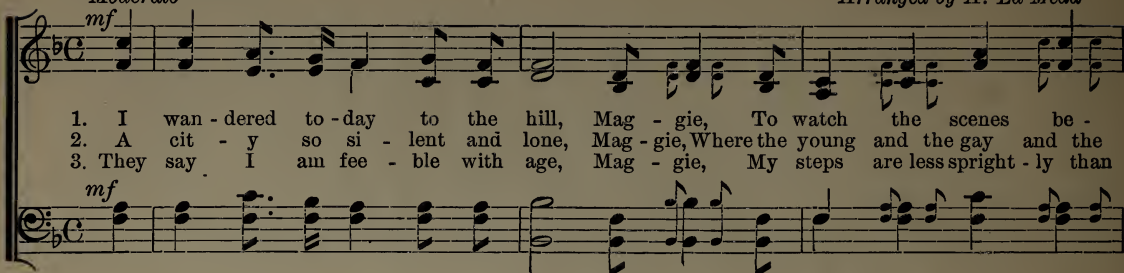
GEORGE W. JOHNSON

*Moderato*

J. A. BUTTERFIELD

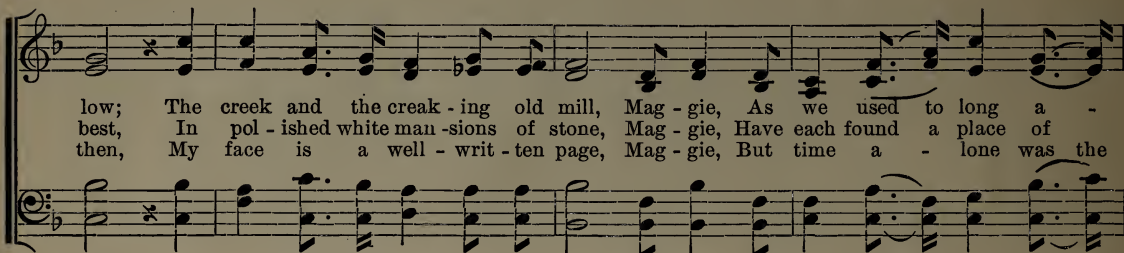
Arranged by A. La Meda

*mf*



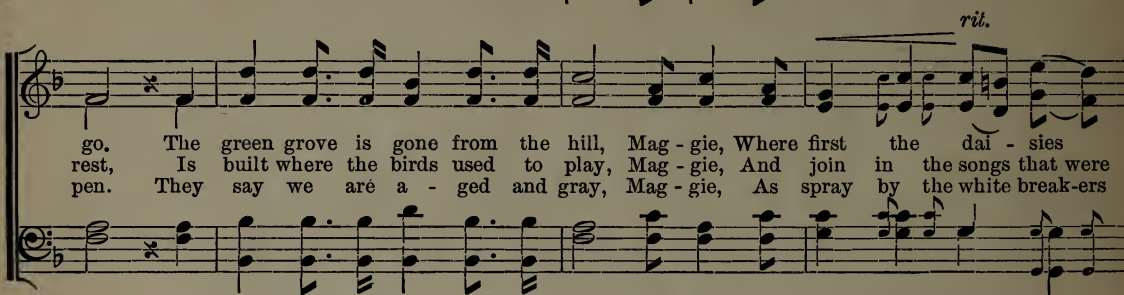
1. I wan - dered to - day to the hill, Mag - gie, To watch the scenes be -  
 2. A cit - y so si - lent and lone, Mag - gie, Where the young and the gay and the  
 3. They say I am fee - ble with age, Mag - gie, My steps are less spright - ly than

*mf*



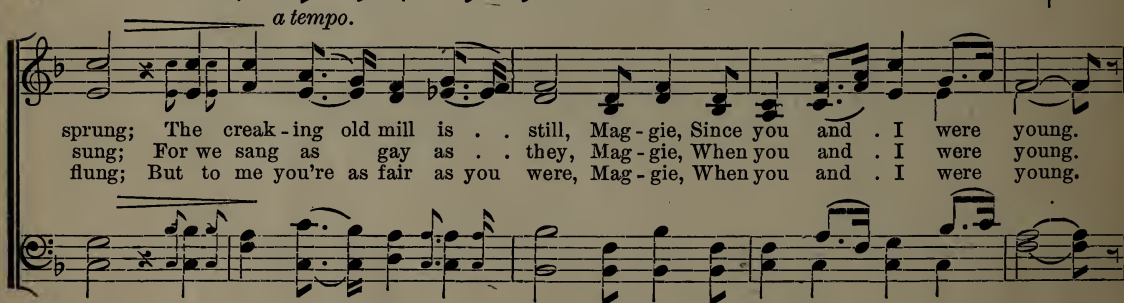
low; The creek and the creak - ing old mill, Mag - gie, As we used to long a -  
 best, In pol - ished white man - sions of stone, Mag - gie, Have each found a place of  
 then, My face is a well - writ - ten page, Mag - gie, But time a - lone was the

*rit.*



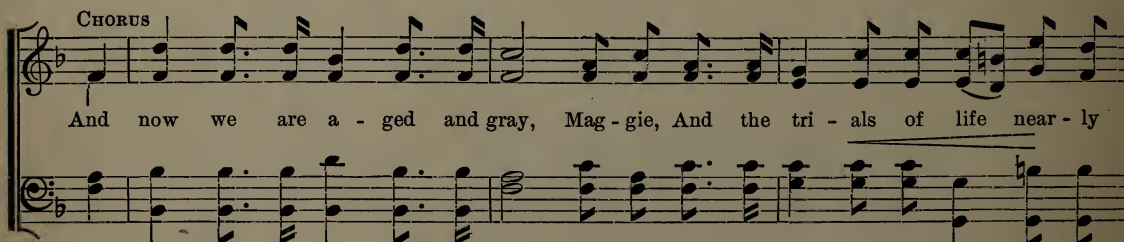
go. The green grove is gone from the hill, Mag - gie, Where first the dai - sies  
 rest, Is built where the birds used to play, Mag - gie, And join in the songs that were  
 pen. They say we are a - ged and gray, Mag - gie, As spray by the white break - ers

*a tempo.*



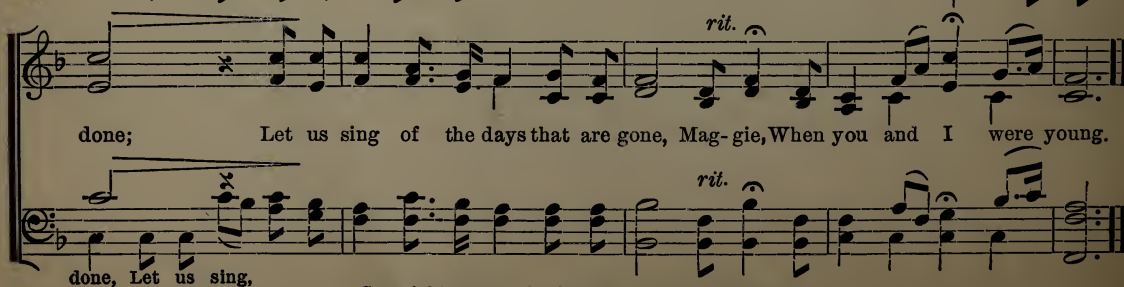
sprung; The creak - ing old mill is . . still, Mag - gie, Since you and . I were young.  
 sung; For we sang as gay as . . they, Mag - gie, When you and . I were young.  
 flung; But to me you're as fair as you were, Mag - gie, When you and . I were young.

CHORUS



And now we are a - ged and gray, Mag - gie, And the tri - als of life near - ly

*rit.*



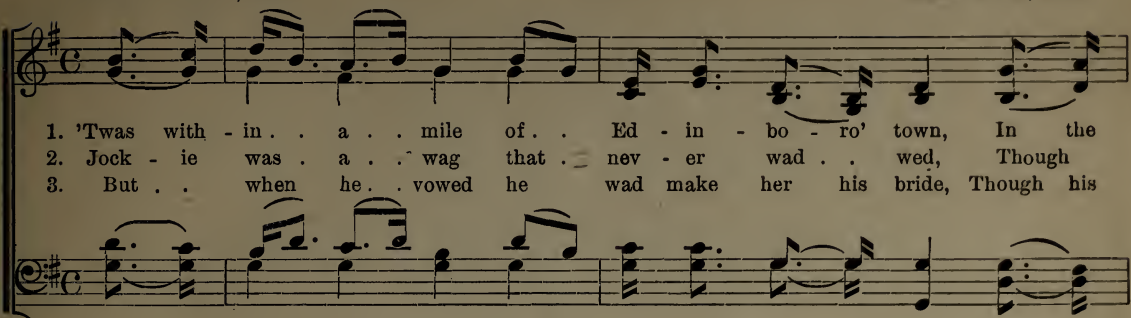
done; Let us sing of the days that are gone, Mag - gie, When you and I were young.  
*rit.*  
 done, Let us sing,



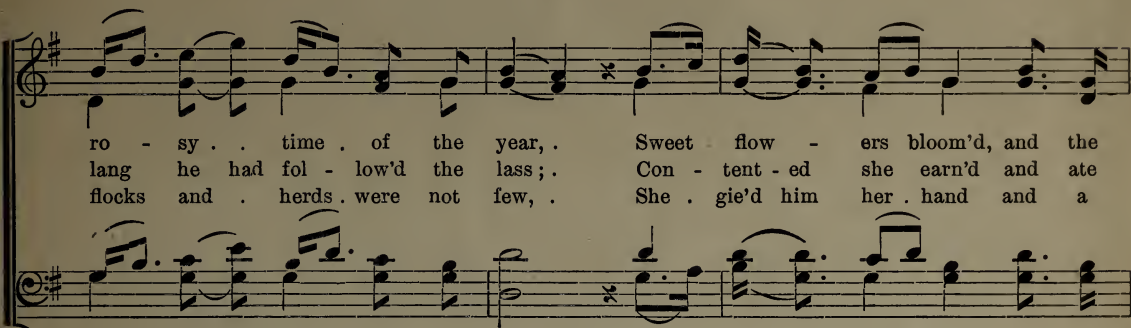
# WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBORO'

THOMAS D'URFEY, 1649

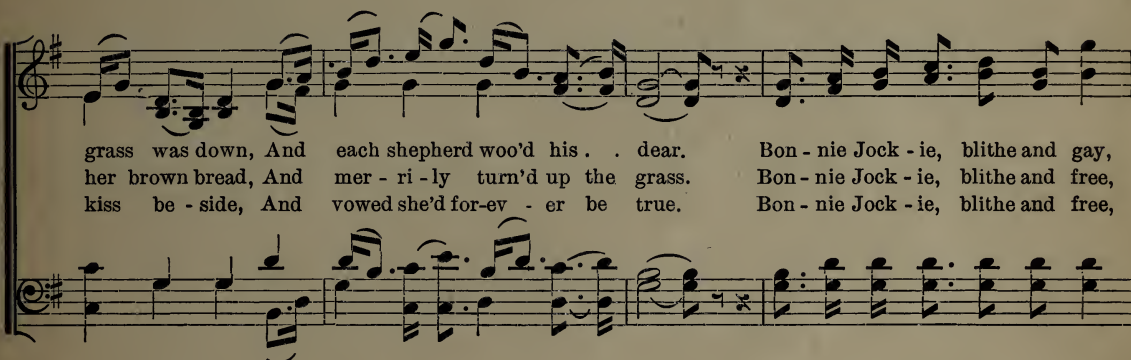
JAMES HOOK, 1746



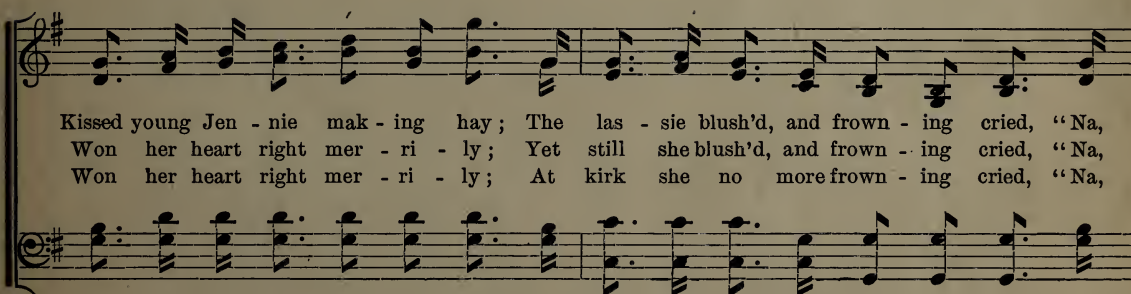
1. 'Twas with - in . . a . . mile of . . Ed - in - bo - ro' town, In the  
 2. Jock - ie was . a . . wag that . nev - er wad . . wed, Though  
 3. But . . when he . . vowed he wad make her his bride, Though his



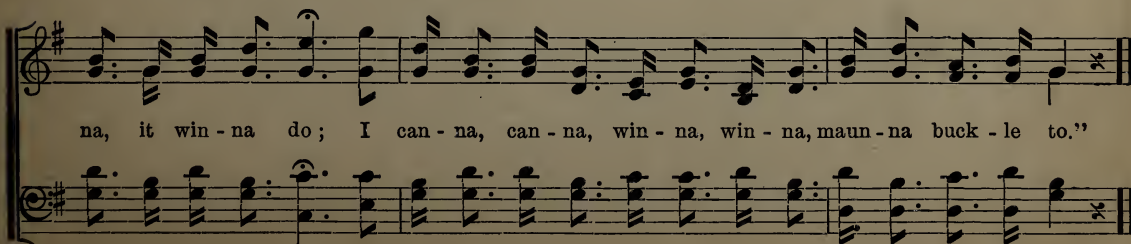
ro - sy . . time . of the year, . Sweet flow - ers bloom'd, and the  
 lang he had fol - low'd the lass; . Con - tent - ed she earn'd and ate  
 flocks and . herds . were not few, . She . gie'd him her . hand and a



grass was down, And each shepherd woo'd his . . dear. Bon - nie Jock - ie, blithe and gay,  
 her brown bread, And mer - ri - ly turn'd up the grass. Bon - nie Jock - ie, blithe and free,  
 kiss be - side, And vowed she'd for-ev - er be true. Bon - nie Jock - ie, blithe and free,



Kissed young Jen - nie mak - ing hay; The las - sie blush'd, and frown - ing cried, "Na,  
 Won her heart right mer - ri - ly; Yet still she blush'd, and frown - ing cried, "Na,  
 Won her heart right mer - ri - ly; At kirk she no more frown - ing cried, "Na,



na, it win - na do; I can - na, can - na, win - na, win - na, maun - na buck - le to."



## WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

GEORGE P. MORRIS

HENRY RUSSELL

1. Wood - man, spare that tree! . Touch not a sin - gle bough; In youth it shel - tered  
 2. That old fa - mil - iar tree, . Its glo - ry and re - nown Are spread o'er land and  
 3. When but an i - dle boy, . I sought its grate - ful shade; In all their gush - ing  
 4. My heart-strings round thee cling, . Close as thy bark, old friend! Here shall the wild - bird

me, . . And I'll pro - tect it now; 'Twas my fore - fa - ther's hand . That  
 sea, . . And would'st thou hew it down? Wood - man, for - bear thy stroke! Cut  
 joy, . . Here, too, my sis - ters played; My moth - er kissed me here; . My  
 sing, . And still thy branch - es bend. Old tree, the storm thou'lt brave, . And

placed it near his cot, There, wood-man, let it stand, Thy axe shall harm it not!  
 not its earth-bound ties; Oh! spare that a - ged oak, Now tow - ring to the skies.  
 fa - ther pressed my hand, For - give this fool - ish tear, But let that old oak stand!  
 wood-man, leave the spot; While I've a hand to save, Thy axe shall harm it not!

## AMERICA

(MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE)

*First sung in Park Street Church, Boston, July 4, 1832*

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

Attributed to HENRY CAREY

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my  
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy  
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet Freedom's song; Let mor - tal  
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

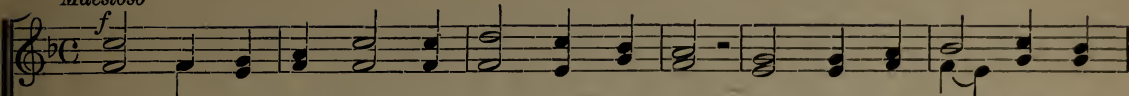
fa - thers died, Land of the Pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.  
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.  
 tongues a - wake, Let all that breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.  
 land be bright, With freedom's ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

# THE AMERICAN HYMN

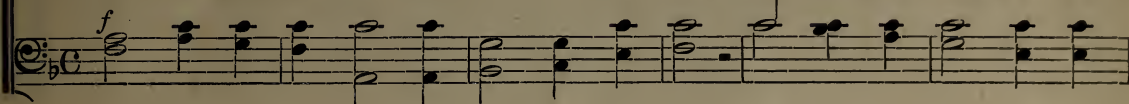
## (SPEED OUR REPUBLIC)

Words and Music by MATTHIAS KELLER (1813-1890)

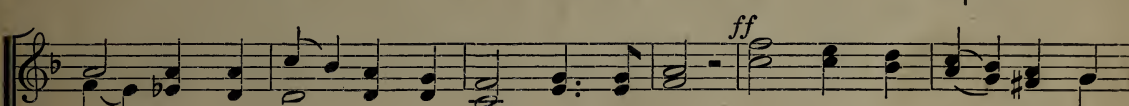
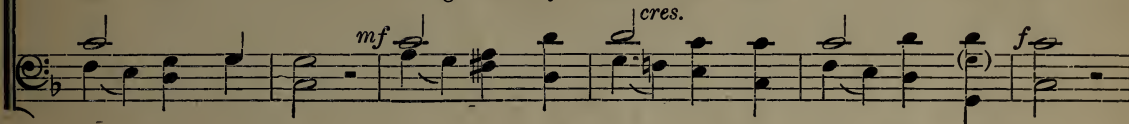
*Maestoso*



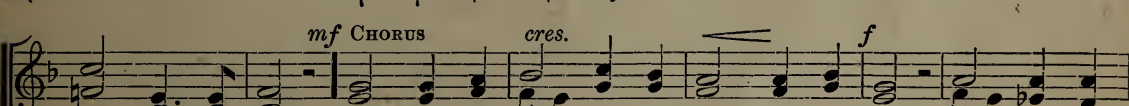
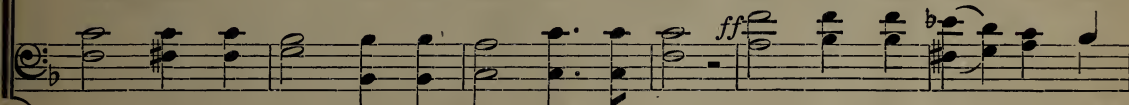
1. Speed our re - pub - lic, O Fa - ther on high! Lead us in path - ways of  
 2. Fore - most in bat - tle for Free - dom to stand, We rush to arms when a -  
 3. Faith - ful and hon - est to friend and to foe - Will ing to die in hu -  
 4. Rise up, proud ea - gle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy broad wings o'er this



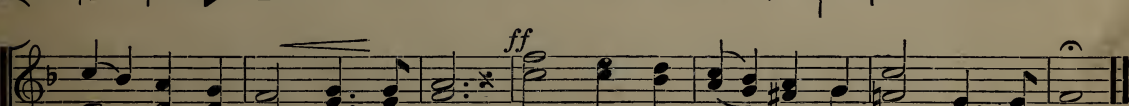
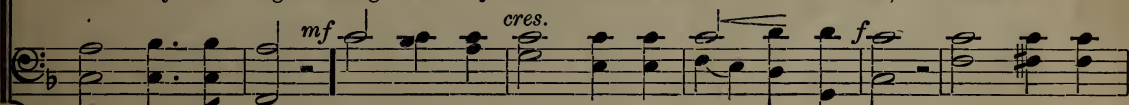
jus - tice and right; Rul - ers as well as the ruled, "One and all,"  
 roused by its call; Still as of yore, when George Wash - ing - ton led,  
 man - i - ty's cause - Thus we de - fy all ty - ran - ni - cal pow'r,  
 fair west - ern world! Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old -



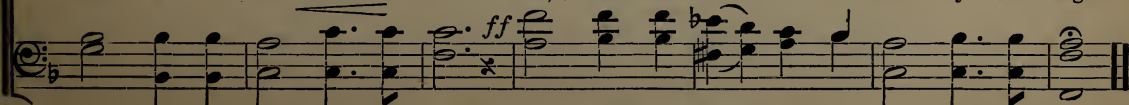
Gir - dle with vir - tue the ar - mor of might! Hail! three times hail to our  
 Thun - ders our war cry: "We con - quer or fall!" Hail! three times hail to our  
 While we con - tend for our Un - ion and laws! Hail! three times hail to our  
 Show that it still is for free - dom un - fur'd! Hail! three times hail to our



coun - try and flag! Rul - ers as well as the ruled, "One and all," Gir - dle with  
 coun - try and flag! Still as of yore, when George Wash - ing - ton led, Thun - ders our  
 coun - try and flag! Thus we de - fy all ty - ran - ni - cal pow'r, While we con -  
 coun - try and flag! Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old, Show that it



vir - tue the ar - mor of might! Hail, three times hail to our coun - try and flag!  
 war cry, "We con - quer, or fall!" Hail, three times hail to our coun - try and flag!  
 tend for our Un - ion and laws! Hail, three times hail to our coun - try and flag!  
 still is for free - dom un - furled! Hail, three times hail to our coun - try and flag!



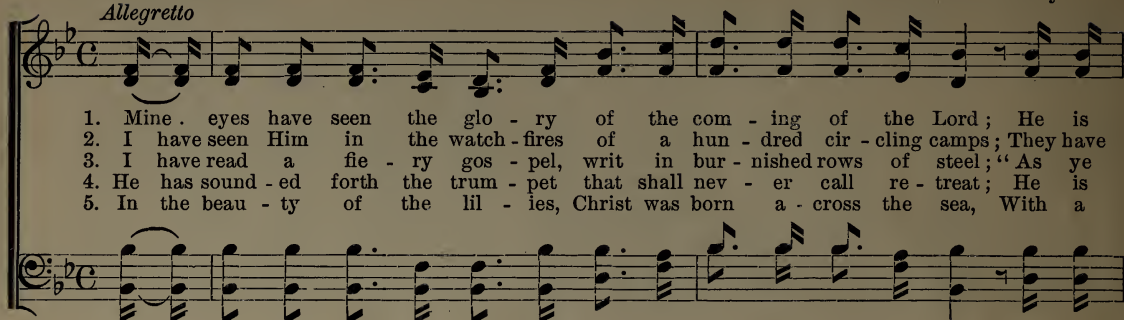


## BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

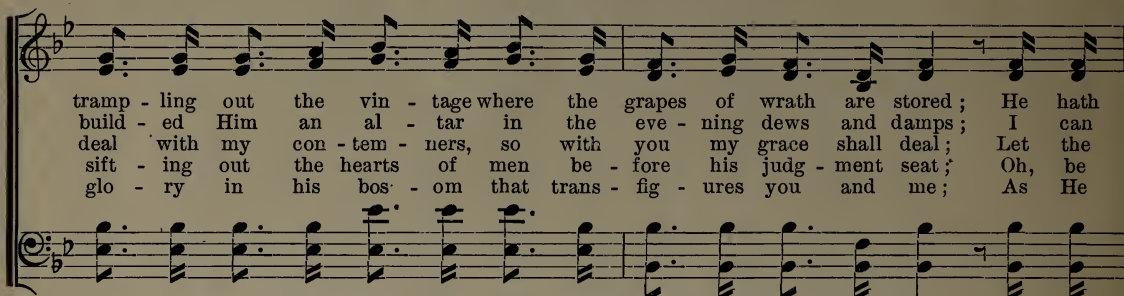
JULIA WARD HOWE

*Allegretto*

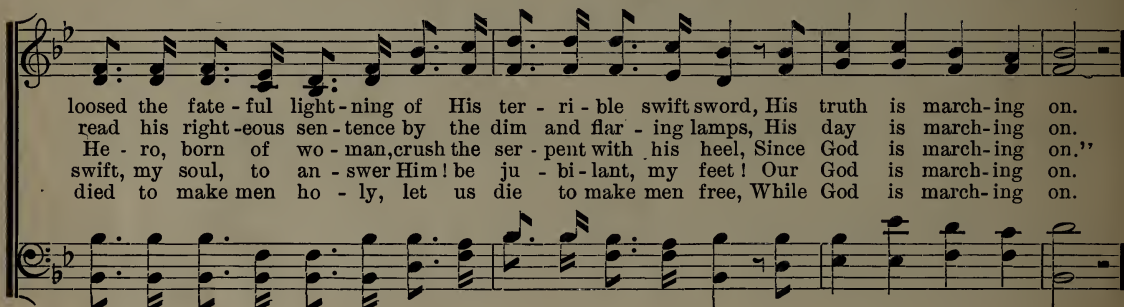
Air "John Brown's Body"



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord ; He is  
 2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps ; They have  
 3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel, writ in bur - nished rows of steel ; " As ye  
 4. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat ; He is  
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a

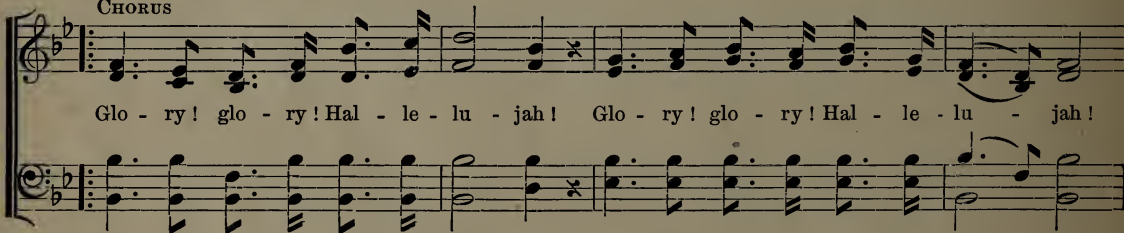


tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored ; He hath  
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps ; I can  
 deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal ; Let the  
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore his judg - ment seat ; Oh, be  
 glo - ry in his bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me ; As He

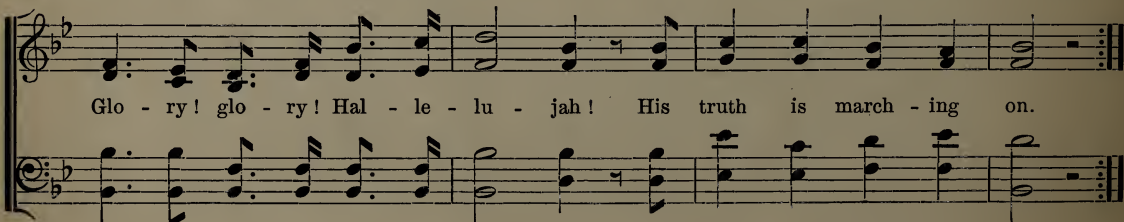


loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is march - ing on.  
 read his right - eous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps, His day is march - ing on.  
 He - ro, born of wo - man, crush the ser - pent with his heel, Since God is march - ing on."  
 swift, my soul, to an - swer Him ! be ju - bi - lant, my feet ! Our God is march - ing on.  
 died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.

## CHORUS



Glo - ry ! glo - ry ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! Glo - ry ! glo - ry ! Hal - le - lu - jah !



Glo - ry ! glo - ry ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! His truth is march - ing on.

## GLORY, GLORY HALLELUJAH

- 1 ||: John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the      3 ||: He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the  
     His soul is marching on. [grave, :||      His soul is marching on. [Lord !:||
- 2 ||: The stars of Heaven are looking kindly down, :||      4 ||: John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his  
     On the grave of old John Brown.      His soul is marching on. [back, :||
- 5 ||: His pet lambs will meet him on the way, :||  
     And they'll go marching on.



## COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

## (THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE)

Words and Music by DAVID T. SHAW

Arranged by N. Clifford Page

*Moderato con spirito*

1. O Co-lum-bia! the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free, The  
 2. When war winged its wild des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form, The  
 3. "Old Glo-ry" to greet, now come hith-er, With eyes full of love to the brim; May the

shrine of each pa-triot's de-votion, A . . world of-fers hom-age to thee. Thy  
 ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm; With her  
 wreaths of our he-roes ne'er with-er, Nor a star of our ban-ner grow dim; May the

man-dates make he-roes as-sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view; Thy  
 gar-lands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew, With her  
 ser-vice u-nit-ed ne'er sev-er, But they to our col-ors prove true! The

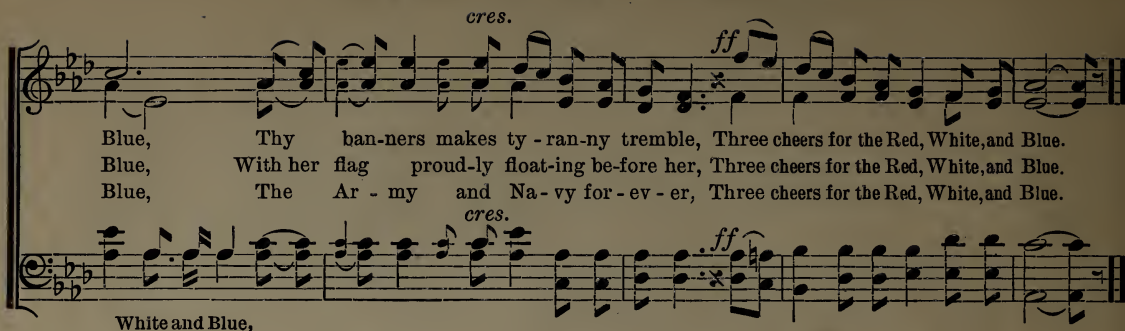
ban-ners make ty-ran-ny trem-ble, Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue. . .  
 flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue. . .  
 Ar-my and Na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue. . .

CHORUS

Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue, Three cheers for the Red, White, and  
 Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue, Three cheers for the Red, White, and  
 Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue, Three cheers for the Red, White, and

White and Blue,

*cres.* *ff*



Blue, Thy ban-ners makes ty-ran-ny tremble, Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.  
 Blue, With her flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.  
 Blue, The Ar-my and Na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

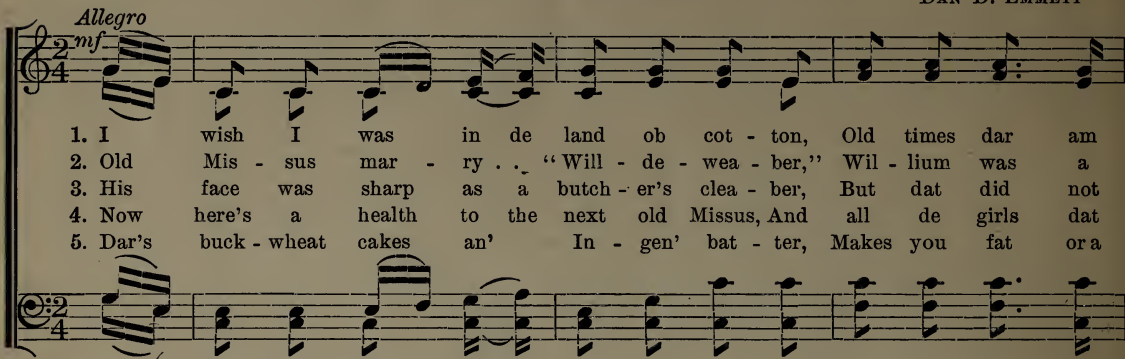
*cres.* *ff*

White and Blue,

## DIXIE'S LAND

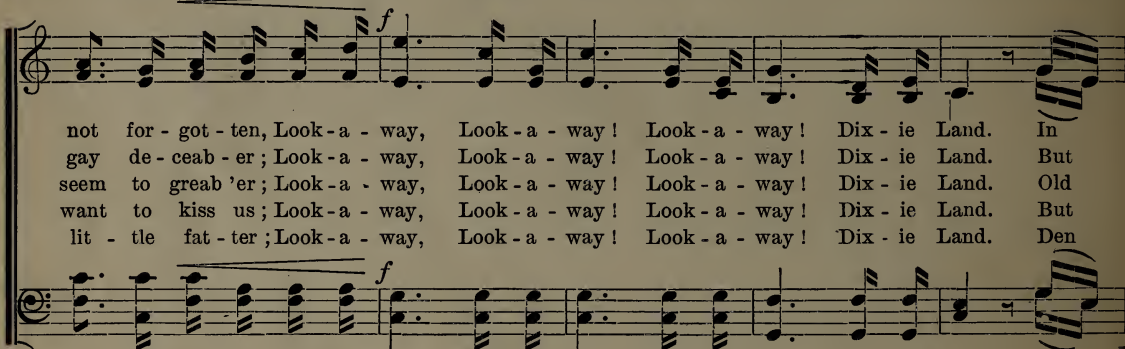
DAN D. EMMETT

*Allegro* *mf*



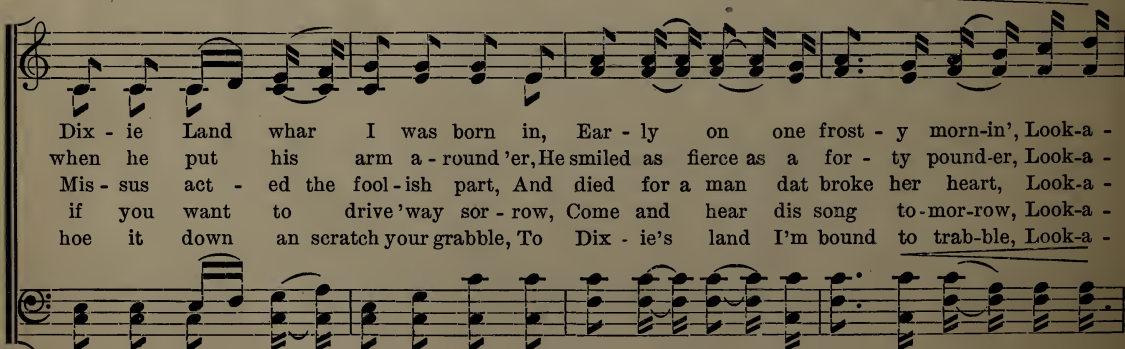
1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am  
 2. Old Mis-sus mar-ry... "Will-de-wea-ber," Wil-lium was a  
 3. His face was sharp as a butch-er's clea-ber, But dat did not  
 4. Now here's a health to the next old Missus, And all de girls dat  
 5. Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' In-gen' bat-ter, Makes you fat or a

*f*



not for-got-ten, Look-a-way, Look-a-way! Look-a-way! Dix-ie Land. In  
 gay de-ceab-er; Look-a-way, Look-a-way! Look-a-way! Dix-ie Land. But  
 seem to greab'er; Look-a-way, Look-a-way! Look-a-way! Dix-ie Land. Old  
 want to kiss us; Look-a-way, Look-a-way! Look-a-way! Dix-ie Land. But  
 lit-tle fat-ter; Look-a-way, Look-a-way! Look-a-way! Dix-ie Land. Den

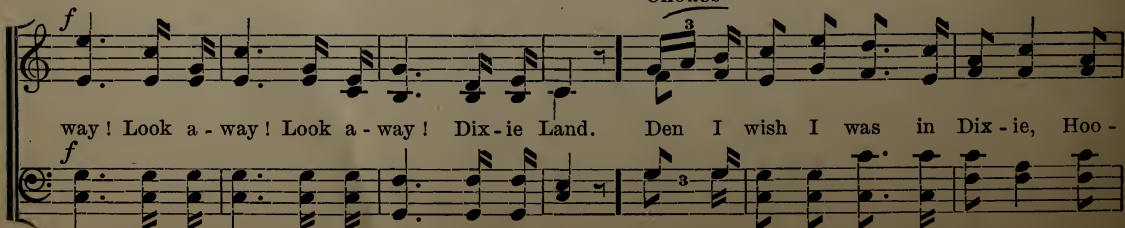
*f*



Dix-ie Land whar I was born in, Ear-ly on one frost-y morn-in', Look-a-  
 when he put his arm a-round'er, He smiled as fierce as a for-ty pound-er, Look-a-  
 Mis-sus act-ed the fool-ish part, And died for a man dat broke her heart, Look-a-  
 if you want to drive'way sor-row, Come and hear dis song to-mor-row, Look-a-  
 hoe it down an scratch your grabble, To Dix-ie's land I'm bound to trab-ble, Look-a-

## CHORUS

*f*



way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-



ray! Hoo-ray! In . . Dix-ie Land, I'll take my stand To lib and die in Dix-ie, A-way, A-

way, A-way down south in Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie.

## HAIL! COLUMBIA

*Origin of Hail! Columbia.*—This popular National Song was written in 1798 by Judge Hopkinson. At that period a war with France was thought inevitable. Party-spirit ran high among all classes. A theatre was open in Philadelphia, and a young man who had some talent as a singer announced his benefit on its boards. He was acquainted with Judge Hopkinson and, discouraged at his prospect of success, called on him on Saturday afternoon and stated that he feared a loss instead of a benefit, but that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of "The President's March," then quite popular, he might depend on a full house. The Judge replied that he would try to furnish one. The next afternoon the young man came again, and the song was handed him. It was announced on Monday morning. In the evening the theatre was crowded to excess, and continued to be night after night through the entire season—the song being loudly encored and repeated many times during each night, the audience joining in the chorus. It was sung at night in the streets by large assemblies of citizens, including Members of Congress, and found favor with both parties, as neither could disavow its sentiments.

Text adapted to "The President's March," by Professor PHYLIA

(Which was first played when Washington came to New York to be inaugurated in 1789.)

JOSEPH HOPKINSON

New arrangement by N. Clifford Page

*Maestoso*

1. Hail! Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail! ye he-roes, heav'n-born band, Who  
 2. Im-mor-tal Pa-triots, rise once more! De-fend your rights, de-fend your shore; Let  
 3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Wash-ington's great name Ring  
 4. Be-hold the chief who now com-mands, Once more to serve his coun-try, stands The

fought and bled in free-dom's cause, Who fought and bled in free-dom's cause, And  
 no rude foe, with im-pious hand, Let no rude foe, with im-pious hand In-  
 through the world with loud ap-plause! Ring through the world with loud ap-plause! Let  
 rock on which the storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat! But



when the storm of war is gone, En - joyed the . . . peace your val - or won; Let  
vade the shrine where sa - cred lies, Of toil . and . blood, the well - earned prize; While  
ev - 'ry clime, to free - dom dear, Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear; With  
armed in vir - tue, firm and true, His hopes are . . fixed on Heav'n and you; When

In - de - pen - dence be your boast, Ev - er mind - ful what it cost,  
off - 'ring peace, sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That  
e - qual skill, with stead - y pow'r, He gov - erns in the fear - ful hour Of  
hope was sink - ing in dis - may, When gloom ob - scured Co - lum - bia's day, His

Ev - er grate - ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.  
truth and jus - tice may pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond - age fail!  
hor - rid war, or guides with ease, The hap - pier time of hon - est peace.  
stead - y mind, from chang - es free, Re - solved on death or Lib - er - ty.

**ff CHORUS**  
Firm, u - nit - ed, let us be, Rally - ing round our lib - er - ty,  
**ff**

As a band of broth - ers joined Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

# MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND

JAMES R. RANDALL

German melody  
"O Tannenbaum"

1. Thou wilt not cower in the dust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 2. Thou wilt not yield the Van - dal toll, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 3. I see no blush up - on thy cheek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 4. I hear the dis - tant thun - der hum, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

Thy beam - ing sword shall nev - er rust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 Thou wilt not crook to his con - trol, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 Though thou wast ev - er brave - ly meek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 The Old Line bu - gle, fife and drum, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

Re - mem - ber Car - roll's sa - cred trust, Re - mem - ber How - ard's war - like thrust,  
 Bet - ter the fire up - on thee roll, Bet - ter the shot, the blade, the bowl,  
 For life and death, for woe and weal, Thy peer - less chiv - al - ry re - veal,  
 Come! to thine own he - ro - ic throng, That stalks with Lib - er - ty a - long,

And all thy slum - b'ers with the just, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 Than cru - ci - fix - ion of the soul, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 And gird thy beau - teous limbs with steel, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 And ring thy daunt - less slo - gan song, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

## OUR FLAG IS THERE

This song was written by an officer of the American Navy during the war of 1812. It being very popular, although long out of print, it was reprinted at the request of many officers in the United States Navy.

New edition, edited by F. W.

Arranged by N. Clifford Page

*Con spirito*

1. Our Flag is there! Our Flag is there! We'll hail it with three loud . huz - zas! Our  
 2. That flag with - stood the bat - tle's roar, With foe - men stout, with foe - men brave; Strong

Flag is there! Our Flag is there! Be - hold the glo - rious Stripes and Stars! Stout hands have sought that flag to low'r, And found a speed - y wat - 'ry grave. That

hearts have fought for that bright flag, Strong hands sus - tained it mast - head high, And flag is known on ev - 'ry shore, The stan - dard of a gal - lant band; A -

oh! to see how proud it waves, Brings tears of joy in ev - 'ry eye. like un - stained in peace or war, It floats o'er free - dom's hap - py land.

## CHORUS

*f* Our Flag is there! Our Flag is there! We'll hail it with three loud huz - zas! Our

Flag is there! Our Flag is there! Be - hold the glo - rious Stripes and Stars!



# THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY (1779-1843)

SAMUEL ARNOLD (1740-1802)

*f Con spirito*

1. Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we hailed at the  
 2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haught - y host in dread  
 3. Oh! thus be it ev - er when free-men shall stand Be - tween their loved homes and wild

twi-light's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the per - il - ous fight, O'er the  
 si - lence re - po - ses, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it  
 war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heaven-res - cued land Praise the

ram - parts we watched, were so gal - lant - ly streaming? And the rock - et's red glare, the bombs  
 fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the  
 power that hath made and pre - served us a na - tion. Then con - quer we must, when our

burst - ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh . say, does that  
 morn - ing's first beam In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-span-gled  
 cause it is just, And this be our mot - to,—"In God is our trust!" And the star-span-gled

*poco ritard.**a tempo**poco ritard.*

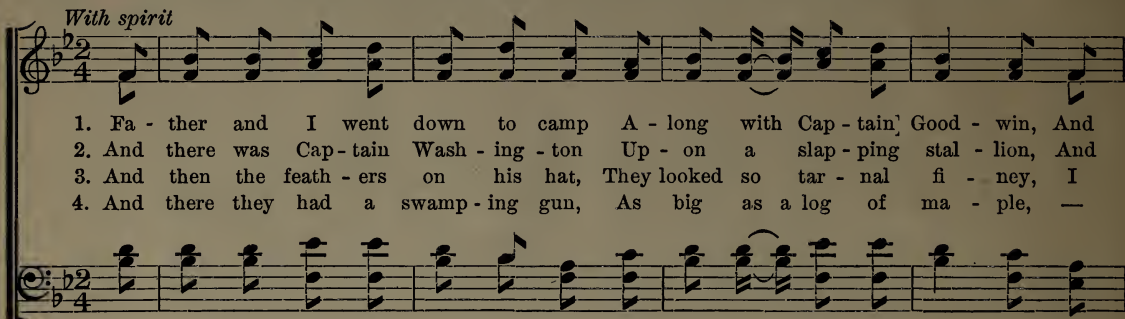
star-span-gled ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.  
 ban - ner: Oh long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.  
 ban - ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

## YANKEE DOODLE

Air unknown. Arr. by F. C.

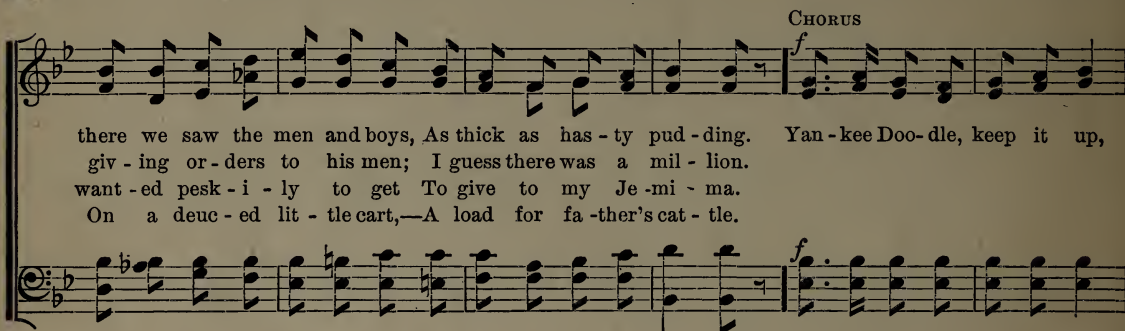
*Origin of Yankee Doodle.*—The tune, which originated in France or Holland, was first sung in England to the nursery rhyme "Lucy Locket Lost Her Pocket." It was soon adapted to verses sung by the Cavaliers in ridicule of Cromwell, who was said to have entered Oxford riding a small horse and wearing a single plume fastened to a knot called in derision a "macaroni." In the summer of 1755, the British army lay encamped on the east bank of the Hudson river near Albany, awaiting reinforcements of militia from the Eastern Colonies previous to marching on Ticonderoga. During the month of June these raw levies poured into camp, company after company, each man differently armed and equipped from his neighbors, and the motley whole presenting a spectacle that greatly amused the British officers. Dr. Shamburg, a joke-loving surgeon, gave the new recruits this song, gravely dedicating it to them. To the great amusement of the British, the joke took. Twenty-six years later Cornwallis marched to the same tune into the lines of these same old Continentals to surrender his sword and his army.

*With spirit*

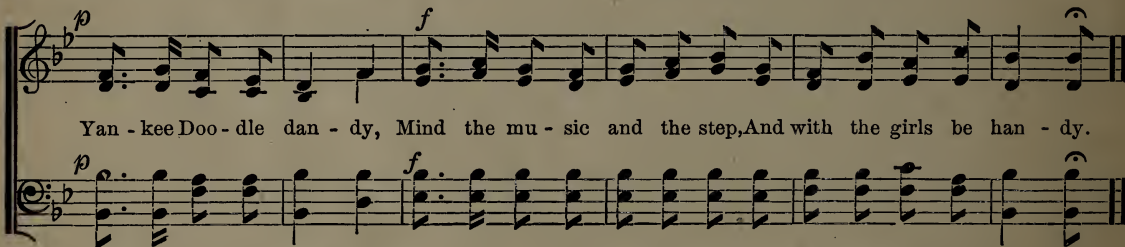


1. Fa - ther and I went down to camp A - long with Cap - tain Good - win, And  
 2. And there was Cap - tain Wash - ing - ton Up - on a slap - ping stal - lion, And  
 3. And then the feath - ers on his hat, They looked so tar - nal fi - ney, I  
 4. And there they had a swamp - ing gun, As big as a log of ma - ple, —

CHORUS



there we saw the men and boys, As thick as has - ty pud - ding. Yan - kee Doo - dle, keep it up,  
 giv - ing or - ders to his men; I guess there was a mil - lion.  
 want - ed pesk - i - ly to get To give to my Je - mi - ma.  
 On a deuc - ed lit - tle cart, — A load for fa - ther's cat - tle.



Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy, Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.

5 And every time they fired it off  
 It took a horn of powder;  
 It made a noise like father's gun,  
 Only a nation louder.

6 I went as near to it myself,  
 As Jacob's underpinin';  
 And father went as near again —  
 I thought the deuce was in him.

7 (It scared me so, I ran the streets,  
 Nor stopped as I remember,  
 Till I got home, and safely locked  
 In granny's little chamber.)

8 And there I see a little keg;  
 Its heads were made of leather,  
 They knocked upon't with little sticks,  
 To call the men together.

9 And there they'd fife away like fun,  
 And play on corn-stalk fiddles;  
 And some had ribbons red as blood,  
 All bound around their middles.

10 The troopers too, would gallop up,  
 And fire right in our faces;  
 It scared me almost half to death,  
 To see them run such races.

11 Uncle Sam came there to change  
 Some pancakes and some onions  
 For 'lasses cakes to carry home  
 To give his wife and young ones

12 But I can't tell you half I see,  
 They keep up such a smother;  
 So I took my hat off, made a bow,  
 And scampered home to mother.

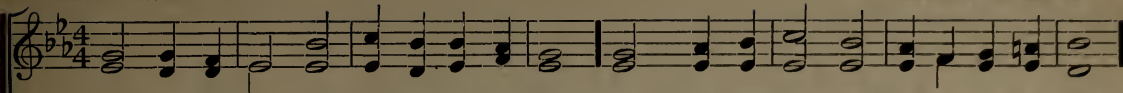
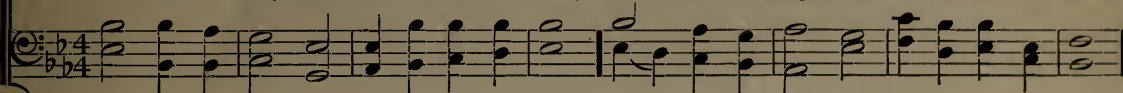


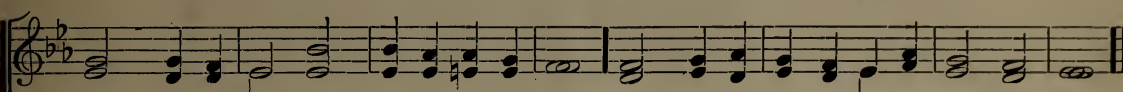
## ABIDE WITH ME

(EVENTIDE)

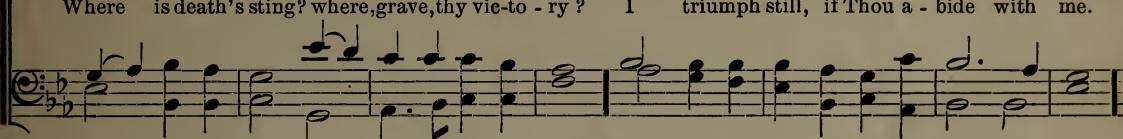
HENRY FRANCIS LYTE

WILLIAM HENRY MONK

- 
1. A - bidewith me! fast falls the e - ven-tide; The dark-ness thick - ens, Lord, with me a - bidewith me;  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim; its glo - ries pass a - way;  
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
 4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness;
- 



When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a - bidewith me.  
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bidewith me.  
 Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bidewith me.  
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic - to - ry? I triumph still, if Thou a - bidewith me.

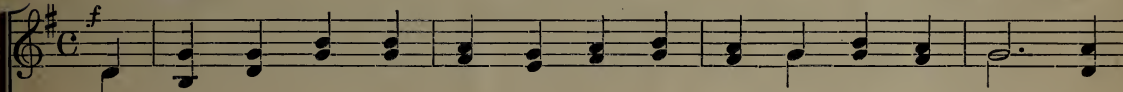
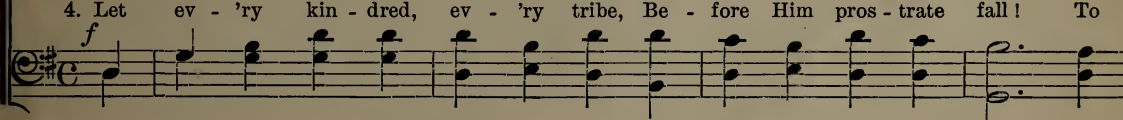


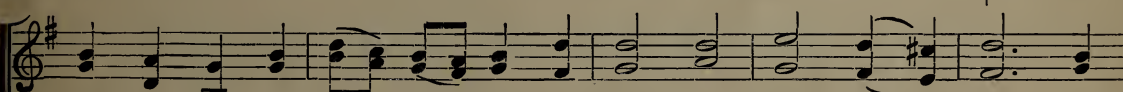
## ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME

(CORONATION)

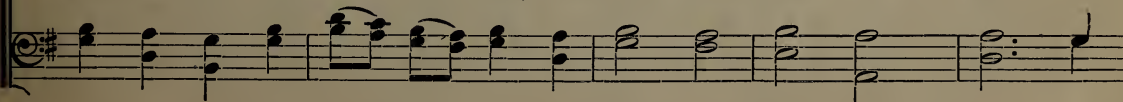
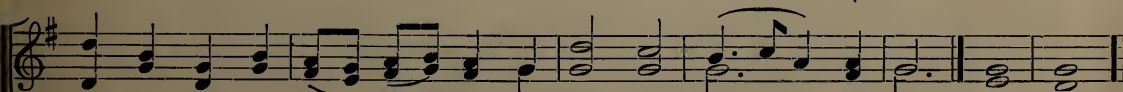
EDWARD PERRONET

OLIVER HOLDEN

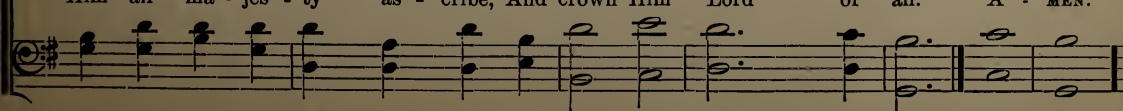
- 
1. All hail the power of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring  
 2. Hail Him, the Heir of Da - vid's line, Whom Da - vid, Lord did call; The  
 3. Ye seed of Is - rael's chos - en race, Ye ran - somed of the fall, Hail  
 4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, Be - fore Him pros - trate fall! To
- 



forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of . . . all; Bring  
 God in - car - nate, Man di - vine! And crown Him Lord of . . . all; The  
 Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of . . . all; Hail  
 Him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of . . . all; To

forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 God in - car - nate, Man di - vine! And crown Him Lord of all.  
 Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 Him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all. A - MEN.

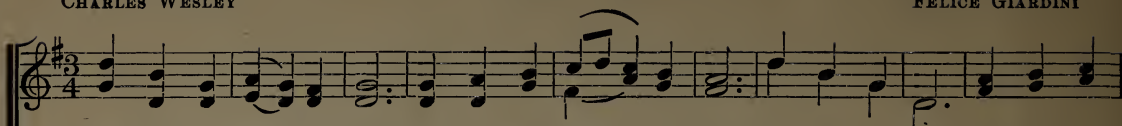




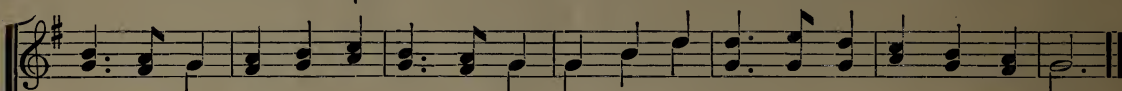
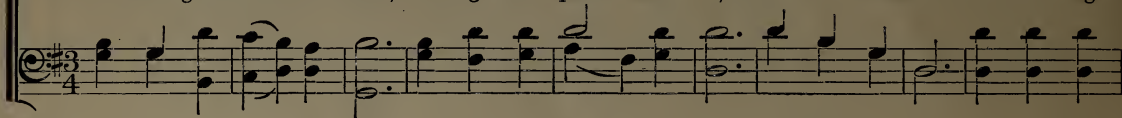
## COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING

CHARLES WESLEY

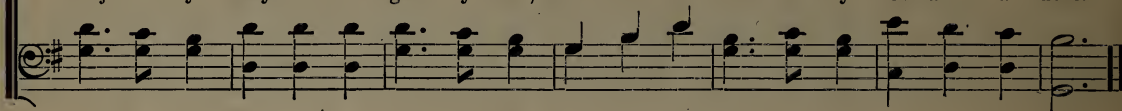
FELICE GIARDINI



1. Come, Thou al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Fa-ther! all-  
 2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword; Our pray'r at-tend; Come, and Thy  
 3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er! Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear, In this glad hour: Thou who al-  
 4. To the great One in Three, The high-est prais-es be, Hence ev-er-more! His sov-'reign



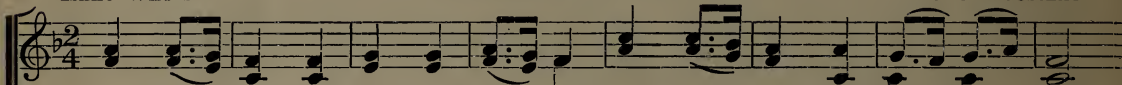
glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days.  
 peo-ple-bless, And give Thy word suc-cess, Spir-it of ho-li-ness! On us de-scend.  
 might-y art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r!  
 maj-es-ty May we in glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore.



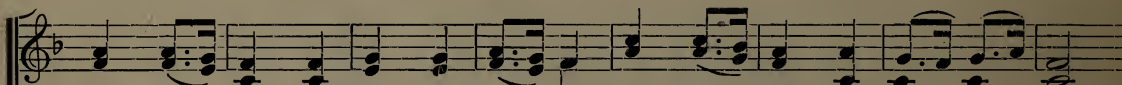
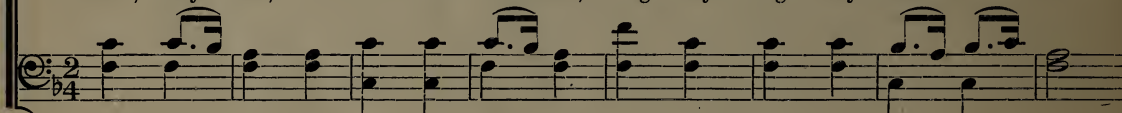
## CRADLE HYMN

ISAAC WATTS

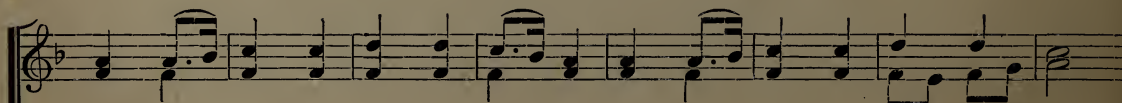
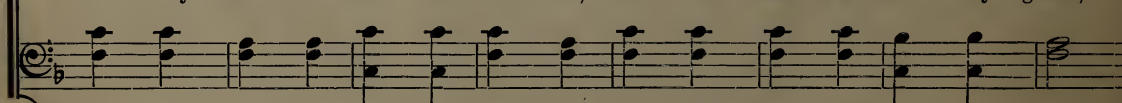
J. J. ROUSSEAU



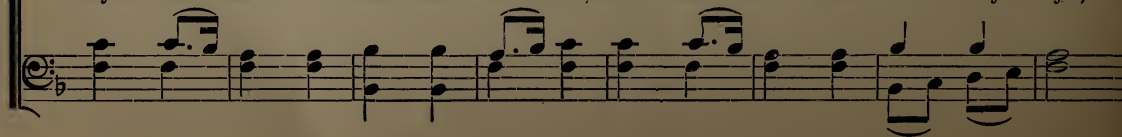
1. Hush, my babe, lie still and slum-ber, Ho-ly an-gels guard thy bed.  
 2. Soft and ea-sy is thy cra-dle, Coarse and hard thy Sav-iour lay:  
 3. Hush, my child, I did not chide thee, Though my song may seem so hard:



Heav'n-ly bless-ings with-out num-ber, Gent-ly fall-ing on thy head.  
 When His birth-place was a sta-ble And his soft-est bed was hay.  
 'Tis thy moth-er sits be-side thee, And her arms shall be thy guard,



How much bet-ter thou'rt at-tend-ed, Than the Son of God could be;  
 Oh, to tell the won-drous sto-ry, How His foes a-bused their King;  
 May'st thou learn to know and fear Him, Love and serve Him all thy days;



When from heav - en He de - scend - ed, And be - came a child like thee.  
How they killed the Lord of glo - ry, Makes me an - gry while I sing.  
Then to dwell for - ev - er near Him, Tell His love and sing His praise.

## FLEE AS A BIRD

MARY S. B. DANA, 1840

Spanish Melody

*Expression*

1. Flee as a bird to yon moun - tain, Thou who art wea - ry of sin; . .  
2. He will pro - tect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev - e - ry fall - ing tear; .

*f agitato*  
Go to the clear-flow-ing foun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean; Fly, forth'a-ven - ger is  
He will for-sake thee, Oh, nev - er, Shel - tered so ten - der - ly there! Haste then, the hours are

*a tempo*  
near . . thee, Call, and the Sav - iour will hear . thee, He on His bo - som will  
fly - ing, Spend not the mo - ments in sigh - ing, Cease from your sor - row and

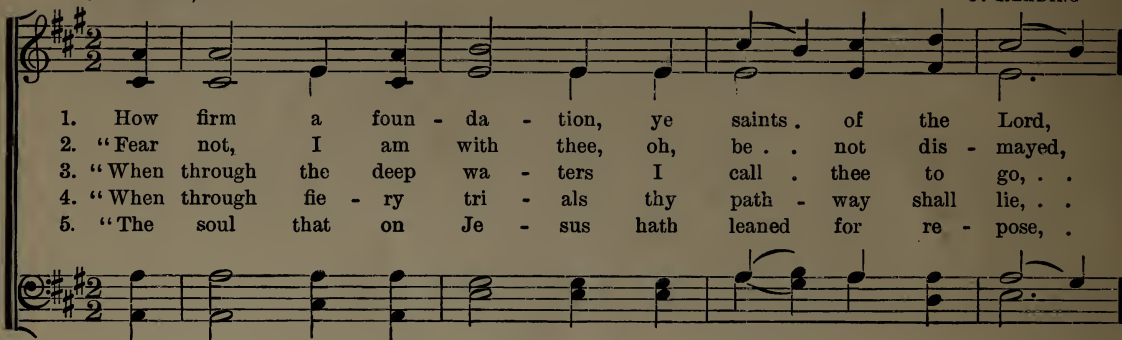
*rit.*  
bear . thee; Oh, thou who art wea - ry of sin, Oh, thou who art wea - ry of sin.  
cry - ing, The Sav - iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sav - iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear.

## HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION

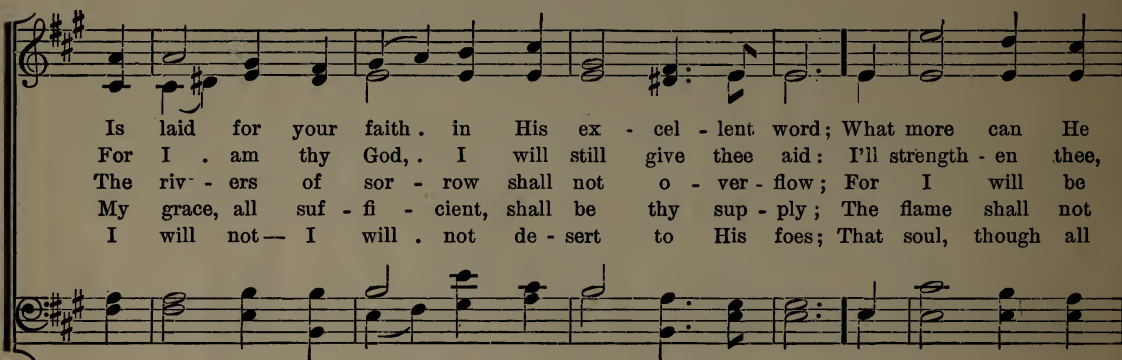
(PORTUGUESE HYMN)

Dr. KIRKHAM, 1767

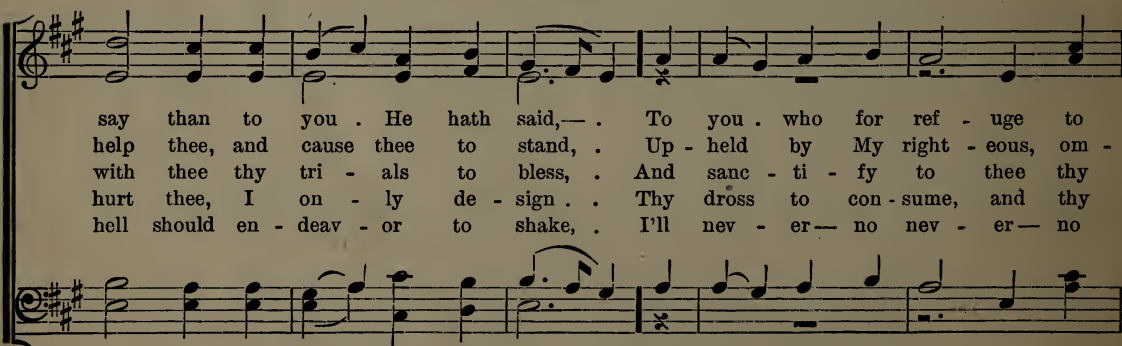
J. READING



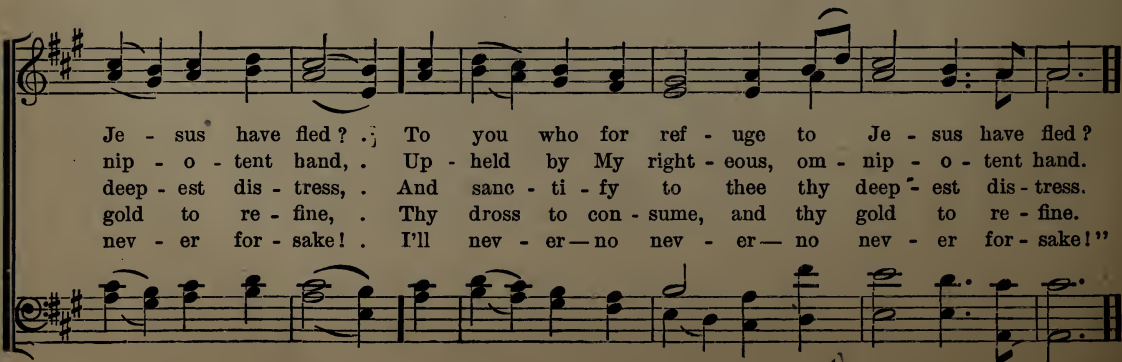
1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints . of the Lord,  
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be . . not dis - mayed,  
 3. "When through the deep wa - ters I call . thee to go, . .  
 4. "When through fie - ry tri - als thy path - way shall lie, . .  
 5. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, .



Is laid for your faith . in His ex - cel - lent word; What more can He  
 For I . am thy God, . I will still give thee aid: I'll strength - en thee,  
 The riv - ers of sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be  
 My grace, all suf - fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply; The flame shall not  
 I will not— I will . not de - sert to His foes; That soul, though all



say than to you . He hath said,— . To you . who for ref - uge to  
 help thee, and cause thee to stand, . Up - held by My right - eous, om -  
 with thee thy tri - als to bless, . And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy  
 hurt thee, I on - ly de - sign . . Thy dross to con - sume, and thy  
 hell should en - deav - or to shake, . I'll nev - er— no nev - er— no



Je - sus have fled? . To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?  
 nip - o - tent hand, . Up - held by My right - eous, om - nip - o - tent hand.  
 deep - est dis - tress, . And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.  
 gold to re - fine, . Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine.  
 nev - er for - sake! . I'll nev - er— no nev - er— no nev - er for - sake!"



## HOW GENTLE GOD'S COMMANDS

HANS G. NÄGELLI

*Cantabile*

1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind . . His pre - cepts are!  
 2. His boun - ty will . . . pro - vide, His saints se - cure - ly dwell;  
 3. Why should this anx - ious, load Press down your wea - ry mind?

Come, cast your bur - den on . . the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.  
 That hand which bears cre - a - tion up, . . Shall guard His chil - dren well.  
 Oh, seek your heav'n - ly Fa - ther's throne, And peace and com - fort find.

## JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

BERNARD OF CLUNY, c. 1145

ALEXANDER EWING, 1853

*Translated by John M. Neale, 1863*

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,  
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,  
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care re - leased,  
 4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.  
 And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.  
 The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;  
 O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!

I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there,  
 The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;  
 And they who with their Lead - er Have con - quered in the fight,  
 Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest,

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.  
 The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.  
 For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.  
 Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it ev - er blest.

## JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

CHARLES WESLEY

S. B. MARSH

*Reverently*

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, ...  
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Haugs my help - less soul on Thee; ...  
 3. Plen - teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; ...

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high; ...  
 Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me! ...  
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in! ...

Hide me, O my Sav - iour! hide, . . Till the storm of life be past; ...  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, . All my help from Thee I bring; ...  
 Thou of life the Foun - tain art, . . Free - ly let me take of Thee; ...

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh! re - ceive my soul at last! ...  
 Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing! ...  
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart! Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty! ...

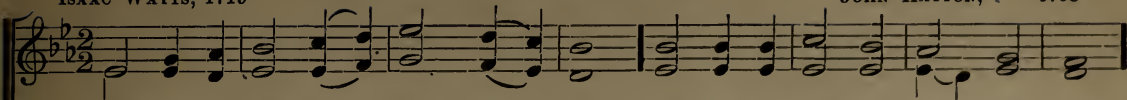


## JESUS SHALL REIGN

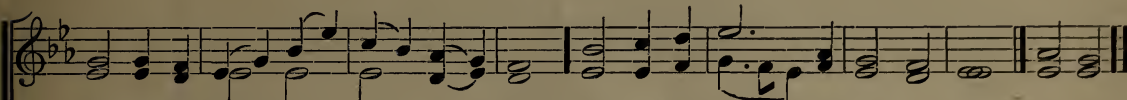
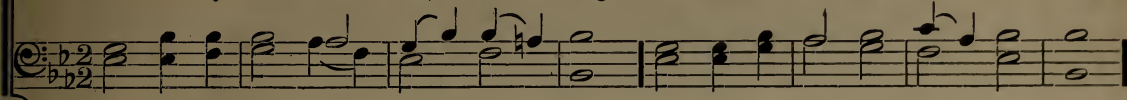
(DUKE STREET)

ISAAC WATTS, 1719

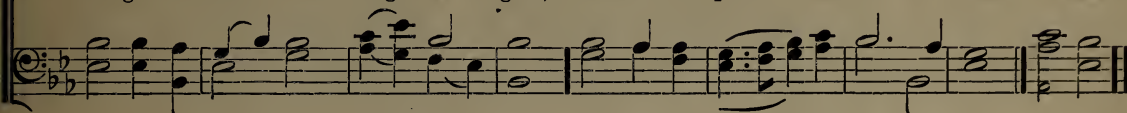
JOHN HATTON, -1793



1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour - ney's run,  
 2. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet - est song,  
 3. Bless - ings a - bound where - e'er He reigns; The pris - oner leaps to lose his chains,  
 4. Let ev - 'ry crea - ture rise, and bring Pe - cu - liar hon - ors to our King;



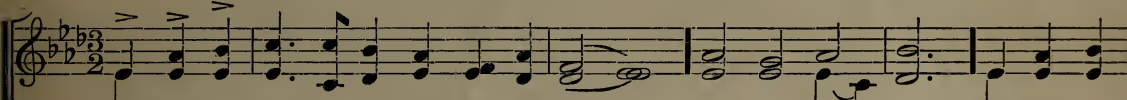
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore Till moons shall wax . . and wane no more.  
 And in - fant voi - ces shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His name.  
 The wea - ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons . . of want are blest.  
 An - gels de - scend with songs a - gain, And earth re - peat . . the loud A - men. A-MEN.



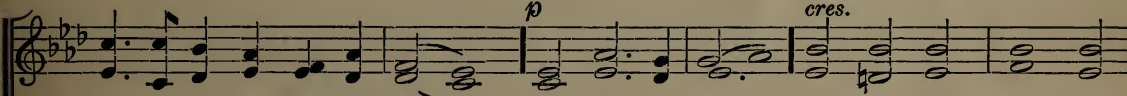
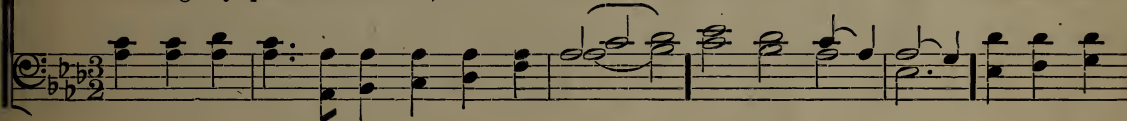
## LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1833

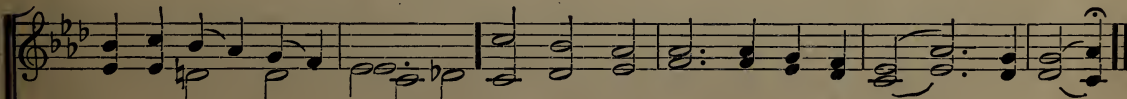
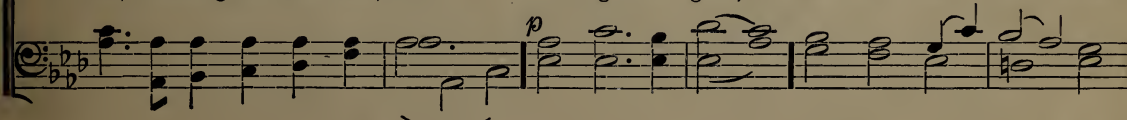
Rev. J. B. DYKES



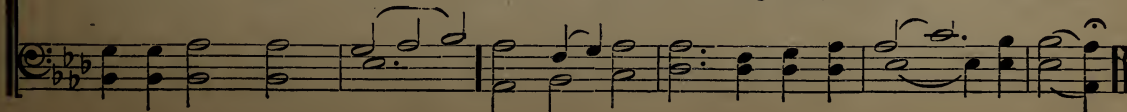
1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th' en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is  
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to  
 3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and



dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. . . Keep Thou my feet; I  
 choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. . . I lov'd the gar - ish  
 fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those



do not ask to see . . . The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.  
 day; and, spite of fears, . . . Pride rul'd my will: re - mem - ber not past years.  
 an - gel fa - ces smile, . . . Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while.

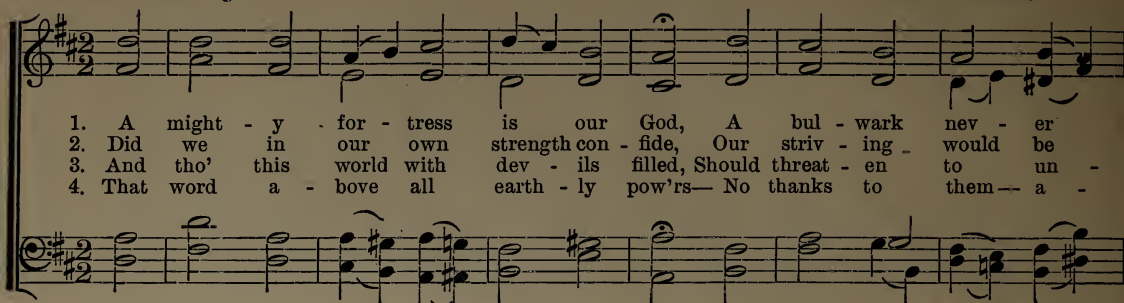




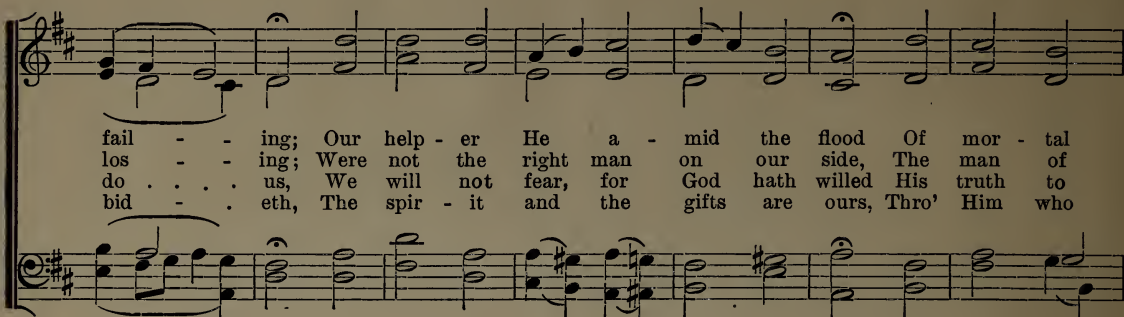
## A MIGHTY Fortress IS OUR GOD

"Eine feste Burg"

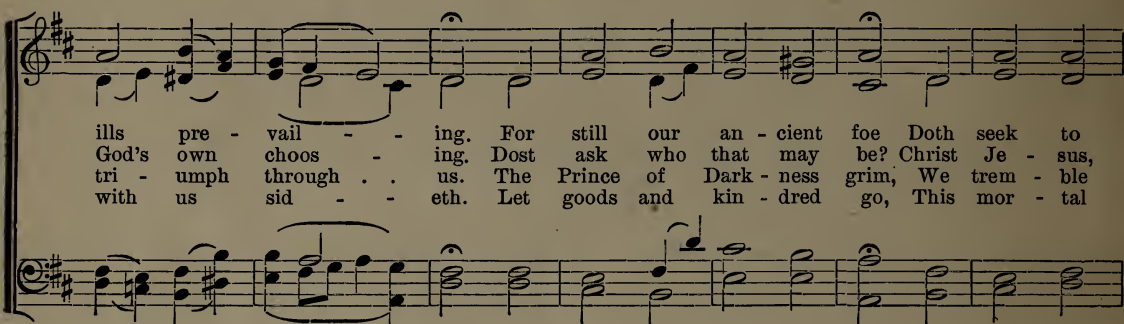
MARTIN LUTHER, 1529



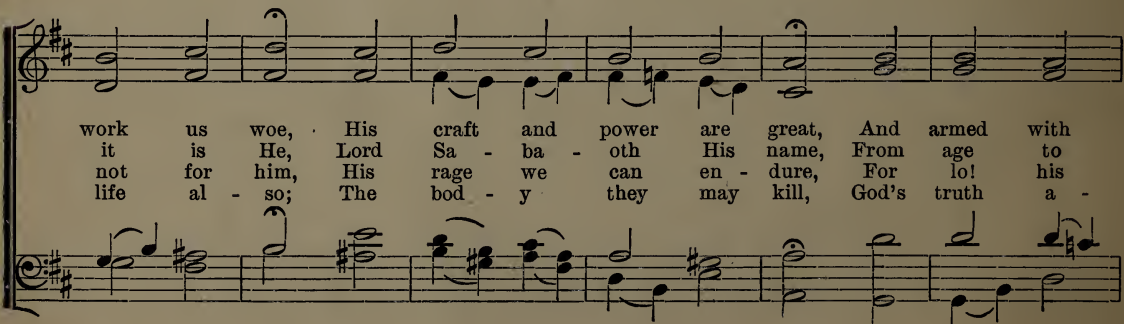
1. A might - y for - tress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er  
 2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be  
 3. And tho' this world with dev - ils filled, Should threat - en - to un -  
 4. That word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs— No thanks to them— a -



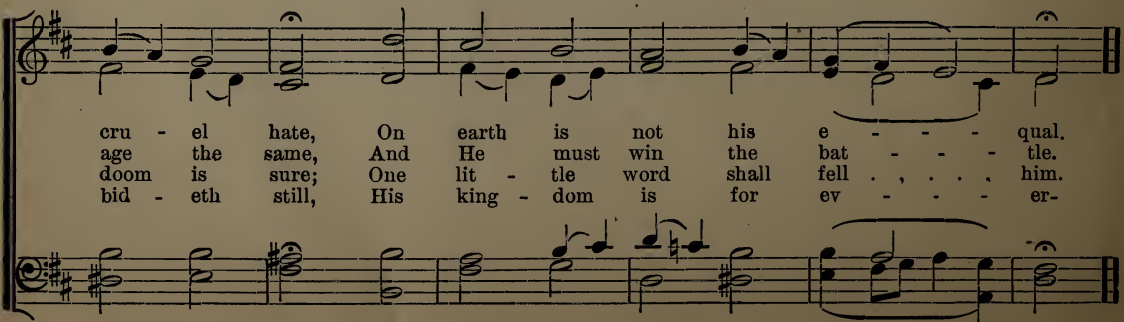
fail - - ing; Our help - er He a - mid the flood Of mor - tal  
 los - - ing; Were not the right man on our side, The man of  
 do . . . us, We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to  
 bid - - eth, The spir - it and the gifts are ours, Thro' Him who



ills pre - vail - - ing. For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to  
 God's own choos - ing. Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus,  
 tri - umph through . . . us. The Prince of Dark - ness grim, We trem - ble  
 with us sid - - eth. Let goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal



work us woe, His craft and power are great, And armed with  
 it is He, Lord Sa - ba - oth His name, From age to  
 not for him, His rage we can en - dure, For lo! his  
 life al - so; The bod - y they may kill, God's truth a -



cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - - qual.  
 age the same, And He must win the bat - - - tle.  
 doom is sure; One lit - tle word shall fell . . . him.  
 bid - eth still, His king - dom is for ev - er

## NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

(BETHANY)

SARAH F. ADAMS

LOWELL MASON

*mf* *p*

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it  
 2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be  
 3. There let my way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou  
 4. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with thy praise, Out of my  
 5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

*cres.*

be a cross That rais - eth me, . Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my  
 o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my  
 send - est me In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my  
 sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be, Near - er, my  
 stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, . . Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my

*dim.* *dim.*

God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A - MEN.

## OLD HUNDRED

ISAAC WATTS

L. BOURGEOIS  
In the Genevan Psalter, 1551

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;  
 2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends Thy word;  
*Doxology: THOMAS KEN*  
 3. Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise Him, all crea - tures here be - low;

Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung, Through ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.  
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

## ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT

PHOEBE CAREY

R. S. AMBROSE

Arranged by N. Clifford Page

*Andante*

One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I am near - er

home to - day Than I've ev - er . . been be - fore. Near - er my Fa - ther's

house, Where the ma - ny man - sions be, Near - er the great white throne,

Near - er the crys - tal sea. Near - er the bounds of life, Where we

lay our bur - dens down; Near - er leav - ing the cross, . Near - er gain - ing the crown.

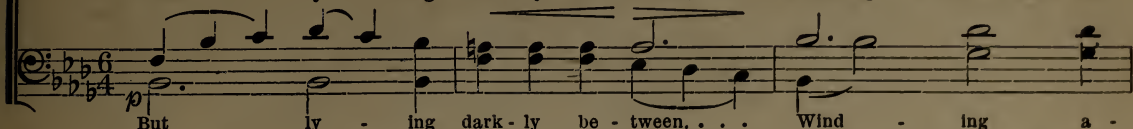


*Moderato*

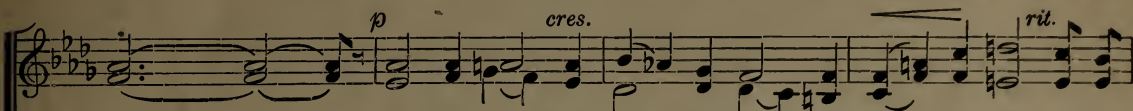
But ly - ing dark - ly be - tween, . . . . .



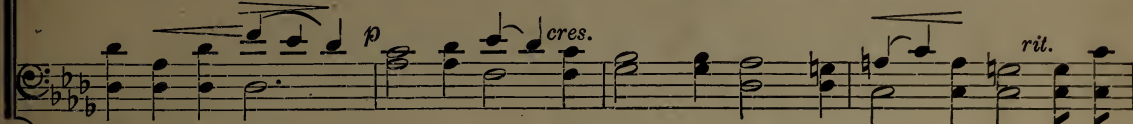
But . . . ly - ing dark - ly be - tween, . . . Wind - ing a - down thro' the



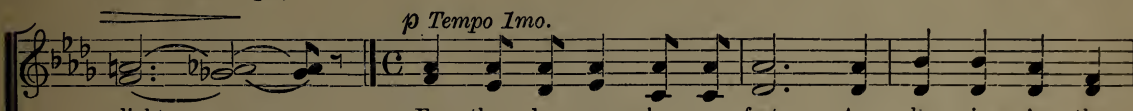
But ly - ing dark - ly be - tween, . . . Wind - ing a -



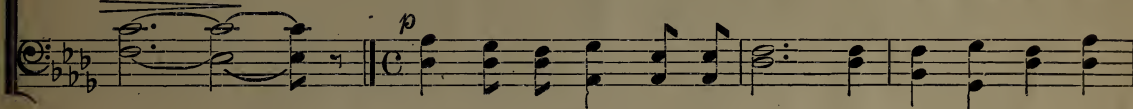
night, . . . . . Is the si - lent, un - known stream, That leads at last to the



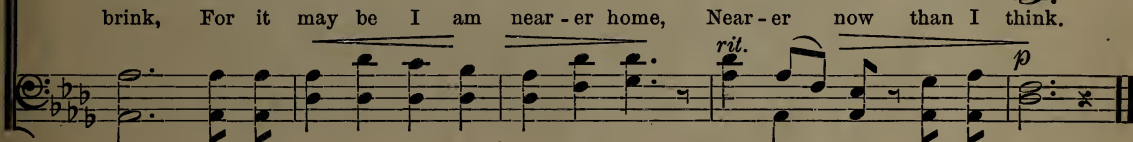
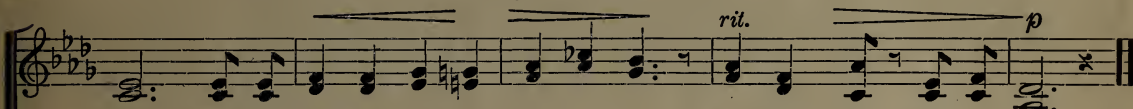
down thro' the night,



light. . . . . Fa - ther, be near when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the

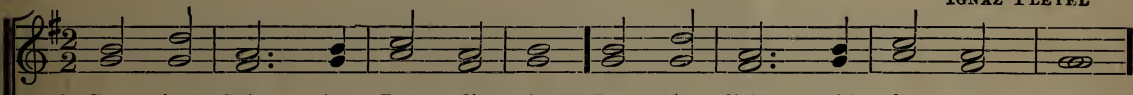


brink, For it may be I am near - er home, Near - er now than I think.

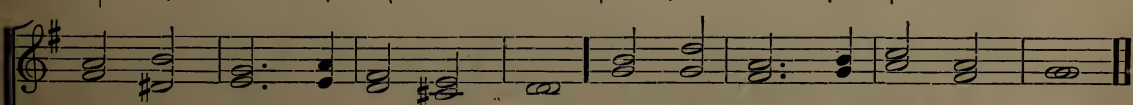
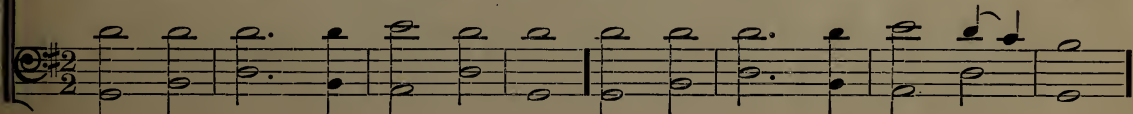


## PLEYEL'S HYMN

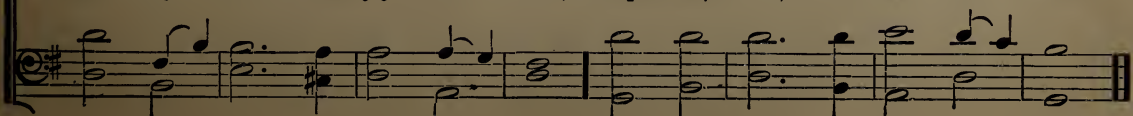
IGNAZ PLEYEL



1. Gra - cious Spir - it, Love di - vine, Let Thy light with - in me shine;
2. Life and peace to me im - part, Seal sal - va - tion on my heart:
2. Let me nev - er from Thee stray, Keep me in the nar - row way;



All my guilt - y fears re - move, Fill me with Thy heav'n - ly love.  
 Breathe Thy - self in - to my breast, Earn - est of im - mor - tal rest.  
 Fill my soul with joy di - vine; Keep me, Lord, for ev - er Thine.

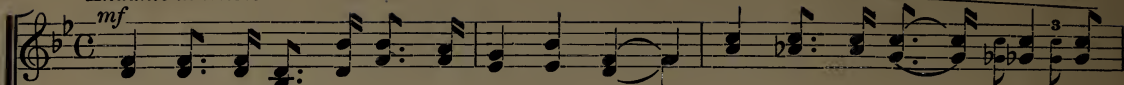


## THE PALMS

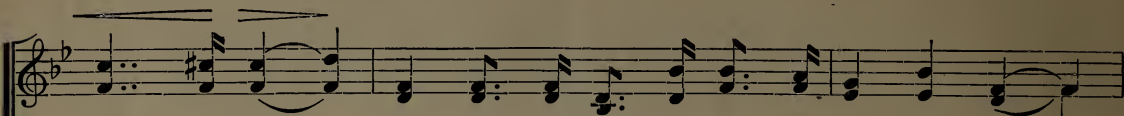
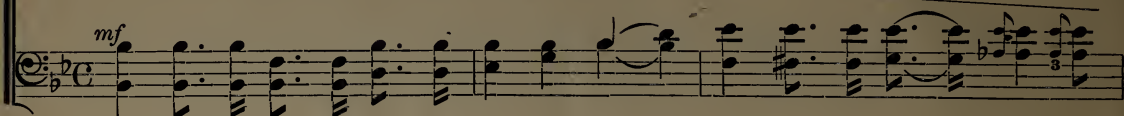
Translation by E. W. M.

J. FAURE

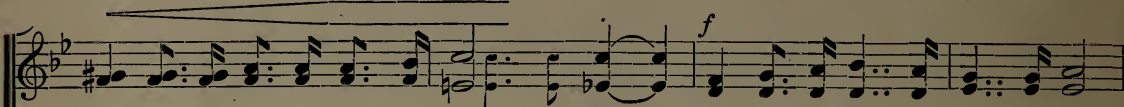
Arranged by A. La Meda

*Andante maestoso*

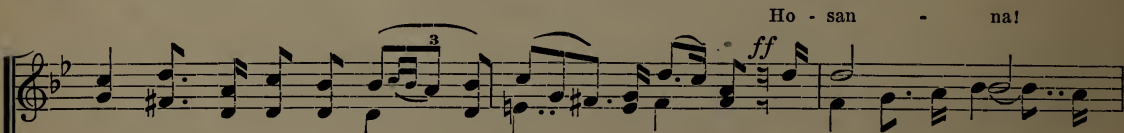
1. Palm trees and flow'rs u-nite up-on our way, Greet-ings they bring to us of  
 2. His gen-tle voice per-vades the liv-ing throng, 'Tis He who brings life, joy and  
 3. Re-joice a-loud, Je-ru-sa-lem the ho-ly! Now let thy notes, joy-ous in



joy and glad-ness, Lo! Je-sus comes, all hail au-spi-cious day; . .  
 lib-er-ty, . . . 'Tis He who gives the dark-est night a song; .  
 praise as-cend-ing, God, by His grace of Beth-le-hem the low-ly,



He comes to ban-ish gloom and sad-ness. Peo-ple and tongues shall chant His praise,  
 Light, though the way be gloom-y Lord, from Thee. Peo-ple and tongues shall chant His praise,  
 Shall hear in grate-ful song our voic-es blend-ing. Peo-ple and tongues shall chant His praise.



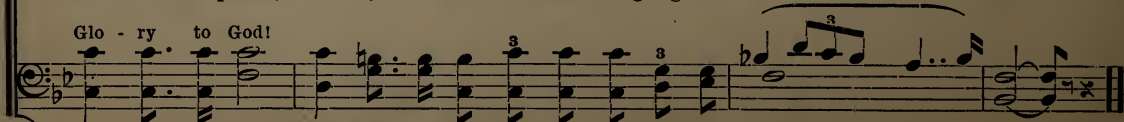
Tune ev-'ry voice, His name be glad-ly sing-ing. Peo-ple and tongues shall  
 Ho-san-na!



Glo-ry to God!



chant His praise, Glo-ry to Him who comes bring-ing sal-va-tion.



Glo-ry to God!

# ROCK OF AGES

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY

THOMAS HASTINGS

*p*

*mf* 1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,  
*p* 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know, These for sin could not a - tone;  
*pp* 3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds un-known,

*p*

From Thy side, a heal-ing flood, Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.  
 Thou must save, and Thou a-lone: In my hand no price I bring; Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.  
 And be - hold Thee on Thy throne, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee. A - MEN.

## SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY

GEORGE W. DOANE

CARL MARIA VON WEBER

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;  
 2. Thou, whose all per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,  
 3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;  
 4. Thou, who sin - less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.  
 Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.  
 Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.  
 Then, from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pit - ying eye.

## AS A LITTLE CHILD

1 As a little child relies

On a care beyond its own,  
 Knows beneath its father's eyes  
 It is never left alone.—

2 So let me, a child, receive

What to-day Thou shalt provide,  
 Calmly to Thy wisdom leave  
 What to-morrow may be-tide.

3 Quiet, Lord, my froward heart,

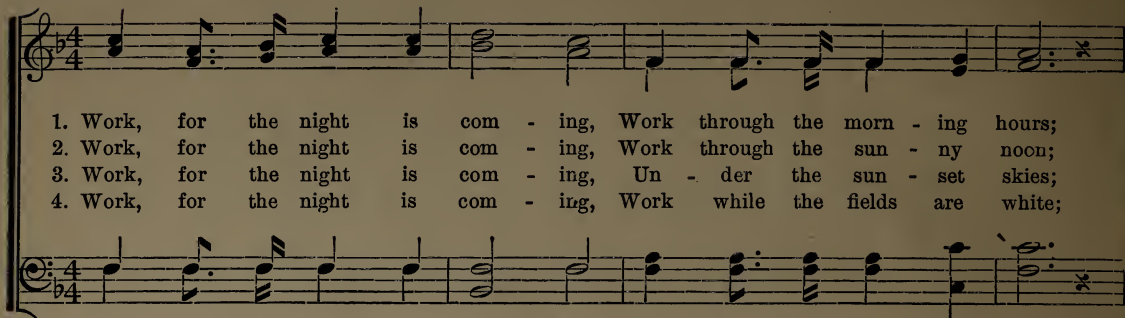
Make me loving, meek and mild,  
 Upright, simple, free from art,  
 Make me as a little child.



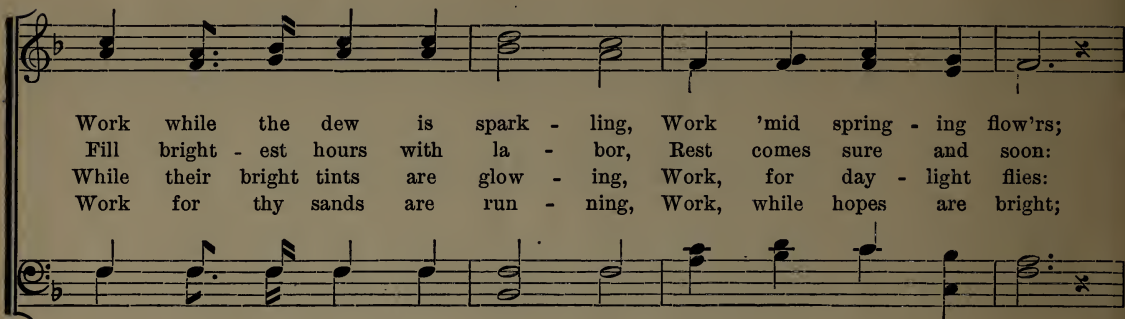
# WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING

Mrs. A. L. COGHILL

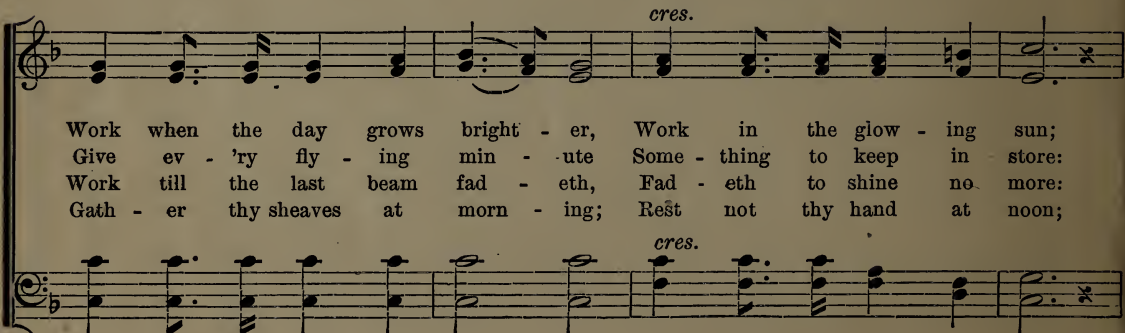
LOWELL MASON



1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the morn - ing hours;  
 2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the sun - ny noon;  
 3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;  
 4. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work while the fields are white;

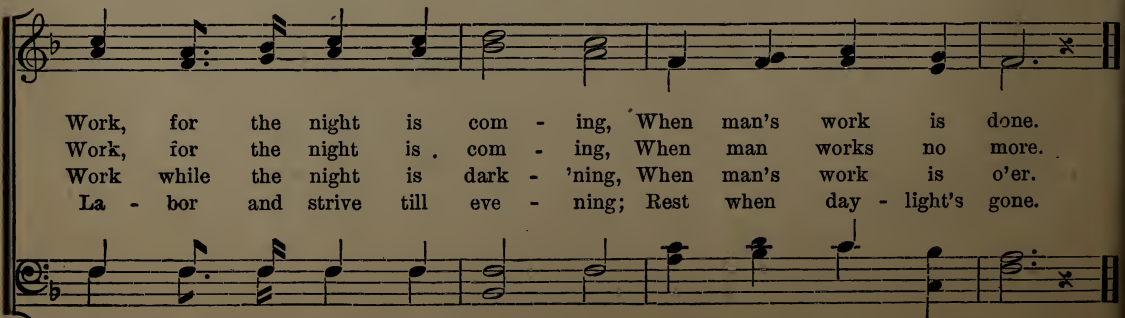


Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;  
 Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon:  
 While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies:  
 Work for thy sands are run - ning, Work, while hopes are bright;



*cres.*  
 Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;  
 Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store:  
 Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more:  
 Gath - er thy sheaves at morn - ing; Rest not thy hand at noon;

*cres.*



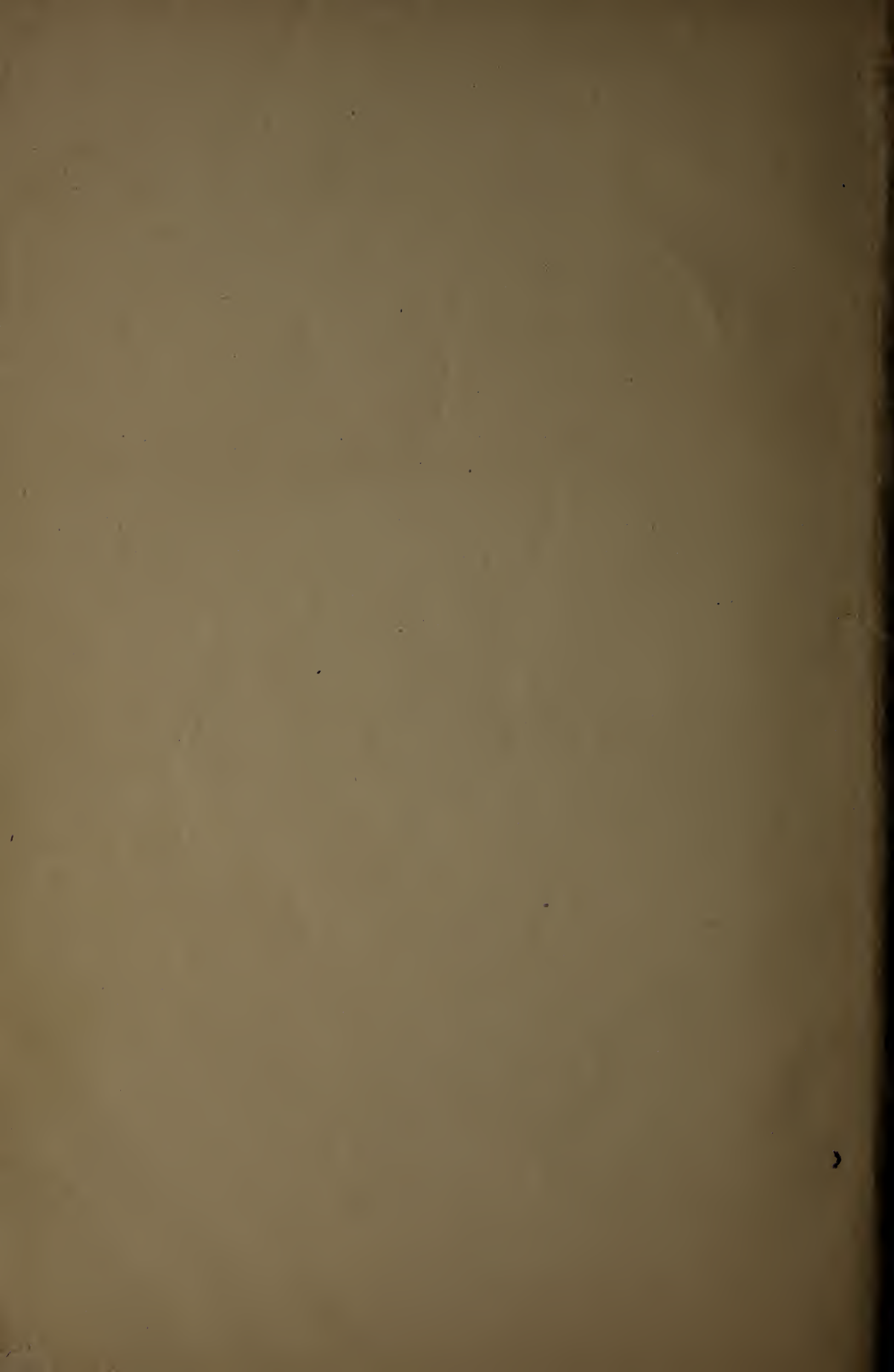
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.  
 Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.  
 Work while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.  
 La - bor and strive till eve - ning; Rest when day - light's gone.



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